April 25, 1964

# THE NEW YORKER

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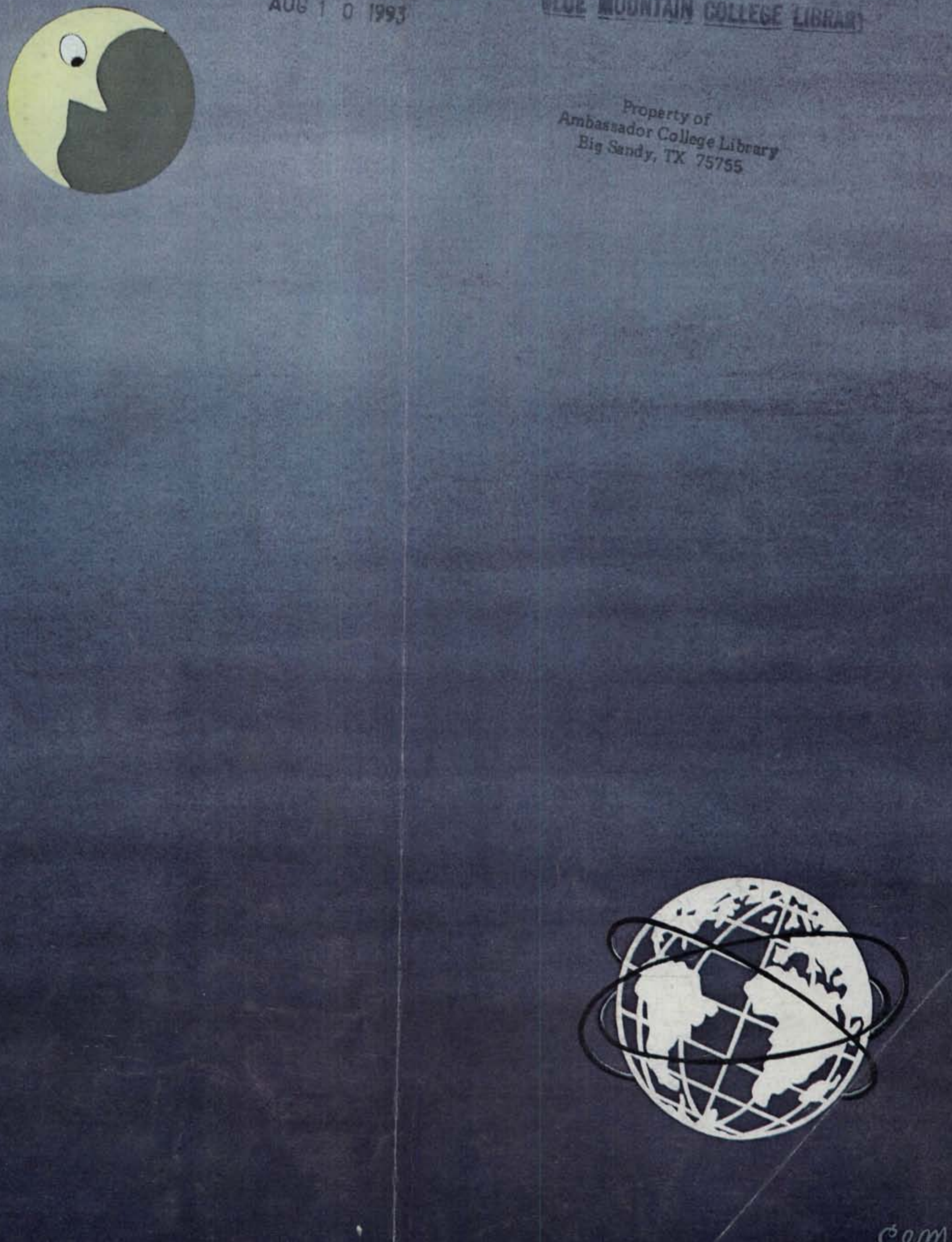

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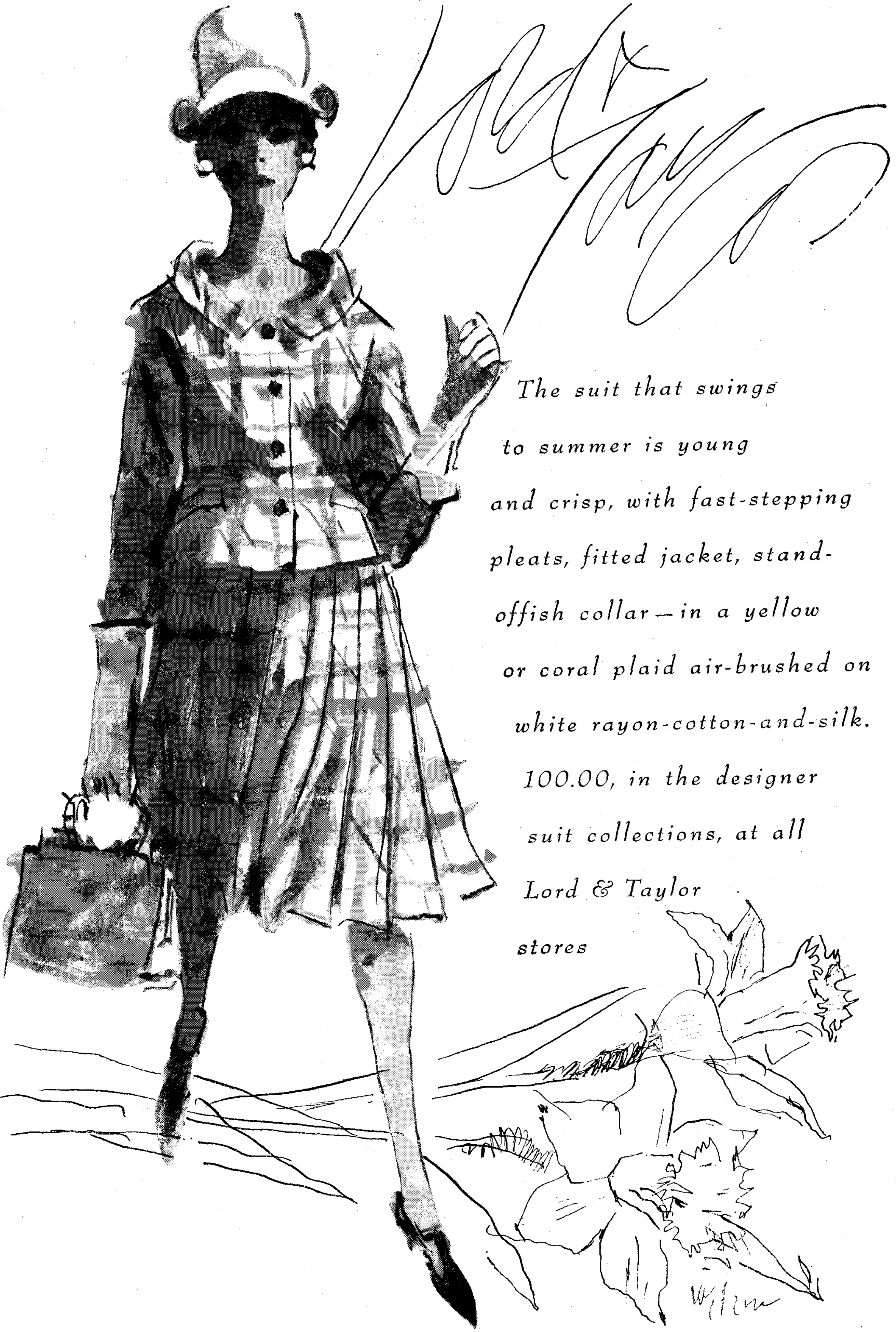

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

## A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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## THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

### PLAYS

**Any Wednesday**—A sprightly farce about a girl who is a rich man's plaything and lives in an executive suite that her lover's company maintains on a tax-deductible basis. Sandy Dennis is full of bounce and charm as the girl, and Rosemary Murphy, Don Porter, and Gene Hackman lend her admirable support. Henry Kaplan has directed Muriel Resnik's play in effervescent style, and Robert Randolph has provided a bright décor. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

**Barefoot in the Park**—There isn't much substance to this account of the troubles a young couple have in starting married life in a Manhattan walkup, but Neil Simon has given his play a pleasant glow. Elizabeth Ashley, Robert Redford, Mildred Natwick, and Kurt Kasznar, who were directed by Mike Nichols, are very diverting in it. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. JU 2-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**A Case of Libel**—In this play based on the Reynolds-Pegler libel suit, Van Heflin is superb as the plaintiff's lawyer, and the others in the cast back him up stoutly. Despite the fact that most of us know the details of the real case, Henry Denker, the playwright, keeps an element of suspense alive throughout. (Longacre, 48th St., W. CI 6-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**The Deputy**—The famous drama in verse by Rolf Hochhuth, which examines in some detail the relations between the Vatican and the Third Reich during the Second World War. The play, originally encompassing five acts, has been abbreviated here to two, but most of its telling moments are included, and even if the verse structure is occasionally ramshackle, the cast, headed by Jeremy Brett, does right well by the enterprise. Emlyn Williams portrays Pius XII. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. CI 5-3430. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:20. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

**Dylan**—The outrageous and eloquent Welsh poet masterfully personified by Sir Alec Guinness in a highly satisfactory play by Sidney Michaels. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**Hamlet**—A very virile portrayal of the Prince of Denmark by Richard Burton and a very remarkable depiction of Polonius by Hume Cronyn distinguish this production, which was directed by John Gielgud. Eileen Herlie, George Rose, Alfred Drake, and Linda Marsh are also on view. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. JU 6-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

**National Repertory Theatre**—The final performances of a four-week repertory of two plays, with Eva Le Gallienne, Farley Granger, Denholm Elliott, and Anne Meacham. Arthur Miller's "The Crucible," directed by Jack Sydow, Thursday evening, April 23; Saturday evening, April 25; Tuesday evening, April 28; Thursday matinée, April 30; Friday evening, May 1; and Saturday evening, May 2. . . . ¶ Chekhov's "The Seagull," adapted and directed by Miss Le Gallienne, Friday evening, April 24; Saturday and Sunday matinées, April 25-26; Wednesday and Thursday evenings, April 29-30; and Saturday evening, May 2. (Belasco, 44th St., E. JU 6-7950. Evenings at 8:30. Matinées at 2:30.)

**Nobody Loves an Albatross**—A comedy about the ways that some seedy TV types pick up a living in Hollywood. Robert Preston is functioning at the top of his game in this one, which was written by Ronald Alexander and is ebulliently directed by Gene Saks. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**Long Runs**—**beyond the fringe 1964:** A new edition of the show, fortified with fresh material and performed by Paxton Whitehead, Patrick Carter, William Christopher, and Patrick Horgan. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 9, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.) . . . **mary, mary:** An estranged couple making their way back to the old nest. Mindy Carson, Murray Hamilton, and Tom Helmore are now in Jean Kerr's comedy. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **never too late:** A comedy having to do with a man in his sixties who learns to his dismay that he is about to become a father again. With Paul Ford, Orson Bean, Maureen O'Sullivan (who will be succeeded on Monday, April 27, by Martha Scott), and Fran Sharon. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **who's afraid of virginia woolf?:** Edward Albee's representation of some denizens of a New England college. The cast at the evening performances consists of Mercedes McCambridge, Donald Davis, Ben Piazza, and Rochelle Oliver; for the matinées it is Haila Stoddard, Henderson Forsythe, Bill Berger, and Eileen Fulton. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. WI 7-5510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

**Baby Want a Kiss**—A play by James Costigan, with Paul Newman, Joanne Woodward, and the author as the entire cast. Presented by the Actors Studio Theatre and directed by Frank Corsaro. (Little Theatre, 44th St., W. BR 9-6100. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

### MUSICALS

**Funny Girl**—Barbra Streisand portraying Fanny Brice in a show that is big, loud, and colorful but a trifle short on warmth. Written by Isobel Lennart, the play has music and lyrics by Jule Styne and Bob Merrill, and lavish musical numbers staged by Carol Haney. The production was supervised by Jerome Robbins and directed by Garson Kanin; along with Miss Streisand, it features Sydney Chaplin, Kay Medford, and Danny Meehan. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**Hello, Dolly!**—Carol Channing romps happily through this adaptation of Thornton Wilder's "The Matchmaker," which has lively lyrics and music by Jerry Herman, and a helpful book by Michael Stewart. The direction and choreography, by Gower Champion, are also commendable. (St. James, 44th St., W. OX 5-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, April 26.)

**Here's Love**—Santa Claus, Macy's vs. Gimbels, and innocent merriment all around. Not the best show Meredith Willson ever put together, but a reasonably jolly affair. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

**High Spirits**—A musical interpretation of Noël Coward's "Blithe Spirit," in which Beatrice Lillie cavorts happily as a mad, mad medium. Hugh Martin and Timothy Gray wrote the music and lyrics, which are amiable, and Tammy Grimes, Louise Troy, and Edward Woodward also contribute to the generally festive enterprise. Mr. Coward is the director. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**110 in the Shade**—An in-and-out musical adaptation of the play called "The Rainmaker," in which Inga Swenson is utterly captivating as the heroine. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**What Makes Sammy Run?**—A foot-dragging musical about a no-good who makes it big in Hollywood. The book was written by Budd and Stuart Schulberg, and the lyrics and music are by Ervin Drake. Prominent in the cast are Steve Lawrence, Sally Ann Howes, Robert Alda, and Bernice Massi. (54th Street Theatre, 54th St., E. JU 6-3787. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**Long Runs**—**a funny thing happened on the way to the forum:** Dick Shawn and a number of others, clowning about ancient Rome. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.) . . . **how to succeed in business without really trying:** The saga of a young egomaniac who skips to the top of the mercantile world by duplicity, chicanery, and just plain gall. Darryl Hickman is the youth on the upswing, and Rudy Vallée is his employer. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **oliver!:** Stephen Dedalus, Buck Mulligan, Molly Bloom, and all the rest. Lionel Bart is re-

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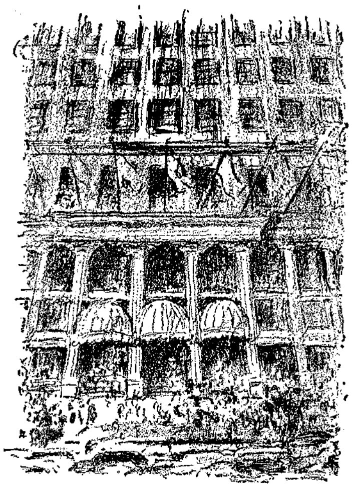

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Seventh floor

# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

sponsible for the book, music, and lyrics, and the cast is headed by Clive Revill, Georgia Brown, and David Jones. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

## OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

**Blues for Mr. Charlie**—James Baldwin's play, with Al Freeman, Jr., Pat Hingle, Diana Sands, and Rip Torn. Staged by Burgess Meredith and presented by the Actors Studio Theatre. Opens Thursday, April 23. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

## OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

**Lincoln Center Repertory**—Arthur Miller's lengthy drama "After the Fall," which is apparently autobiographical and deals with intellectual and political difficulties of all sorts, is several cuts below his best work. Performance Thursday, April 23, at 8.... ¶ "But for Whom Charlie," S. N. Behrman's seriocomic drama about a noble philanthropist who employs a very tricky character to help him operate a foundation aimed at improving the lot of literary types, is certainly not top-drawer Behrman, but it has one large redeeming feature—David Wayne in the role of a sprightly seventy-year-old author full of iconoclastic opinion. Performances Friday, April 24, at 8:30; Saturday, April 25, at 2:30 and 8:30; and Tuesday through Thursday, April 28-30, at 8:30.... ¶ "Marco Millions," Eugene O'Neill's satire, now thirty-six years old, which contrasts the mercenary values of a Western wheeler-dealer with the placid values of the philosophic East. A fine big spectacle in which Hal Holbrook, David Wayne, and Joseph Wiseman figure to good purpose. Performances Sunday, April 26, at 2:30 and 7:30; Friday, May 1, at 8:30; and Saturday, May 2, at 2:30 and 8:30. (ANTA Washington Square Theatre, 40 W. 4th St., between Washington Square and Broadway. OR 4-5600.)

**New York City Center Light Opera Company**—A revival of "West Side Story," with Don McKay and Julia Migenes. The first in a series of three shows by the company. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, May 3.)

**APA at the Phoenix**—Lively and often stylish productions of an assortment of classics by one of the best repertory companies around. Maxim Gorky's "The Lower Depths," Thursday and Friday, April 23-24, at 8:30, and Wednesday through Friday, April 29-May 1, at 8:30.... ¶ Luigi Pirandello's "Right You Are If You Think You Are," Saturday, April 25, at 7 and 10; Sunday, April 26, at 3; and Saturday, May 2, at 7 and 10.... ¶ George M. Cohan's "The Tavern," Tuesday, April 28, at 8:40. (Phoenix Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288.)

**The Amorous Flea**—A modest and chipper little musical adapted from Molière's "School for Wives," with Lew Parker, properly creaky and comical, as the old bachelor who plans to marry his young ward, and Imelda de Martin, properly slyboots, as the object of his affections. The songs—words and tunes—are by a promising newcomer named Bruce Montgomery. (York Playhouse, First Ave. at 64th St. TR 9-4130. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**Billygoat Eddie**—A comedy by James Grady. (Writers Stage Theatre, 83 E. 4th St. GR 7-7030. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**The Blacks**—Jean Genet's occasionally stunning, occasionally windy sleight-of-hand attempt to depict, in many-layered symbols, the agonies that lie between the Negroes and the whites of the world. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

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**The Blood Knot**—James Earl Jones gives a fine performance and J. D. Cannon a good one in this rather mechanical drama about a pair of South African half brothers, one of them a full Negro and the other part white. (Cricket Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-3960. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**The Boys from Syracuse**—A rousing revival of the Rodgers and Hart musical. The songs are, of course, wonderful, and they are well sung by the high-spirited company. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. LT 1-7877. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**Cindy**—A cheerful little musical about a Miss Cindy Kreller, who works in a delicatessen and gets to go to a ball at the Plaza. The music and words are agreeable enough, but it is the singing and dancing of the refreshing young cast that give the show its charm. (Gate Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-8796. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**Diary of a Madman**—Whether Gogol's masterly short story should have been made into a play at all is debatable. Even so, Zack Matalon does quite well in the leading and only role—of a penniless clerk who goes out of his mind with loneliness and frustration. William Hickey substitutes for Mr. Matalon at the early performances on Fridays and Saturdays. (Gramercy Arts Theatre, 138 E. 27th St. OR 9-7665. Tuesdays through Thursday at 8:40, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**Dutchman and The American Dream**—"Dutchman" is a nightmare tragicomedy about the encounter of a respectable young Negro and a mad and maddening blonde in a subway car. The author is a most promising dramatist named LeRoi Jones, whose language is often as brutal and tough as the occasion demands. As a companion piece, the management is reviving, for the fifth time, its knockout production of "The American Dream," Edward Albee's sardonic family portrait. No one under eighteen admitted. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**The Fantasticks**—In this musical comedy by Tom Jones and Harvey Schmidt, the whimsey is as thick as *that*. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**The Immoralist**—A revival of Ruth and Augustus Goetz's 1954 play, which is based on André Gide's autobiographical novel. (Bouwerie Lane Theatre, 330 Bowery, at 2nd St. OR 4-6060. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**In White America**—A chronological arrangement of official and private documents recounting the history of the Negro in this country. It may not make a play, exactly, but, as recited and acted by six able performers, it certainly makes a dramatic and moving evening. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Wednesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

**Jerico-Jim Crow**—A fervent performance, by a choir and a handful of soloists, of traditional Negro songs, with a narrative by Langston Hughes. The singing and some of the acting are fine. The singing and acting of Gilbert Price and Hilda Harris are extraordinary. Weekends only. (The Sanctuary, 143 W. 13th St. CH 3-6800. Final performances Saturday, April 25, at 8:30, and Sunday, April 26, at 3.)

**Life Is a Dream (La Vida Es Sueño)**—Calderón's seventeenth-century play, being presented in both English and Spanish. Performances in English on Tuesdays and Thursdays at 8:30, Fridays at 10, Saturdays at 7, and Sundays at 7:30. Performances in Spanish on Mondays and Wednesdays at 8:30, Fridays at 7, Saturdays at 2:30 and 10, and Sundays at 3. (Astor Place Playhouse, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. YU 2-4240.)

**Six Characters in Search of an Author**—A brisk production of Pirandello's tantalizing comedy about a group of stray characters who break in on a theatrical rehearsal. (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**The Streets of New York**—The songs, by a bright new team—Barry Alan Grael (lyrics) and Richard B. Chodosh (score)—and the direction of Joseph Hardy transform Dion Boucicault's creaky old opus into a thoroughly delightful musical comedy in which every performer is highly satisfactory. (Maidman Playhouse, 416 W. 42nd St. BR 9-2084. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**This Was Burlesque**—A revival of the locally obsolete art form starring Ann Corio as mistress of ceremonies and, in the next-to-closing spot, as nostalgic stripper. Sometimes comic and sometimes merely dirty. (Casino East Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. YU 2-6611. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at midnight. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays, at 2:30.)

**The Trojan Women**—This production of Euripides' tragedy of the aftermath of the Trojan War is always clear and visually satisfying. Michael Cacoyannis was the director, and the beautiful translation is the work of the late Edith Hamilton. The individual performances vary considerably in quality. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. GR 3-4590. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**Trumpets of the Lord**—A musical adaptation of "God's Trombones"—a series of poems in the form of sermons by the late James Weldon Johnson—which is by turns (and at times simultaneously) jubilant, witty, moving, and fervent. The all-Negro cast is made up of three good actors and six good singers. The music is made up of spirituals, gospel songs, and freedom songs. Vinnette Carroll is the adapter. (One Sheridan Square, W. 4th St. and Washington Pl. YU 9-1334. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

## BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

**New York City Ballet**—The company is opening the doors of its chic new Lincoln Center lodgings with a three-week season that ends on Sunday, May 17. Friday evening, April 24, and Saturday and Sunday, April 25-26, matinées and evenings: "A Midsummer Night's Dream."... ¶ Tuesday evening, April 28: "Swan Lake," "Apollo," "Tarantella," and "Western Symphony."... ¶ Wednesday evening, April 29: "Serenade," an unnamed Balanchine ballet (première), "Pas de Deux," and "Symphony in C."... ¶ Thursday evening, April 30: "Four Temperaments," "Firebird," "The Cage," and "Raymonda Variations."... ¶ Friday evening, May 1: "Donizetti Variations," "Ebony Concerto," "Meditation," and "Stars and Stripes."... ¶ Saturday matinée, May 2: "Swan Lake," "Firebird," "Afternoon of a

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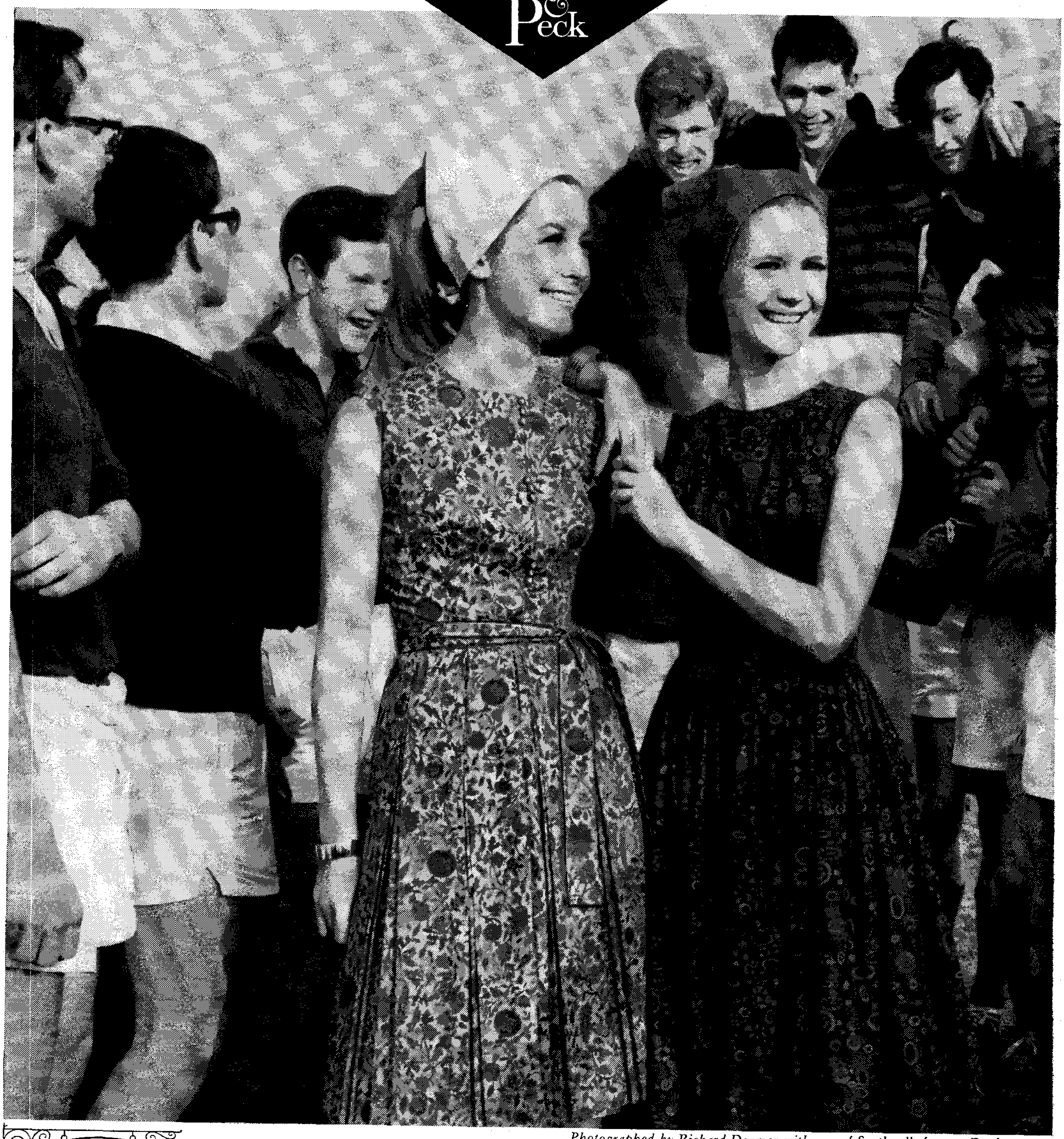

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"Faun," and "Western Symphony."...¶ Saturday evening, May 2: "Bugaku," "Allegro Brillante," "Interplay," and "Symphony in C." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Evenings at 8:15. Matinées at 2:15.)

**Olé Olé!**—A company of four flamenco dancers and a guitarist. (Mermaid Theatre, 422 W. 42nd St. LO 3-1870. Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays at 8:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**New Dance Group Studio**—The second of two programs, this one choreographed by Anna Sokolow and danced by her company. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Sunday, April 26, at 2:30.)

**Sahm-Chun-Li Dancers and Musicians**—Two different programs by this company from Korea. (Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center. TR 4-2424. Sunday and Monday, April 26-27, at 8:30.)

### MISCELLANY

**The Circus**—The animals and clowns emerge two by two all evening long from this enormous Ark. (Madison Square Garden. PL 7-8870. Mondays through Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 6:30. Matinées daily at 2. Through Sunday, May 10. The doors open an hour before show time for those who like to roam around among the sideshows and the menagerie in the basement.)

## NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

### DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

**Americana,** Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—In the Royal Box, Julie London, who is weaning herself away from being the wistful sob sister of yesteryear, ends her series of driving song recitals on Saturday, April 25; Peggy Lee, a really basic soprano, starts her spellbinding soirées on Monday, April 27. Dancing, too. Closed Sundays.

**Delmonico's,** Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500)—The very floral—well, practically florid—dining room is inhabited by George Anaya's assortment of Cuban crooners and bandsmen, who make sitting-down music from eight to ten, and then getting-up music from ten to one. Sundays, the band is there from one to three as well. The musicians stay home on Mondays.

**El Morocco,** 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—Unqualifiedly recommended to people who like life to be an open book—preferably one for hammock-reading. Freddy Alonso's Latin band and Freddie Jagels' dance orchestra perform for anyone who gets tired of extrovert literature. In the adjoining Champagne Room, Freddie Fassler, a New Yorker from way, way back, takes a bow and fiddle in hand for people who just have things to talk about. On Sundays, only the peninsula known as Perona's is active, and there's no dancing.

**New York Hilton,** Sixth Ave. at 53rd St. (JU 6-7000): In the Seven Hills, whose muralled walls are the bright last deed of the late René Bouché, a septet—I Cavalieri di Roma, who are nearly all stringmen—does the sort of luxurious dance tunes to be expected of it, and serves as background for the gloriously impassioned ballads of Dino Palermo. Eight to one every night but Sunday is the plan.

**Pierre,** Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—*Comme il faut* is the house rule in the dignified Café Pierre, where a spunky little Ben Cutler band does the dance music.

**Plaza,** Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—Phyllis, Christine, and Dorothy McGuire, who by the grace of Godfrey were such busy, busy girls on television all those years, are now delivering their ballads in person and in concert at dinner and supper in the Persian Room. Dancing occurs to the hummings of the Emil Coleman band and Mark Monte's small assortment of pepper shakers. Closed Sundays....¶ Leo LeFleur's piano, supported by a violin, starts the day in the Palm Court from four-fifteen to six-thirty, and brings it to an end in the Edwardian Room from seven to nine. The LeFleurs stay home Mondays....¶ After eight, the Palm Court is flown to Europe, to become a curbside café, and a truly romantic one (the moonlight is lavender) in which—as one downs pastry, ices, and a cold bottle—Gunnar Hansen's violin suits itself to the mood. This goes on until one every night but Sunday.

**St. Regis,** Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Peter Duchin's band is burbling in the Maisonette. Quintero's Continentals are on hand, too, for anyone who needs coaching in Latin. Closed Sundays....¶ La Boite, a dinner-and-supper-with-music alcove, offers Walter Kay at the piano and Jani Sarkozi at the fiddle. These familiar characters-about-town ramble along from eight to two every night but Sunday.

**Savoy Hilton,** Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (EL 5-2600)—In the Columns, Arturo Arturos's tiny dance band disports itself with vigor on a schedule like this: Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty, and Sundays from six to eleven. Closed Mondays.

**Shepheard's,** in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (PL 5-0600)—If the sphinxes that guard this reincarnation of the old Cairo hostelry could only talk, what tales they could tell of the midnight revels staged by youths and maidens entwined in the folk dances of an absolutely mythical country. The music, simultaneously created by both machinery and mankind, roars like a lion from eight to four every night.

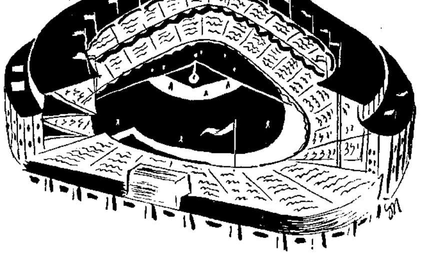
**Sheraton-East,** Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—The tripping in the Embassy Club is light and fantastic, to the sound of Milt Shaw's band, which operates from eight to one during the week, from nine to two on Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Mondays.

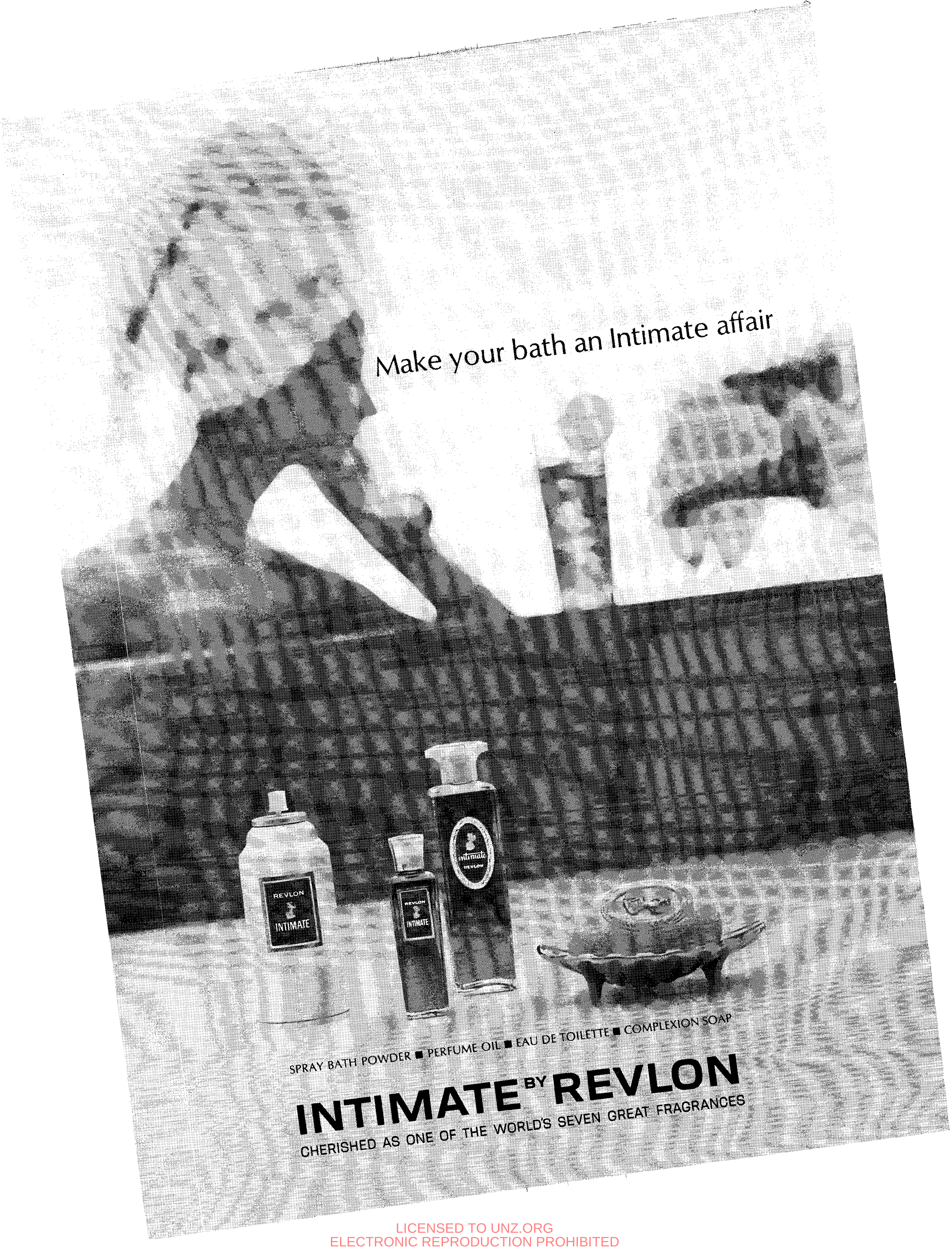
**Waldorf-Astoria,** Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Edie Adams, who uses a pressure cooker for most of her ballads and a bountiful sense of humor for her impersonations, departs from the Empire Room on Saturday, April 25. The next occupant, due on Monday, April 27, will be Patti Page, a girl likewise devoted to carolling. A perky Meyer Davis orchestra and Horace Diaz's regiment, now on duty, will be staying on. Closed Sundays.

### SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

**Goldie's New York,** 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): A coeducational discussion group of all ages keeps fairly steady hours at both bar and grill. The moderator is Goldie Hawkins, who plays piano off and on during the evening (Wayne Sanders is his alternate), and then does double piano with Mr. S. after the theatre. Sam Hamilton runs one of the pianos from five-thirty to eight. Closed Sundays.... **In Boboli,** 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): A walled garden in Florence where a number of wicked ghosts (Scarpia and Pinkerton among them) comfortably reënact, in song and story, the scenes of their crimes. The tiny opera company is under the baton of Aldo Bruschi, a pianist who often joins in with his choristers. There is leisurely dancing, too, on Thursdays, Fridays, and Saturdays. Closed Mondays.... **Le Caprice,** 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): Bobby Short, who has always dreamed he dwelt in marble halls, now wakes up at ten-thirty to find that he is in one, flanked by Beverly Peer and Dick Sheridan, his faithful sidemen. The ensuing song and cavorts are as life-giving as anything in town. Otis Clements, who begins as a cocktail pianist, stays on through dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.... **Café Ambassador,** in the Sheraton-East, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000): Grand gestures are quite in keeping with this scenery, in the midst of which Ray Hartley plays seemly piano for anyone who's dining between seven and one. No music Sundays.... **Drake Room,** 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): A sort of royal road to cocktails, dinner, and supper. Most of the time, Forrest Perrin strolls with judicious calm up and down his piano. Closed Sundays. ... **Château Henri IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): An old-school, or spare-no-expense, French solution of the housing problem. Norbert Faconi, the court musician, makes his violin speak more lovingly than words. No music Sundays.... **King Henri IV,** 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): A further exposition of King Henri's ideas about domestic architecture, which were, basically, that one good laugh deserves another. George Cardini, whose violin is incurably romantic, is the patrolman on this beat. He is absent Sundays. ... **El Chico,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): A small Latin Olympics takes place twice a night to keep the diners in touch with the world of flamenco. Dancing for the diners as well. Closed Mondays.... **Waverly Lounge,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, the bubbly Londoner, is at the piano in the bar of the Hotel Earle, displaying his transatlantic portfolio, principally British and New York. He gets rolling at nine. No music on Mondays.... **Roma di Notte,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): A subdued Eternal City is on the horizon, and the hillbillies, singing and playing, who thread the dining tables between six and two are from the Seven Hills, not the Kentucky ones. Closed Sundays.... **Monsignore,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): A sort of Via Veneto West, gently but firmly dominated by the perambulating corps of fiddlers led by Herman Honigsberg, a sound (in every sense) man.... **Café Renaissance,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): A reëstablishment of the Age of Ornamentation provides room for the restrained but calorific flamenco guitar wielded by Gustavo Lopez, from eight to one. No music Mondays.... **Chucks' Composite,** 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): The undergraduate segment of the amusement world sends delegates here every evening to look at or sing along with a jazz threesome, or just to tablehop.... **Regency,** Park Ave. at 61st St. (PL 9-4100): The Regency Room cocktail lounge, an accurate replica of the halls of Montezuma, affords—from five-thirty to twelve-thirty, every evening but Monday—Rack Godwin, whose drawing-room piano exhibits a vivid imagination.... **Sign of the Dove,** 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): Mansion life in Little Old New York, right down to the glass-topped conservatory, is preserved in this restaurant, in whose bar there is piano from five to seven-thirty and from nine to two. No music Sundays.... **Michelangelo,** 14 E. 60th St. (EL 5-4774): Life moves at such a becomingly petty pace every night of the week that the diners (the banquets are Roman and North of Italy) hardly notice when it's time to go home. The piano starts at five and Joe Candullo's persuasive dance trio at nine-thirty; on Fridays and Saturdays a brace of singers join in.... **Café Carlyle,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): Handsome is as handsome does, and all that sort of thing. George Feyer and his leisurely piano are on duty from eight-thirty until one or two. Closed Sundays.... **Chardas,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): Total recall of a Budapest that is now only a memory is the primary occupation of the zimbalonists, fiddlers, sopranos, and tenors (Tibor Rakossy, the major-domo, to name one) who are on hand every night but Monday. Dancing.... **Petroushka,** 23 E. 74th St., just behind the lobby of the Hotel Volney. (BU 8-2300): One knows that there is still a St. Petersburg whenever Marina Fedorovskaya sings, with great calm, the moody Russian and French songs of another day. She, piano, and violin carry on from seven-thirty until early morning. The chef, too, still dreams of St. Pete. Closed Mondays.... **Asti,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): You can't tell the waiters from the opera singers even with a program, for the

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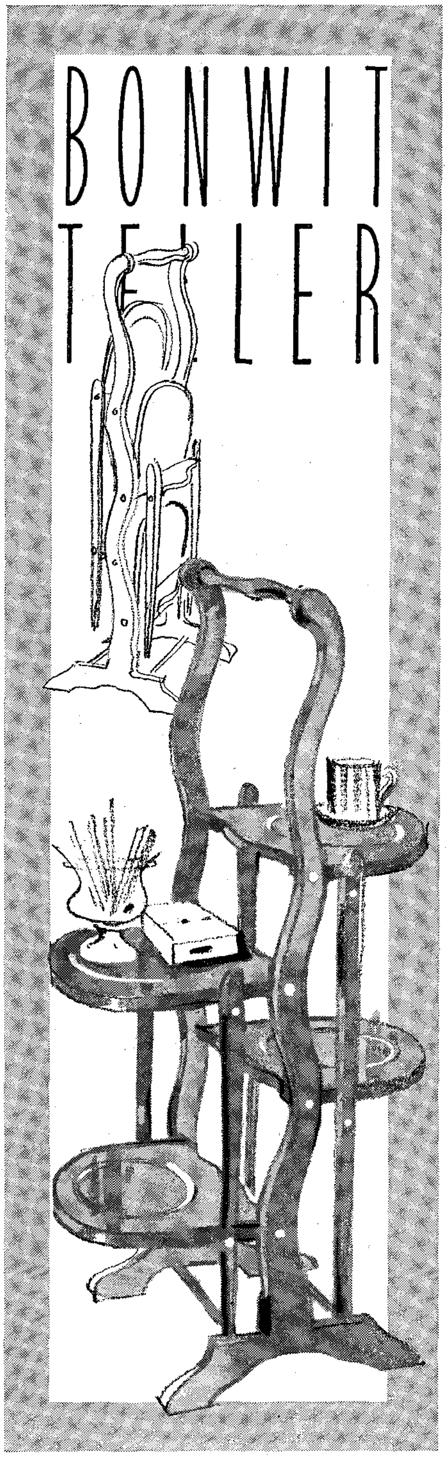

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two professions are plainly interchangeable here. Their seemly uproar begins at dinner and runs (and how) through supper. Closed Mondays. . . . **LITTLE CLUB**, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-1800): A wayside inn on the great trade route between Broadway and Park Avenue, i.e., East and West *do* meet. After nine, there's dancing at the south end of the pavilion. The hullygully, the shake, and maybe even the French Twist are in store for the unwary on Mondays, for Killer Joe Piro and a swing band are on the podium then. . . . **BARBERRY**, 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): Short is the shrift this season for Conrad Monjoy, who strolls along his piano only from six to nine-thirty and spends Saturdays and Sundays in seclusion. . . . **BILTMORE**, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000): Joan Bishop does her courteous piano recitations (five to eight-thirty, except Sundays) under the Clock of the Palm Court, that old Ivy League hollow oak. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE**, 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): The Casino-on-the-Park, a necessary breathing space in the middle of New York, affords the calm, collected keyboard work of Steven Weltner, international traveller, from five-thirty to midnight. No music Sundays. . . . **NANDO'S MIRAMAR**, 38 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-4186): Nonstop but non-obtrusive piano makes the downing of cocktails, dinner, and supper all the easier in these fairly calm surroundings. Closed Sundays. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND**, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): The bar, which is the stuff that decorators' dreams are made on, affords Mimmo del Sud, a flip young Latin with a succinctly strummed guitar and succinctly rolled "r"s. His strolling concert goes on from half past nine until one-thirty every night but Sunday. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE**, 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): It is the amiable conceit of Rita Dimitri, the incumbent soprano, to do a parody of Theda Bara or some such, with songs to boot. Sometimes the piano and guitar of Stanley Brilliant, the music master here, join in the nonsense; sometimes there's quiet music in a corner; sometimes one can dance a little. Closed Sundays. . . . **PLACE LAUTREC**, in the New York Hilton, Sixth Ave. at 53rd St. (JU 6-7000): In this bit of the many-chambered Hilton nautilus, Mario Peralta manipulates, from cocktails until ten, an implausible confection of wood and leather called the bandonion—a hundred-year-old concertina with extra heart and soul. Closed Sundays.

### BIG AND BRASSY

**LATIN QUARTER**, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): Lovely womanhood stooping to lovely follies is the dominant theme of "Diamond Fair," an opulent pageant that has thirty sterling examples of l. w. on its staff. Among the other starters are the customary excellent European variety acts, not to mention the Kaye Sisters, a triad of British posies and orioles. Dancing. . . . **BASIN STREET EAST**, 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444): Pat Collins, a pretty girl whose hypnotic voice has been putting night-club patrons into for-real trances (a feat traditionally reserved for night-club comedians) all over the Golden West, is proving—to the accompaniment of a lot of merriment—that she can cast a spell just as far in the East. Among the others on hand are the Treniers, a group of not quite musicians and not quite humorists, who come under the heading of unnecessary noise. Closed Sundays. . . . **INTERNATIONAL**, Broadway at 52nd St. (CI 7-3070): Except for a solitary sequence of deadweight humor, "Vive Les Girls" is a continuous outburst of young ladies eager to put not only their best foot but their best knee and thigh forward. The gym class is headed by Jeanie Stevens, a new but not to be forgotten soubrette. Dancing. . . . **COPACABANA**, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): Sammy Davis, Jr., quite possibly a state of mind and definitely a state of never suspended animation, brings his vaudeville act to town on Thursday, April 30, embedded in the usual Copa gaggle of girl ballet students and the usual Copa comic (it happens to be Bob Melvin). Dancing.

### CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

**PLAZA 9–**, Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3933): "Baker's Dozen," the current Julius Monk revue, heaves plenty of well-bred sighs over the sorry state of affairs—metropolitan, national, and amorous. The sighs are mixed with so many verbal plays and ploys that binaural attention is an absolute requisite. Gerry Matthews and Barbara Cason lead a very, very glib cast that also contains Jamie Ross, Nagle Jackson, Delphi Harrington, Jan Templeton, Ruth Buzzi, and Dick Blair. The orchestra is the pianos of Carl Norman, Robert Colston, and Paul Trueblood. The hours are eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . **BLUE ANGEL**, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Godfrey Cambridge, an urbane and outgoing actor ("Purlie Victorious" was his Broadway vehicle), makes a set of fine to middling jokes seem better than they are, and Wayne Storm, who looks and sounds the part (a novelty, this), sings like a countryman. Forget the rest of the cast. The entertainment begins right after dinner and goes on through supper. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID**, 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): Soft and fragrant winds on the Spanish Main, all because Los Chavales de España are crooning, mooning, and dreaming their way through life, accompanied by a set of splendid flamenco dancers named Isabella and Miguel. Los Cinco Latinos, who have just reached our shores, add to both the music and the gymnastic parts of this festival. Dining as well as dancing is in order. Sundays, there's a rampant tea dance, and only one show, at ten-thirty. The Chavales' own dance music and Emilio Reyes' band are the perfect stimulants for the whole thing. . . . ¶ Just off the bar, Juan de la Mata, whose flamenco guitar is top-of-the-evening, and Domingo Alvarado, full of heartfelt song, perform duets that lose nothing in translation. . . . **STROLLERS THEATRE CLUB**, 154 E. 54th St. (PL 2-4711): "The Muffled Report," No. 3 of the series of dissenting opinions filed by the mask-and-wiggers who call themselves The Establishment, is a complete explanation of how to succeed in government (anywhere in the English-Speaking Union) without trying at all. The script, in which Peter Cook has had quite a hand, is by turn blithe and bludgeoning; the performing is left to the very nearly priceless John Bird, Eleanor Bron, and Jeremy Geidt, assisted by the handsome Carole Simpson (her words are set to music) and David Battley, a new and adroit outfielder. There are shows at nine and eleven-thirty. Marian McPartland's up-and-at-'em progressive trio appears both onstage and, after the second showing, in the very Piccadilly bar. Closed Sundays. . . . **BON SOIR**, 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): High is the gear into which Felicia Sanders puts her cantatas, and tense are the lyrics, none of them run-of-the-mill; lighthearted and leisurely folly is the aim of Enid Mosier's words with music. Miss Sanders gets tremendous uplift from the pianos of Irving Joseph and Warren Vaughn; Miss Mosier has a fine foil in the person of a fellow-West Indian named just Alfonso. Also present: Marc London, a funny speaker when he forgets to be derivative. Closed Mondays. . . . **LIBORIO**, 150 W. 47th St. (JU 2-6188): A small Cuba Libre, with cuisine to match and a great deal of music, all of it Latin, too. Part of the music is employed by a roustabout sort of dance troupe, the rest goes to a Cuban firebird, Celia Cruz, who sings with vehemence and velocity. There is dance music for the customers as well, not only every night but on Sunday afternoons. Señorita Cruz, by the way, will be succeeded on Monday, April 27, by Libertad Lamarque, an oriole and cinema vedette far better known south of our borders than she is here.

### MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

**VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Bill Evans, plumbing deeply into waters that are never still, is the piano man in a truly experimental trio; the American Jazz Ensemble is just as experimental in its own peculiar way. Their closing night is Sunday, April 26; a new set of musicians arrives on Tuesday, April 28. Sundays, there is an extra session, from four-thirty to seven; Mondays, the house is dark. . . . **VILLAGE GATE**, 185 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): Nina Simone, her piano, her trio, and her songs of aloofness

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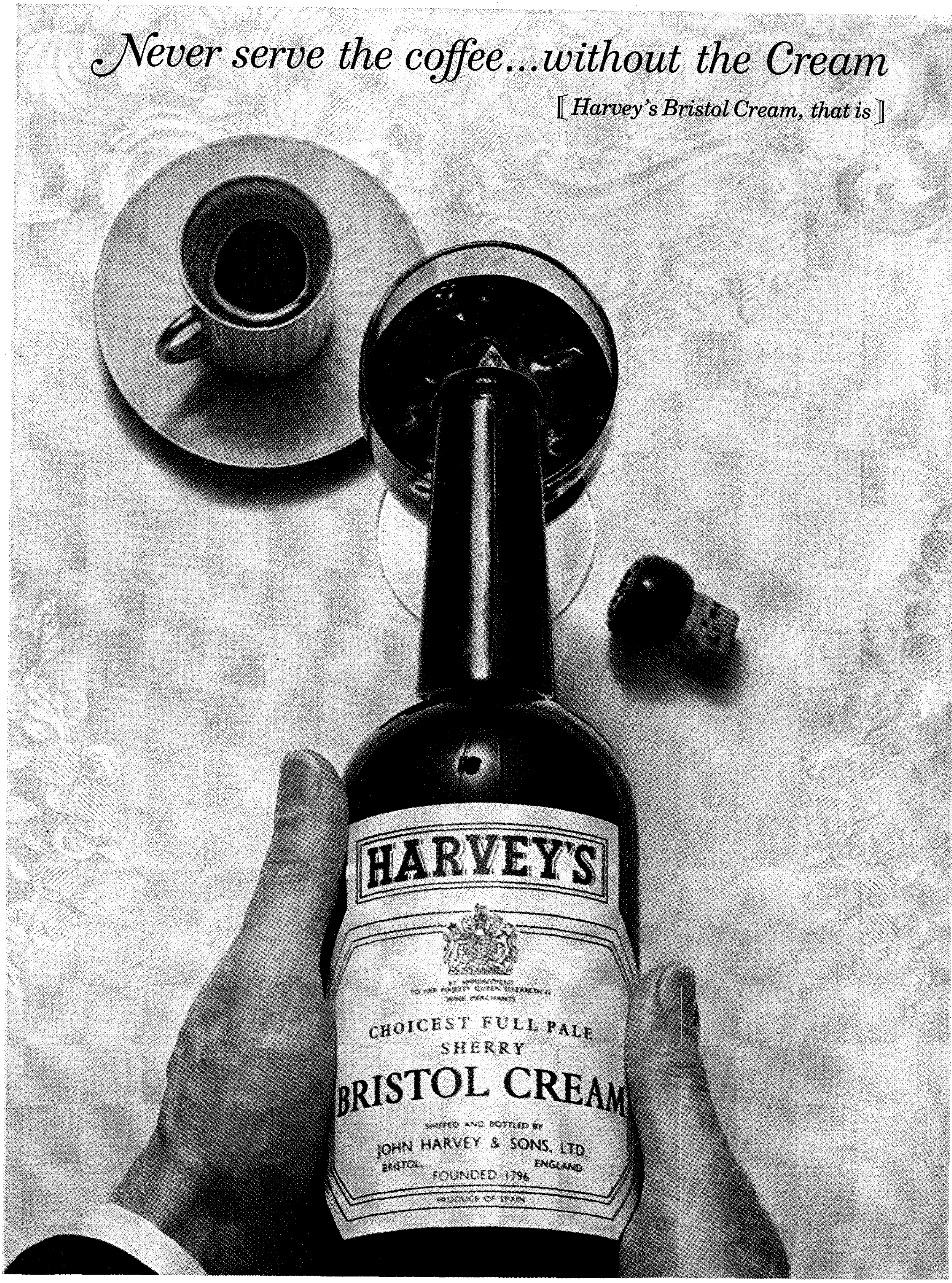
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depart on Sunday, April 26, but the demi-Orientalist dancers, chanters, and musicians will not budge (except onstage). Mondays other musicians are in possession. . . . **BITTER END,** 147 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (GR 5-7804): A worthy coffeehouse specializing in folklore and original wit. The squadron of Jim, Jake, and Joan, though young and venturesome, take ample care of the wit's end of the entertainment. Tuesdays are given over, instead, to visiting undergraduates. . . . **METROPOLE,** Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): A furnace always on the verge of blasting. Rant-and-roll sound prevails from three in the afternoon until eight-thirty; then the Dukes of Dixieland, Southern and sentimental, and the band of Wild Bill Davison, who wields a hounds-of-spring horn, move in. Sundays, other players have the use of the hall. . . . **HALF NOTE,** 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): Clark Terry, Bobby Brookmeyer, and their quintet are home free again in their favorite progressive school. Closed Mondays. . . . **EDDIE CONDON'S,** 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): Such nature studies as rambles with muskrats are supervised by Peanuts Hucko, Buzzy Drootin, Cutty Cutshall, Benny Moten, and Yank Lawson. Dancing. Closed Sundays. . . . **FIVE SPOT,** 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650): Sonny Rollins, carefully measuring and flavoring his sturdy notes, is running his brood of fellow-thinkers through a set of noteworthy paces; Roland Kirk's foursome is the rear guard. The Rollinses stay home Mondays, the Kirks stay home Tuesdays. Sunday afternoons, from four to eight, are assigned to droppers-in. . . . **THE EMBERS,** 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): Convention Hall, and the room noise that goes with it. On the stand is the quintet of Dizzy Gillespie, who likes his music to be delirious but suggests by word and gesture that you shouldn't take it serious. The Gillespies will be replaced on Monday, April 27, by the foursome of Jonah Jones. Recess is declared at midnight on week nights, twelve-forty-five on Saturdays, and ten-thirty on Sundays so that Tessie O'Shea, a British music-hall song-and-story hand, can do her bland, cozening turn. Fill-in musicians do the rest of the Sunday work. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Mary Lou Williams, who is the history of jazz piano neatly wrapped up into ten small, convenient fingers, is running a trio inside the oval bar. No music Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505): The celebrated 52nd Street hot potato, transplanted here, has piano during the week by Cliff Jackson, who is joined every Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday by Marshall Brown, and every Thursday, Friday, and Saturday by Zutty Singleton and Tony Parenti. No music on Sundays. . . . **RED ONION,** 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682): A New Wave youth hostelry—a bar, hamburgers, peanuts, beer by the pitcher, and a corps of banjoists (the Banjokers is the guileless name they've chosen) eagerly waiting for the Robert E. Lee. Nine to three or four is the idea, with time out Mondays and Tuesdays, when another set of banjoists, called the Red Onion Minstrels, takes over. . . . **THE MOST,** 875 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-0160): An undertaking that may well be fiction, since it is definitely stranger than truth. Roger Kellaway, a pianist of note, plays solo; Kenny Burrell, a progressivist, plays triple with his sidemen; Geordie Hormel accompanies his lyrics with piano of his own making. Sundays, Benny Powell's quartet is the whole deal. . . . **GOLD BUG,** 85 W. 3rd St. (GR 3-9654): Edgar A. Poe sleeps here, but only Monday nights, when the bands do not play. Right now they are the quartet of J. J. Johnson (requiems, mostly slow, for formalism) and the duo of Jacy Parker (liberalism at a scamper). On Tuesday, April 28, Chico Hamilton's foursome will succeed the Johnsons.

## ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

### GALLERIES

**GIANFRANCO BARUCHELLO**—Paintings; through Saturday, April 25. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 978 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

**ELMER BISCHOFF**—Figure and landscape paintings and drawings by a California artist; through Saturday, May 2. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

**CAMILLE BOMBOIS**—French primitives; through Saturday, May 2. (Findlay, 11 E. 57th St.)

**BRAQUE**—Four galleries are participating in a four-week benefit exhibition (through Saturday, May 2) of a hundred and sixty American-owned oils, collages, gouaches, watercolors, pastels, and chalk drawings, plus twenty-eight sculptures—At the **SAIDENBERG,** 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Fauvism and Cubism. . . . **PERLS,** 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: The Twenties. . . . **ROSENBERG,** 20 E. 79th St.: The Thirties. . . . **KNOEDLER,** 14 E. 57th St.: The late years and sculptures.

**VICTOR CANDELL**—Abstract paintings; through Saturday, May 2. (Grand Central Moderns, 8 W. 56th St. Closed Monday mornings.)

**HAROLD CASTOR**—Bronzes; through Saturday, May 2. (Bodley, 787 Madison Ave., at 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

**JOHN CHAMBERLAIN**—Metal sculptures; through May 8. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

**CH'I PAI-SHIH**—Paintings by the leading figure of Chinese painting in the twentieth century, plus examples of the work of Chu Ta, Tao-chi, and other masters who influenced him; through Saturday, May 2. (Mi Chou, 801 Madison Ave., at 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

**BRUCE CONNER**—Assemblages and drawings; through May 9. (Alan, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.)

**ROBERT COOK**—Bronzes; through Thursday, April 30. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St.)

**LYONEL FEININGER**—Oils and watercolors, 1906-55; through May 16. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St. Closed Mondays.)

**CECILY FIRESTEIN**—Collages; through May 9. (Phoenix, 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11:30 to 5:30.)

**JEANNETTE M. GENIUS**—Paintings of Florida; through May 8. (Contemporary Arts, 40 W. 56th St. Open Sundays, 2:30 to 5:30, and Monday evenings, 8:30 to 10:30.)

**PAUL GEORGES**—Nude figures in landscapes; through Saturday, April 25. (Frumkin, 32 E. 57th St.)

**GRIGORY GLUCKMANN**—Ballet dancers, nudes, interiors with figures, and landscapes; through May 9. (Milch, 21 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

**ROY GUSSOW**—Sculptures in forged bronze, stainless steel, and copper; through Saturday, April 25. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

**NATHAN CABOT HALE**—Welded-bronze sculptures, watercolors, and drawings; through May 9. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

**MARSDEN HARTLEY** (1877-1943)—Oils, drawings, and pastels; through Thursday, April 30. (Valente, 119 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

**SADIE HAYMS**—Painted reliefs and wall sculptures; through May 7. (Brata, 56 Third Ave., at 10th St. Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 6.)

**ROBERT HENRI** (1865-1929)—Portraits and landscapes; through May 9. (Chapellier, 21 E. 75th St.)

**JEAN IPOUSTEGUY**—Bronzes; through Saturday, May 2. (Loeb, 12 E. 57th St.)

**IBRAM LASSAW**—Welded-bronze abstractions; through May 9. (Kootz, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St. Closed Mondays.)

**ELMER LIVINGSTON MACRAE** (1875-1953)—Pastels and watercolors by the treasurer of the 1913 Armory Show; through Saturday, April 25. (Davis, 231 E. 60th St.)

**REGINALD MARSH**—Drawings, mostly in Chinese ink and being shown for the first time; through Saturday, April 25. (Rehn, 36 E. 61st St.)

**RICARDO MARTINEZ**—Paintings by a Mexican artist; through Saturday, May 2. (The Contemporaries, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

**MATTA**—Abstract Surrealist paintings by this Chilean-born Paris artist; through May 9. (Iolas, 15 E. 55th St. Closed Mondays.)

**PAUL MATTHEWS**—Figurative oil paintings; through Saturday, April 25. (Zabriskie, 36 E. 61st St.)

**WALTER MEIGS**—Paintings of Greece; through May 9. (Nordness, 831 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

**JEAN MESSAGIER**—Abstract landscapes by a

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

School of Paris painter; through May 16. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

**Mondrian, De Stijl, and Their Impact**—Nearly thirty paintings by Mondrian, together with double that number by other members of the De Stijl group and their followers; through May 15. (Marlborough-Gerson, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

**Carl Morris**—Abstract paintings; through Saturday, April 25. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

**Mike Nevelson**—Wood sculptures; through May 9. (Amel, 831 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

**Claes Oldenburg**—Pop art; through Saturday, May 2. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

**Stephen Pace**—Large figurative paintings; through Saturday, April 25. (Wise, 50 W. 57th St.)

**Ann Cole Phillips**—Semi-abstract paintings; through Saturday, May 2. (Bodley, 787 Madison Ave., at 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

**Paul Resika**—Landscapes and figure paintings; through Saturday, April 25. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

**Raymond Saunders**—Landscapes and figure paintings; through Saturday, May 2. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

**Bill Sawyer**—Mostly cityscapes with figures; through Saturday, April 25. (Durlacher, 538 Madison Ave., at 54th St.)

**Clara Seley**—Oil pastels and drawings; through Wednesday, April 29. (Roko, 867 Madison Ave., at 72nd St.)

**Raphael Soyer**—A series of sixteen etchings, the first he has done since his student days, forty-five years ago; through Saturday, May 2. (Associated American Artists, 605 Fifth Ave., at 49th St.)

**Elizabeth Sparhawk-Jones**—Paintings; through Saturday, April 25. (Graham, second floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

**Ronald Stein**—Abstract paintings; through Saturday, May 2. (De Nagy, 149 E. 72nd St. Closed Mondays.)

**Paolo Tommasi**—Paintings; through Saturday, April 25. (Bianchini, 16 E. 78th St.)

**Jacques Villon** (1875-1963)—Previously unexhibited drawings and watercolors; through Saturday, April 25. (Goldschmidt, 1125 Madison Ave., at 84th St.)

**Andy Warhol**—Pop art; through May 9. (Stable, 33 E. 74th St. Closed Mondays.)

**Jack Youngerman**—Abstract paintings; through Saturday, April 25. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

**Americans; Group Shows**—At the **Grand Central**, 40 Vanderbilt Ave., at 44th St.: An all-plastic exhibition by forty painters, among them Margery Ryerson, Tom Nicholas, and Henry Gasser; through Saturday, May 2. . . . **Green**, 15 W. 57th St.: Paintings, sculptures, and objects by George Segal, Dan Flavin, and Don Judd (to mention a few); through Saturday, May 2. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **Hirschl & Adler**, 21 E. 67th St.: "The Hudson River: New York to Albany," a showing of paintings by Robert Henri, Asher B. Durand, Gifford Beal, and others; through May 9. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **Salpeter**, 42 E. 57th St.: Stefano Cusumano, Philip Evergood, and Thomas C. Quirk, Jr., are three of the artists represented in an exhibit of paintings, drawings, and collages by living artists on "Themes from Shakespeare;" through Saturday, May 2. . . . **Sloan**, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St.: Paintings by members of the Hudson River School, including Albert Bierstadt, Jasper Francis Cropsey, and Homer D. Martin; through Saturday, May 2.

**French; Group Show**—"A Look at Paris," a show of color lithographs by Braque, Chagall, Villon, and others; through Saturday, May 2. (Griffin, 611 Madison Ave., at 58th St.)

**Latin Americans; Group Show**—Eighteen artists from nine countries in a showing of oils, drawings, watercolors, prints, and sculptures; through Saturday, April 25. (Galeria Sudamericana, 10 E. 8th St. Open Friday evenings until 9:30.)

**Greek Art**—Some thirty painted Greek vases, dating from the eighth to the fourth century B.C.; through May 30. (Emmerich, 17 E. 64th St.)

**Japanese Art**—Old wood-block prints of the Japanese theatrical arts; through May 16. (Cober, 14 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

### MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

**Metropolitan Museum**, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Rembrandt prints. . . . ¶ "The Trustees for Orphans in Amsterdam," a seventeenth-century group portrait by Nicolaes Eliasz. Pickenoy, lent by the city of Amsterdam, is now on view in the Great Hall. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

**Museum of Modern Art**, 21 W. 53rd St.—The galleries will be closed until mid-May, while the Museum gets on with its remodelling and building program.

**Brooklyn Museum**, Eastern Parkway—The fourteenth national print exhibition, comprising a hundred and sixty-five examples by artists (among them Boris Margo, Sam Francis, and Seong Moy) from thirty states; through Aug. 16. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

**Gallery of Modern Art**, 2 Columbus Circle—Huntington Hartford's new museum has opened with a permanent exhibition of paintings and sculptures from Mr. Hartford's own collection, including pieces by Dali, Vuillard, and Jacob Epstein, plus an exhibit (ending May 17) of about three hundred and fifty paintings and drawings by Pavel Tchelitchew. (Tuesdays through Fridays, noon to 8; Saturdays and Sundays, noon to 6.)

**Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum**, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A loan exhibition of sixty paintings and sixty drawings by van Gogh selected from the collection of his nephew, V. W. van Gogh; through June 28. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

**Jewish Museum**, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Studies for paintings and other drawings (1927-47) by Arshile Gorky; through June 30. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

**Morgan Library**, 29 E. 36th St.—"A Shakespearean Tribute": Early quarto editions of the plays, the four folios, Shakespeare's source books, and forgeries of his works; through June 19. . . . ¶ "From Fair to Fair": An anthology of acquisitions 1939-64—illuminated manuscripts, early printed books, master drawings, historic bookbindings, literary manuscripts, and autograph letters of authors and artists; through Sept. 4. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

**Museum of Early American Folk Arts**, 49 W. 53rd St.—Portraits, landscapes, genre scenes, weather vanes, trade signs, metal and wood sculptures, and so on, from the collection of Mrs. Edith Gregor Halpert; through Sept. 30. (Daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

**Whitney Museum**, 22 W. 54th St.—Paintings by the Abstract Expressionist Jack Tworkov; through May 3. . . . ¶ New acquisitions; through Wednesday, April 29. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

## MUSIC

(The box-office number for Philharmonic Hall is TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7460, for Town Hall JU 2-4536, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

### OPERA

**Metropolitan Opera**—Following an expedition to Boston and Cleveland, the company will return here for a special two-week World's Fair season on Monday evening, April 27: "Falstaff," with Gabriella Tucci, Judith Raskin, Regina Resnik, Rosalind Elias, Luigi Alva, Anselmo Colzani, and Mario Sereni. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, April 28: "Macbeth," with Birgit Nilsson, Carlo Bergonzi, Cornell MacNeil, Giorgio Tozzi, and Franco Ghitti. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, April 29: "Don Giovanni," with Leontyne Price, Lisa Della Casa, Roberta Peters, Cesare Siepi, Nicolai Gedda, Theodor Uppman, and Fernando Corena. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, April 30: "Otello," with Renata Tebaldi, Mignon Dunn, James McCracken, Robert Merrill, and John Alexander. . . . ¶ Friday evening, May 1: "Aïda," with Birgit Nilsson, Irene Dalis, Franco Corelli, George London, Ezio Flagello, and Justino Díaz. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, May 2: "Il Trovatore," with Leontyne Price, Rita Gorr, Richard Tucker, and Mario Sereni. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, May

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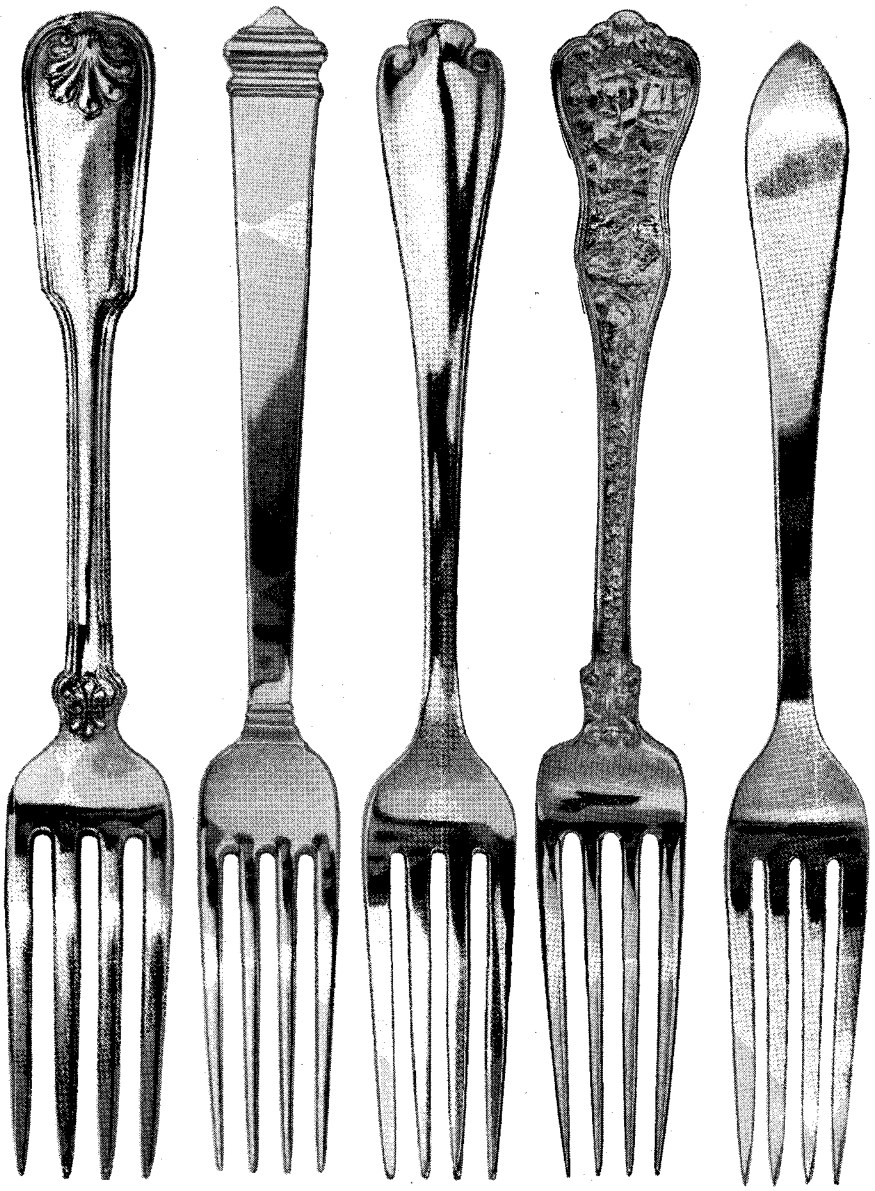

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

2: "Manon," with Anna Moffo, Barry Morell, Frank Guarrera, and Giorgio Tozzi. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

**Brooklyn Opera Company**—Saturday, April 25, at 8:15: "Carmen."... ¶ Saturday, May 2, at 8:30: "Madame Butterfly." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700.)

**Hunter College Opera Association**—Otto Nicolai's "The Merry Wives of Windsor," staged by Carolyn Lockwood and conducted by William Tarrasch. (Hunter Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. RE 7-8490. Wednesday, April 29, and Friday, May 1, at 8:30.)

**Juilliard Opera Theatre**—Benefit performances of the New York première of Janáček's "Katya Kabanova," in English. Directed by Christopher West and conducted by Frederic Waldman. (Juilliard Concert Hall, 130 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Friday, May 1, at 8, and Sunday, May 3, at 4. For tickets, call MO 3-7200, Ext. 35.)

## ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

**New York Philharmonic**—At Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center, Leonard Bernstein conducting—Thursday, April 23, at 8:30; Friday, April 24, at 2:15; Saturday, April 25, at 8:30; and Sunday, April 26, at 3 (all with Isaac Stern, violin); and Thursday, April 30, at 8:30; Friday, May 1, at 2:15; Saturday, May 2, at 8:30; and Sunday, May 3, at 3 (all with Gary Graffman, piano).

**Concertgebouw Orchestra of Amsterdam**—Bernard Haitink conducting. (Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center. Friday, April 24, at 8:30, with Daniel Wayenberg, piano.... ¶ Carnegie Hall. Saturday, April 25, at 2:30, with Herman Krebbers, violin; and Sunday, April 26, at 8:30, with Daniel Wayenberg, piano.)

**Mannes College Orchestra and Columbia University Chorus**—A joint concert directed by Carl Bamberger, with Jacob Lateiner, piano, and two choirs. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Saturday, April 25, at 8:30. No tickets necessary.)

**Symphony of Musical Arts**—Vincent La Selva conducting the final performance of a program of opera music, with soloists. (Palm Gardens, 310 W. 52nd St. Sunday, April 26, at 7:30. No tickets necessary.)

**Chamber Concert**—Alexander Schneider conducting his chamber orchestra. (ANTA Washington Square Theatre, 40 W. 4th St., between Washington Square and Broadway. OR 4-5600. Monday, April 27, at 8:30.)

**American Opera Society**—Lamberto Gardelli directing Bellini's "I Capuleti ed i Montecchi" in concert form, with Mary Costa, soprano, and Giulietta Simionato, mezzo-soprano. The final performances of the season. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, April 28, at 8; and Thursday, April 30, at 8, a benefit performance.)

**Twentieth-Century Innovations**—Gunther Schuller conducting a chamber ensemble in the last in a series of concerts, this one devoted to the music of Milhaud, Hindemith, Whittenberg, Schoenberg, and Mr. Schuller himself. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Tuesday, April 28, at 8:30.)

**New York Pro Musica Renaissance Band**—Noah Greenberg conducting. (Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center. Saturday, May 2, at 3.)

**Virtuosi di Roma**—Renato Fasano conducting an all-Vivaldi program. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Saturday, May 2, at 8:30.)

**Canterbury Choral Society**—Charles Dodsley Walker directing a performance of Brahms' Requiem, with Patricia Brooks, soprano; Mark Howard, baritone; and an orchestra. (Church of the Heavenly Rest, Fifth Ave. at 90th St. Sunday, April 26, at 4. No tickets necessary.)

**Bach Aria Group**—Frank Brieff directing, with the Columbus Boychoir. (Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center. Wednesday, April 29, at 8:30.)

**Oberlin College Choir**—Robert Fountain directing. (Town Hall. Thursday, April 30, at 8:30.)

**Collegiate Chorale**—Abraham Kaplan directing Brahms' Requiem and the première of Vincent Persichetti's "Stabat Mater," with Veronica Tyler, soprano; Heinz Rehfuss, bass-baritone; and the Orchestra of America. The final performance of the season. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, May 1, at 8:30.)

**Columbia University Glee Club**—Bailey Harvey directing. (Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center. Friday, May 1, at 8:30.)

## RECITALS

**Philippe Entremont and Roman Totenberg**—Piano and violin, in the second in a series of three sonata recitals, this one an all-Beethoven program. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, April 24, at 8:30.)

**New York Pro Musica**—A program of Elizabethan music. (Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center. Saturday, April 25, at 3.)

**Music in Our Time: 1900-64**—The last in a series of concerts, each followed by a discussion period, generally with several composers present. This one will involve, among others, Max Pollikoff, violin; Henry Schuman, oboe; and composers Barney Childs, Miriam Gideon, Stefan Wolpe, and Charles Wuorinen. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Sunday, April 26, at 5:30.)

**John Reardon**—Baritone. (Town Hall. Tuesday, April 28, at 8:30.)

**Isaac Stern, Leonard Rose, and Eugene Istomin**—Violin, cello, and piano, in a program of Beethoven trios. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Thursday, April 30, at 8:30. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

## MISCELLANY

**Benefit Concert**—The Liederkranz Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Ignace Strasfogel, and several choruses, directed by Waldemar Link, with Zinka Milanov, soprano; Gerhard Pechner, bass-baritone; and other soloists. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, April 25, at 8:30.)

**Composers' Showcase**—A program of contemporary German music, performed by an orchestra conducted by Wolfgang Fortner; Janice Harsanyi, soprano; Helen Vanni, mezzo-soprano; Tossy Spivakovsky, violin; Karlheinz Stockhausen, celesta; David Tudor, piano; Max Neuhaus, percussion; and the Dorian Wind Quintet. (Town Hall. Wednesday, April 29, at 8:30.)

**Jazz Concerts**—Gunther Schuller conducting the Orchestra U.S.A. in the final concert in a series, with Bill Smith, clarinet. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Friday, April 24, at 8:30.)... ¶ Ray Charles, pop singer, with his orchestra. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, May 2, at 8:30, and at midnight.)

# SPORTS

**Baseball**—At **shea stadium:** Mets vs. Chicago, Thursday, April 23, at 2.... **yankee stadium:** Yankees vs. Baltimore, Saturday, April 25, at 2, and Sunday, April 26, at 1:30.... ¶ Yankees vs. Chicago, Tuesday and Wednesday, April 28-29, at 2.... ¶ Yankees vs. Washington, Friday, May 1, at 8, and Saturday, May 2, at 2.

**Crew**—Childs Cup Regatta: Columbia, Pennsylvania, and Princeton. (Philadelphia. Saturday, April 25.)... ¶ Blackwell Cup Regatta: Columbia, Pennsylvania, and Yale. (Harlem River. Saturday, May 2.)... ¶ Compton Cup Regatta: Harvard, M.I.T., and Princeton. (Cambridge. Saturday, May 2.)... ¶ Goes Trophy Regatta: Cornell, Navy, and Syracuse. (Annapolis. Saturday, May 2.)

**Golf**—Long Island Golf Association Richardson Memorial Tournament. (Seawane Club, Hewlett Harbor. Friday through Sunday, May 1-3.)

**Horse Shows**—Boulder Brook Spring Horse Show. (Scarsdale. Saturday and Sunday, April 25-26.)... ¶ Sugartown Horse Show. (White Horse, Pa. Saturday and Sunday, May 2-3.)

**Hunt Racing**—Maryland Hunt Cup Association. (Glyndon, Md. Saturday, April 25.)... ¶ Virginia Gold Cup Association. (Warrenton, Va. Saturday, May 2.)

**Racing**—At **aqueduct:** Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, May 30. The Grey Lag Handicap, Saturday, April 25; the Bed o' Roses Handicap, Wednesday, April 29; and the Carter Handicap, Saturday, May 2.... **garden state park,** Camden, N.J.: Tuesdays through Saturdays, from Saturday, April 25, through Saturday, May 30. Opening-day post time will be at 2; thereafter it will be at 2:30. . . . LAUREL, Md.: Daily at 1:30; through Saturday, April 25. The Chesapeake, Saturday, April 25. . . . CHURCHILL DOWNS, Louisville, Ky.: The Kentucky Derby, Saturday, May 2.

**TRACK**—Penn Relays. (Franklin Field, Philadelphia. Friday and Saturday, April 24-25.)

**TROTTING**—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Weekdays at 8:30; through Wednesday, May 13. (Special trains leave Penn Station for the track at 6:43 and, except Saturdays, at 7:06.)

## FOR CHILDREN

**STAGE SHOWS**—By the CHILDREN'S THEATRE WING: "Puss 'n Boots." (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 8-0177. Saturdays and Sundays at 2 and 3:30.) . . . NANCY COLE'S PUPPETS: "Edmund and the Mouse-Tronaut." (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. Saturday, April 25, at 1:30. For information about tickets, call LE 4-1672.) . . . ROSE LYNCH PRODUCTIONS: "Little Red Riding Hood," Saturdays and Sundays at 1. . . . ¶ "Hansel and Gretel," Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. . . . ¶ "Cinderella," a marionette show, Saturdays at 4. (Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave., at 14th St. GR 5-9647.) . . . MUSICAL THEATRE FOR CHILDREN: "The Prince and the Pauper." (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Saturdays and Sundays at 2 and 3:30.) . . . PAPER BAG PLAYERS: "Fortunately." (Henry Street Playhouse, 466 Grand St. Saturday, April 25, at 3. Tickets at the box office only, after 2 on the day of the performance.) . . . STAGE 73: "The Absent-Minded Dragon." (321 E. 73rd St. BU 8-2500. Saturdays and Sundays at 1:30 and 3.)

**CHILDREN'S ZOOS**—In CENTRAL PARK: A turreted castle, a Peppermint Stick House, Jonah's Whale, and many other delights make up this fairy-tale world, and the resident animals include mice, kids, monkeys, deer, and chickens. (Daily, 10 to 4:30.) . . . ¶ At the BRONX ZOO: Bunnies, lambs, piglets, kittens, and the like, which can be petted as well as admired. (Open, weather permitting, weekdays 10:30 to 4:30 and Sundays 10:30 to 5. Adults are admitted only if accompanied by a child.)

## OTHER EVENTS

**UNITED NATIONS**—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)

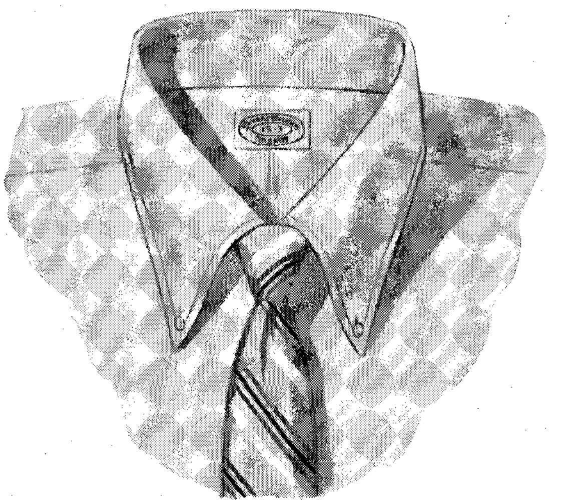
**POETRY READINGS**—Sir Alec Guinness. (Poetry Center, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Sunday, April 26, at 8:30. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

**SECOND WORLD BRIDGE OLYMPIAD**—Players from thirty countries competing for the Harold S. Vanderbilt Olympiad Trophy, now held by France. (Americana Hotel, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. Friday, May 1, at 2 and 9, and Saturday through Tuesday, May 2-12, at 1, 4:30, and 9. For information about tickets, call CI 5-6692.)

**NEW YORK ANTIQUES FAIR**—A half-million items from all parts of the world, including American and European furniture, Chinese porcelains, French and English enamels, and Indonesian shadow puppets. (71st Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 34th St. Thursday and Friday, April 23-24, from 1 to 11, and Saturday, April 25, from 1 to 6.)

**AUCTIONS**—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Thursday, April 23, at 8: American paintings and drawings by such artists as Homer, Hassam, Remington, and Pope; the property of William D. Swaney and others. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, April 24-25, at 1:45: English and American furniture, porcelains, Georgian silver and silver-plated ware, Early American wrought iron and other articles, window hangings, paintings, and Oriental rugs; from the estate of Katherine H. Scudder and from other sources.

**DAYLIGHT SAVING TIME**—Starts Sunday, April 26, at 2 A.M. Clocks should be turned ahead an hour.



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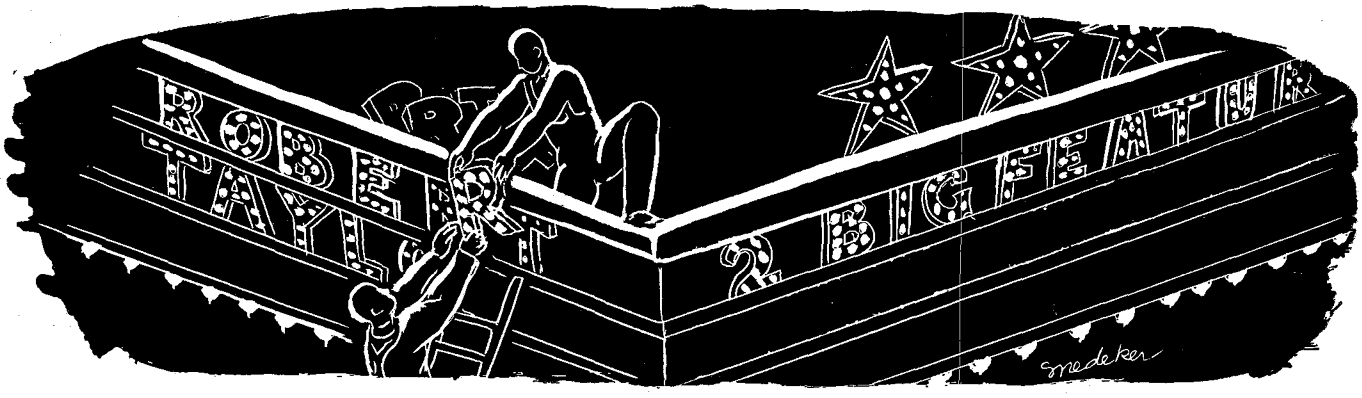
# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

## MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED ON THIS PAGE



**America America**—A picturesque account of a young Greek's fierce journey to the land of his heart's desire. Written and directed by Elia Kazan. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave., at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 100th, AC 2-1200. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; through April 28. . . . ¶ 55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, JU 6-4590; through April 28, tentative. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; starting April 29.)

**Becket**—The witty tragicomedy by Jean Anouilh has been brought to the screen with surprising success. Richard Burton plays the murdered bishop, and Peter O'Toole plays Henry II. (State, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

**The Best Man**—A very exciting melodrama about politics, directed by Franklin Schaffner, and starring Henry Fonda, Cliff Robertson, and Lee Tracy. Gore Vidal wrote the knowledgeable screenplay. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, MU 3-0255; and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, PL 1-1535.)

**Cleopatra**—Forty million dollars' worth of Mediterranean splendor, and cheap at the price. The leading roles are played by actors who are probably better known than the originals ever were. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Daily at 2 and 8. Reserved seats only.)

**Dr. Strangelove or: How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Bomb**—A superb comedy about the not at all comic subject of atomic war. Produced and directed by Stanley Kubrick, and starring Peter Sellers, George C. Scott, Sterling Hayden, Keenan Wynn, and Slim Pickens. (Victoria, B'way at 46th, JU 6-0540; and Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663.)

**The Easy Life**—An Italian melodrama, featuring Vittorio Gassman and directed at a fantastic pace by Dino Risi. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014.)

**The Fall of the Roman Empire**—makes a very loud noise indeed. (DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th, CO 5-8431. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

**From Russia with Love**—As the Duke of Wellington came close to saying on another occasion, if you believe this, you'll believe anything. Sean Connery is splendid as the indestructible James Bond. (Astor, B'way at 45th, JU 6-2240; and R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577.)

**It's a Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World**—The first Cinerama comedy, bursting with actors and scary camera stunts but far too long and too unfunny. (Warner Cinerama, B'way at 47th, CO 5-5711. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Sundays at 2, and Saturdays at 1 and 4:45. Reserved seats only.)

**Knife in the Water**—A middle-aged man, his pretty young wife, and an undergraduate hitchhiker act out a rather sinister charade in contemporary Poland. Roman Polanski, who wrote and directed this comedy, is plainly to be watched. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting April 24.)

**Paris When It Sizzles**—The title has nothing to do with meteorology or, indeed, anything else, but Audrey Hepburn and William Holden make an amusing pair of lovers, and George Axelrod has written some funny lines for them. (Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd, PL 3-2434; through April 26, last showing that day at 4. . . . ¶ Paramount, B'way at 43rd, WI 7-9400; through April 28. . . . ¶ Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; and Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting April 29.)

**The Servant**—A gentleman's gentleman reduces his gentleman to a state of squalid servitude. Dirk Bogarde is the brilliant star of the picture, which Joseph Losey directed. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-5123.)

**Seven Days in May**—A ruthlessly high-strung melodrama about a right-wing plot to take over the government. John Frankenheimer has directed with great verve a cast that includes Fredric March, Burt Lancaster, Kirk Douglas, and Ava Gardner. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796; and Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

**The Silence**—Still another chapter in Ingmar Bergman's long cross-examination of God, who has proved a reluctant witness. (Rialto, B'way at 42nd, LO 5-9795. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th, PL 9-2262; through April 27.)

**To Bed . . . Or Not to Bed**—The Italian comedian Alberto Sordi plays a wistful Don Juan among a bevy of Swedish beauties. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through April 28, tentative.)

**Tom Jones**—That rare thing, a great movie made from a great book. Directed by Tony Richardson, from a screenplay by John Osborne, and with a cast that includes Albert Finney, Susannah York, Hugh Griffith, Dame Edith Evans, Joyce Redman, Joan Greenwood, and a dozen others, every one of them first-rate. (Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-6022.)

**Yesterday, Today, and Tomorrow**—A three-part comedy designed to show off the acting skills of Marcello Mastroianni and Sophia Loren. The settings pretend to be Naples, Milan, and Rome. (Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st, TR 9-1313; and Festival, 6 W. 57th, LT 1-2323.)

## REVIVALS

**All About Eve** (1950)—Bette Davis and Anne Baxter in a comedy dealing with some of the foibles of the theatre. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; starting April 24.)

**L'Avventura** (1961)—An Italian film that records a joyless affair between a young man and woman searching for a girl who has disappeared from a volcanic island. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; April 23.)

**Citizen Kane** (1941)—Orson Welles' study of a rich man's career. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; April 24-27.)

**Hud** (1963)—A tug of war between three generations of males on a Texas farm. Paul Newman, Melvyn Douglas, Patricia Neal, and Brandon deWilde. (Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; and Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190; through April 28.)

**The Hustler** (1961)—A life-and-death struggle between pool sharks. Paul Newman, Jackie Gleason, George C. Scott, and Piper Laurie. (Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, MU 5-7652.)

**Laura** (1944)—Clifton Webb, Gene Tierney, and Dana Andrews involved in homicide. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; starting April 24.)

**The Loneliness of the Long Distance Runner** (1962)—An English tragicomedy of working-class manners, directed by Tony Richardson. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through April 28, tentative.)

**The L-Shaped Room** (1963)—An English tale of star-crossed lovers, one of them French. Leslie Caron is the girl and Tom Bell is the boy. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through April 28. . . . ¶ Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190; starting April 29.)

**The Maltese Falcon** (1941)—Humphrey Bogart, Mary Astor, and Sydney Greenstreet in the Dashiell Hammett yarn. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; April 23.)

**Modern Times** (1936)—Chaplin, you know. Consequential, educational, essential. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

**My Name Is Ivan** (1963)—A Russian film about a twelve-year-old spy (Kolya Burlaiev) for the Russian Army in the Second World War. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting April 24.)

**Night and Fog** (1962)—The classic documentary short about Nazi concentration camps, directed by Alain Resnais. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; April 24-27.)

**Potemkin** (1925)—The famous Russian job directed by Eisenstein. In its original (silent) version. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; April 24-27.)

**The Savage Eye** (1960)—A semi-documentary that shows what happens when a lonely divorcée takes up residence in Los Angeles. Barbara Baxley plays the heroine. (New Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; April 23. No afternoon performances.)

**Shadows** (1961)—An episodic movie, all of it improvised by a group of young players under the directorial guidance of John Cassavetes. (New Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; April 23. No afternoon performances.)

**Treasure of Sierra Madre** (1948)—Prospecting for gold in Mexico. Walter Huston and Humphrey Bogart. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; April 23.)

**Museum of Modern Art Film Library**—The auditorium, now closed for repairs, will reopen in May.

# THE MOVIE HOUSES

| S | M | T | W | T | F | S |
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| | | | | 23 | 24 | 25 |
| 26 | 27 | 28 | 29 | | | |

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

## THE BROADWAY AREA

**Astor,** B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
**FROM RUSSIA WITH LOVE.**

**Criterion,** B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
**SEVEN DAYS IN MAY.**

**DeMille,** 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
**THE FALL OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE.**

**Forum,** B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
"False Shame" (in German).

**Globe,** B'way at 43rd. (LO 5-9889)
From April 27: "Weekend" (in Danish).

**Loew's Cinerama,** B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"The Cardinal," Tom Tryon, Romy Schneider.

**Music Hall,** 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"The Pink Panther," David Niven, Peter Sellers.

**New Embassy,** B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
"A Mistress for the Summer" (in French), Pascale Petit, Micheline Presle.

**Palace,** B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
"Flight from Ashiya," Yul Brynner, Richard Widmark.

**Paramount,** B'way at 43rd. (WI 7-9400)
Through April 28: **PARIS WHEN IT SIZZLES.**
From April 29: "The Horror of Party Beach," John Scott; and "The Curse of the Living Corpse," Helen Waren.

**Rialto,** B'way at 42nd. (LO 5-9795)
**THE SILENCE** (in Swedish).

**Rivoli,** B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
**CLEOPATRA.**

**State,** B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
**BECKET.**

**Toho Cinema,** 209 W. 45th. (LT 1-1788)
"Life of Oharu" (in Japanese), Toshiro Mifune.

**Victoria,** B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
**DR. STRANGELOVE OR: HOW I LEARNED TO STOP WORRYING AND LOVE THE BOMB.**

**Warner Cinerama,** B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
**IT'S A MAD, MAD, MAD, MAD WORLD.**

## EAST SIDE

**Art,** 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
**THE EASY LIFE** (in Italian).

**New Charles,** Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210; no afternoon performances Mondays through Fridays.)
April 23: **THE SAVAGE EYE,** revival; and **SHADOWS,** revival.
April 24-27: "Lilies of the Field," Sidney Poitier, Lilia Skala; and "The Mouse That Roared," revival, Peter Sellers, Jean Seberg.
From April 28: To be announced.

**Academy of Music,** 126 E. 14th. (GR 3-2277)
"Flight from Ashiya," Yul Brynner, Richard Widmark.

**Gramercy,** Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through April 28: "Captain Newman, M.D.," Gregory Peck, Tony Curtis.
From April 29: **AMERICA AMERICA.**

**Kips Bay,** 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
Through April 28 (tentative): "Lilies of the Field," Sidney Poitier, Lilia Skala; and "The Mouse on the Moon," revival, Margaret Rutherford, Bernard Cribbins.
From April 29 (tentative): "The Cardinal," Tom Tryon, Romy Schneider.

**Murray Hill,** 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
**THE HUSTLER,** revival.

**34th St. East,** 241 E. 34th. (MU 3-0255)
**THE BEST MAN.**

**Trans-Lux 52nd St.,** Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
Through April 26 (last showing that day at 4): **PARIS WHEN IT SIZZLES.**
From April 26, at 8:30: "Weekend" (in Danish). Opening night by invitation only.

**Sutton,** 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
**SEVEN DAYS IN MAY.**

**Trans-Lux East,** 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
Through April 27: **THE SILENCE** (in Swedish).
From April 28: "The Third Secret," Stephen Boyd, Richard Attenborough.

**R.K.O. 58th St.,** 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
**FROM RUSSIA WITH LOVE.**

**Fine Arts,** 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
Through April 26: "La Bonne Soupe" (in French), Annie Girardot, Marie Bell.
From April 27: "Don't Tempt the Devil" (in French), Marina Vlady, Bourvil.

**Plaza,** 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
**MODERN TIMES,** revival.

**Baronet,** 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
**DR. STRANGELOVE OR: HOW I LEARNED TO STOP WORRYING AND LOVE THE BOMB.**

**Coronet,** 3rd Ave. at 59th. (PL 1-1535)
**THE BEST MAN.**

**Cinema I,** 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
**TOM JONES.**

**Cinema II,** 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"The Cool World," Hampton Clanton, Gloria Foster.

**Beekman,** 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
Through April 27: To be announced.
From April 28: A program of animated films, including "Of Stars and Men."

**68th St. Playhouse,** 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Captain Newman, M.D.," Gregory Peck, Tony Curtis.

**Tower East,** 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
**YESTERDAY, TODAY, AND TOMORROW** (in Italian).

**72nd St. Playhouse,** 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through April 28 (tentative): **TO BED . . . OR NOT TO BED** (in Italian and Swedish); and **THE LONELINESS OF THE LONG DISTANCE RUNNER,** revival.
From April 29 (tentative): "The Cardinal," Tom Tryon, Romy Schneider.

**Trans-Lux 85th St.,** Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through April 28: **AMERICA AMERICA.**
From April 29 (tentative): "Psyche 59," Patricia Neal, Curt Jurgens.

**R.K.O. 86th St.,** Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
"Flight from Ashiya," Yul Brynner, Richard Widmark.

**Orpheum,** 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through April 28: **HUD,** revival; and "Come Blow Your Horn," revival, Frank Sinatra, Lee J. Cobb.
From April 29: **PARIS WHEN IT SIZZLES;** and "Man in the Middle," Robert Mitchum, France Nuyen.

## WEST SIDE

**Bleecker St. Cinema,** 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210)
April 23: "Ashes and Diamonds" and "Kanal" (both in Polish and both revivals).
April 24-27: **CITIZEN KANE,** revival; **POTEMKIN** (silent); and **NIGHT AND FOG,** revival.
From April 28: "Nights of Cabiria" (in Italian), revival, Giulietta Masina, François Périer; and "Yojimbo" (in Japanese), revival, Toshiro Mifune.

**Waverly,** 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through April 28: "Captain Newman, M.D.," Gregory Peck, Tony Curtis; and "The Grass Is Greener," revival, Cary Grant, Deborah Kerr.
From April 29: "The Prize," Paul Newman, Edward G. Robinson; and "The Wheeler Dealers," James Garner, Lee Remick.

**8th St. Playhouse,** 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through April 28: **THE L-SHAPED ROOM,** revival; and "Lilies of the Field," Sidney Poitier, Lilia Skala.
From April 29: "The Given Word" (in Portuguese).

**5th Ave. Cinema,** 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Through April 28: "Open the Door and See All the People," Maybelle Nash.
From April 29: To be announced.

**Sheridan,** 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through April 28: "The Cardinal," Tom Tryon, Romy Schneider.
From April 29: **PARIS WHEN IT SIZZLES;** and "Man in the Middle," Robert Mitchum, France Nuyen.

**Greenwich,** Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
**AMERICA AMERICA.**

**R.K.O. 23rd St.,** 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
Through April 28: "Captain Newman, M.D.," Gregory Peck, Tony Curtis; and "The Dream Maker," Tommy Steele.
From April 29: "Operation Petticoat," revival, Cary Grant, Tony Curtis; and "Pillow Talk," revival, Rock Hudson, Doris Day.

**Guild,** 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"The Grand Olympics," an Italian documentary on the 1960 Rome Olympics.

**55th St. Playhouse,** 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
Through April 28 (tentative): **AMERICA AMERICA.**
From April 29: To be announced.

**Festival,** 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
**YESTERDAY, TODAY, AND TOMORROW** (in Italian).

**57th St. Normandie,** 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
April 23: "Beauties of the Night" (in French), revival, Gérard Philipe, Gina Lollobrigida; and "Beauty and the Devil" (in French), revival, Michel Simon.
From April 24: To be announced.

**Little Carnegie,** 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-5123)
**THE SERVANT.**

**Carnegie Hall Cinema,** 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
"Dimka" (in Russian).

**Paris,** 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
"Bandits of Orgosolo" (in Italian).

**Loew's 83rd St.,** B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
Through April 28: **HUD,** revival; and "Come Blow Your Horn," revival, Frank Sinatra, Lee J. Cobb.
From April 29: **THE L-SHAPED ROOM,** revival; and "Lilies of the Field," Sidney Poitier, Lilia Skala.

**New Yorker,** B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
April 23: **TREASURE OF SIERRA MADRE,** revival; and **THE MALTESE FALCON,** revival.
From April 24: **ALL ABOUT EVE,** revival; and **LAURA,** revival.

**Symphony,** B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through April 28: "Mr. Hobbs Takes a Vacation," revival, James Stewart, Maureen O'Hara; and "Women of the World," revival, a documentary film.
From April 29: **PARIS WHEN IT SIZZLES;** and "Man in the Middle," Robert Mitchum, France Nuyen.

**Thalia,** B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
April 23: **L'AVVENTURA** (in Italian), revival; and "Love and Larceny" (in Italian), revival, Vittorio Gassman, Anna Maria Ferrero.
From April 24: **KNIFE IN THE WATER** (in Polish); and **MY NAME IS IVAN** (in Russian), revival.

**Midtown,** B'way at 100th. (AC 2-1200)
**AMERICA AMERICA.**

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# THE WORLD'S FAIR

## GENERAL INFORMATION

**Hours**—Grounds open daily at 9 A.M.; individual exhibits from 10 A.M. to at least 10 P.M. The last roisterer in the Amusement Area is sped on his way at 2 A.M. . . . ¶ Daily circus parade through the Fairgrounds; nightly fireworks-water-music mixture at Fountain of Planets at about 9 P.M.

**Admission**—Adults $2, children (2-12) $1. Twenty-ticket books (adults $30; children $15) on sale at the Fair, and also at Chemical Banks, First National City Banks, Gertz Department Stores, Abraham & Straus, Macy's, and Gimbels.

**Children**—May be left in the Protestant and Orthodox Center's Children's Center; or, while parents are visiting the Danish Pavilion, in the Pavilion's Tivoli Garden Playground.

**Meditation**—The Garden of Meditation, near the First National City Bank exhibit. Free.

**Relaxation**—The Simmons-mattress exhibit, "Land of Enchantment," has beds for rent; $1 per half hour.

## TRANSPORTATION

**Automobile**—Three main routes from midtown Manhattan: North on East River (Roosevelt) Drive to Triborough Bridge, then Queens spur of bridge to Grand Central Parkway. . . . ¶ Queensboro Bridge, at 59th Street, to Queens Boulevard. . . . ¶ Queens Midtown Tunnel, at 40th Street, to Long Island Expressway. Relevant exits are marked by signs. There are three Fair parking lots, with room for twenty thousand cars; $1.50 a day, with free bus shuttle to nearest Fair gate. The Shea Stadium lot is also available when the Stadium is not in use.

**Trains**—L.I.R.R. trains from Pennsylvania Station direct to Fair, 9 A.M. to 2 A.M. daily, leaving as soon as they're full (five to fifteen minutes) from Tracks 15 and 16. Twelve-minute trip; fifty cents each way.

**Boats**—Berths in Flushing Bay Marina for 865 boats; twenty-four-hour service, with Laundromat, showers, dressing rooms. . . . ¶ Ferries (Circle Line, CI 6-3200) and hydrofoils (American Hydrofoils, HA 5-1500) also travel from Manhattan to the Fair.

**Subways**—Only the I.R.T. Flushing line goes directly to the Fair; frequent express trains from Times Square and Grand Central Station. Trip takes about twenty minutes; fifteen cents each way. World's Fair "blue arrow" signs in all stations. Avoid rush hours.

**Buses**—Gray Line buses direct to the Fair hourly between 9 A.M. and 9 P.M.; from the Fair, 10 A.M. to 2 A.M. They leave from 42nd Street and Tenth Avenue; Gimbels, 33rd Street and Broadway; Hotel Manhattan, 45th Street and Eighth Avenue; parking lot, 50th Street between Broadway and Eighth Avenue; and Shelton Towers Hotel, 49th Street and Lexington. About a forty-five-minute trip; $1 each way.

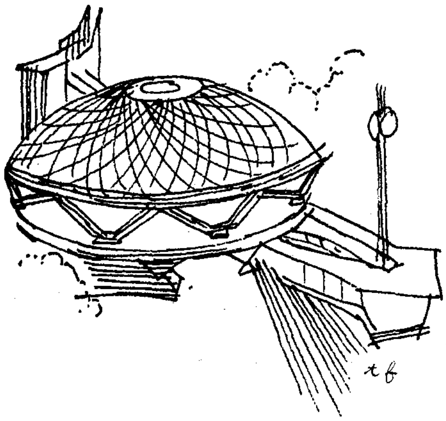
**Helicopter**—New York Airways helicopters leave for the Fair approximately every half hour from Wall Street Heliport ($9.45 one way), Newark Airport ($10.50), and Kennedy International Airport ($6.30). Half price for children.

**At the Fair**—Buses and three-coach tractor trains traverse the Fair, stopping at frequent stations; twenty-five cents a trip. . . . ¶ Motorized lounge chairs, driven by guides, seat four. Fares, which may be determined by a meter or on an hourly or daily basis, are about $9 an hour for two people, $10 for three, $11 for four. . . . ¶ Baby strollers for one, $2 a day. Wheelchairs, $4.50 a day.

## SPECIAL EVENTS

**New York State Day**—Festivities at the New York State Pavilion, including a speech by Governor Rockefeller at about 11:30, and singing by the Harriet Beecher Stowe High School Chorus, on Thursday, April 23. . . . ¶ Patchogue Day: Runs concurrently with New York State Day.

**Jordan Pavilion**—King Hussein I will visit the Fair and the Pavilion of the Hashemite Kingdom of Jordan on Thursday, April 23.



**THE FAIR IS STILL NOT COMPLETELY READY, YOU WILL HARDLY BE SURPRISED TO HEAR, BUT AT LEAST SOME PARTS OF MOST OF THE EXHIBITS ARE OPEN.**

**Montana Day**—Centennial celebration at the Montana Pavilion on Friday, April 24.

## ATTRACTIONS OF NOTE

(Some aspects of a few of the Fair's more than a hundred exhibits.)

### CULTURE AND ENLIGHTENMENT

**The African Pavilion**—History of Africa on film, plus African elephants, lions, monkeys, art, music, dance, and a restaurant serving African food. $1 for adults, fifty cents for children. The Republic of Guinea, Morocco, Sierra Leone, and the Republic of Sudan have separate exhibits.

**The Billy Graham Pavilion**—Hourly showings of a film telling the story of mankind in 70-mm. Todd A-O and featuring the evangelist, who will also appear in person from time to time. Multilingual spiritual counsellors.

**Electric Power and Light**—Twelve searchlights produce the world's most powerful manmade light beam—twelve billion candle power.

**Automobile Companies**—Part of the Chrysler exhibit is a building in the shape of a motor. . . . ¶ The Ford Pavilion features a ride in a convertible past Disney's animated cavemen and into the future. . . . ¶ General Motors provides a ride in a chain of futuristic chairs from the moon to the earth, under the ice at the South Pole, over the ocean floor, and to a city of the future.

**General Cigar**—Non-toxic smoke rings, ten feet in diameter, blown a hundred and fifty feet in the air unless it is raining or too windy.

**General Electric**—A demonstration every six minutes of controlled nuclear fusion. Also, a mechanical man, designed by Walt Disney, who sings, "There's a great big beautiful tomorrow . . . just a dream away."

**I.B.M.**—The most beautiful building at the Fair, containing a variety of demonstrations of the mechanics of computers.

**Mastro Pizza**—Demonstration of the mechanics of pizza-making.

**New York City**—Expected to open Saturday, April 25. A simulated helicopter ride around a scale model of the city, which contains more than eight hundred thousand buildings, including a twelve-inch-high Empire State Building. Ten cents.

**Santa Maria**—An authentic reproduction of Columbus's flagship, anchored in Meadow Lake. Authentic background music. Adults $1; children fifty cents.

**Sinclair Refining Company**—Nine life-size prehistoric beasts, including an animated brontosaurus.

**Space**—The Chrysler, Missouri, Texas, and United States Space Park exhibits contain actual or lifelike space capsules, booster rockets, and so on.

**Underground Home**—An attempt to depict the delights of modern living underground, with pseudo-sunlight. Adults $1; children fifty cents.

**Vatican Pavilion**—Michaelangelo's "Pietà" in a setting that overwhelms it.

### PERHAPS LESS ENLIGHTENING

**Circus**—A one-ring affair, assembled under a yellow-and-white striped roof in the Amusement Area. Four shows, at 1:30, 3:15, 5:30, and 7:15, on Mondays, Tuesdays, and Wednesdays. Six shows, at 1, 2:10, 3:20, 5, 6:10, and 7:20, during the rest of the week; $1.

**Hell Drivers**—Thirty reckless drivers bumping, criss-crossing, spinning, crashing, and hurtling cars around a specially designed track in the Transportation Area. Shows at 11, 3, 5, and 7, with an extra show at 9 on Fridays and Saturdays; $1 to $1.50.

**Hollywood, U.S.A.**—A replica of the façade of Grauman's Chinese Theatre, with a handprint of Robert Moses in the cement forecourt, plus an exhibit of sets from "The Fall of the Roman Empire," and "Cleopatra," and a museum containing relics of the filming of "The Ten Commandments." Adults $1.25; children fifty cents.

**Ice-Travaganza**—The theme of the ice show in the New York City Building is said to be "the pleasure in leisure," and the cast includes a girl representing a light bulb. Several shows daily; $1.05 to $3.35.

**America, Be Seated**—A topical, integrated minstrel show in the Louisiana Pavilion, produced by Mike Todd, Jr., and starring Ronny Graham. Twice an evening, three times on weekends; $2.50 to $4.95 for a golden ringside table.

**Monorail**—A one-mile circular tour of the Lake Amusement Area in trains suspended from tracks forty feet above the ground. Eighty cents.

**To Broadway with Love**—Selections from a hundred years of American musical comedy. Music Hall of the Texas Pavilion, at 3 P.M., 7 P.M., and 9:30 P.M. $2 to $4.80.

**Walters Wax Museum**—Herbert Hoover and the head of St. John the Baptist are among the wax figures on display. Adults $1; children fifty cents.

**Wonderworld**—A mammoth stage show, with music by Jule Styne and choreography by Michael Kidd, including an underwater night-club setting and dancers dressed as fire hydrants. Shows at 1:30, 4, 7, and 10, in the Amphitheatre; $1 to $3.50.

**Wisconsin Pavilion**—What is said to be the world's largest piece of cheese (seventeen tons) is on display. Free.

## RESTAURANTS

(Most of the foreign pavilions and several of the state exhibits include at least one restaurant; Spain, in fact, has three. The following are a few that at least *sound* good.)

**Danish Pavilion**—Danish breakfasts, lunches, and dinners are served at the Restaurant of Denmark, and *smörrebrod* at the Kattegat Inn. Danish beer and akvavit at both.

**Century Grill**—A restaurant in the Transportation Area serving charcoal-broiled hot dogs and hamburgers prepared according to international recipes.

**Festival of Gas**—A stream runs through this restaurant, where Restaurant Associates hope to prove the excellence of food cooked with gas.

**Moroccan Pavilion**—Supposed to open any day now. Couscous, touajen, and djaja mammra will be among the dishes served at a snack bar, a sidewalk café, and a night club called, predictably, the Casbah, where—also predictably—there will be belly dancers.

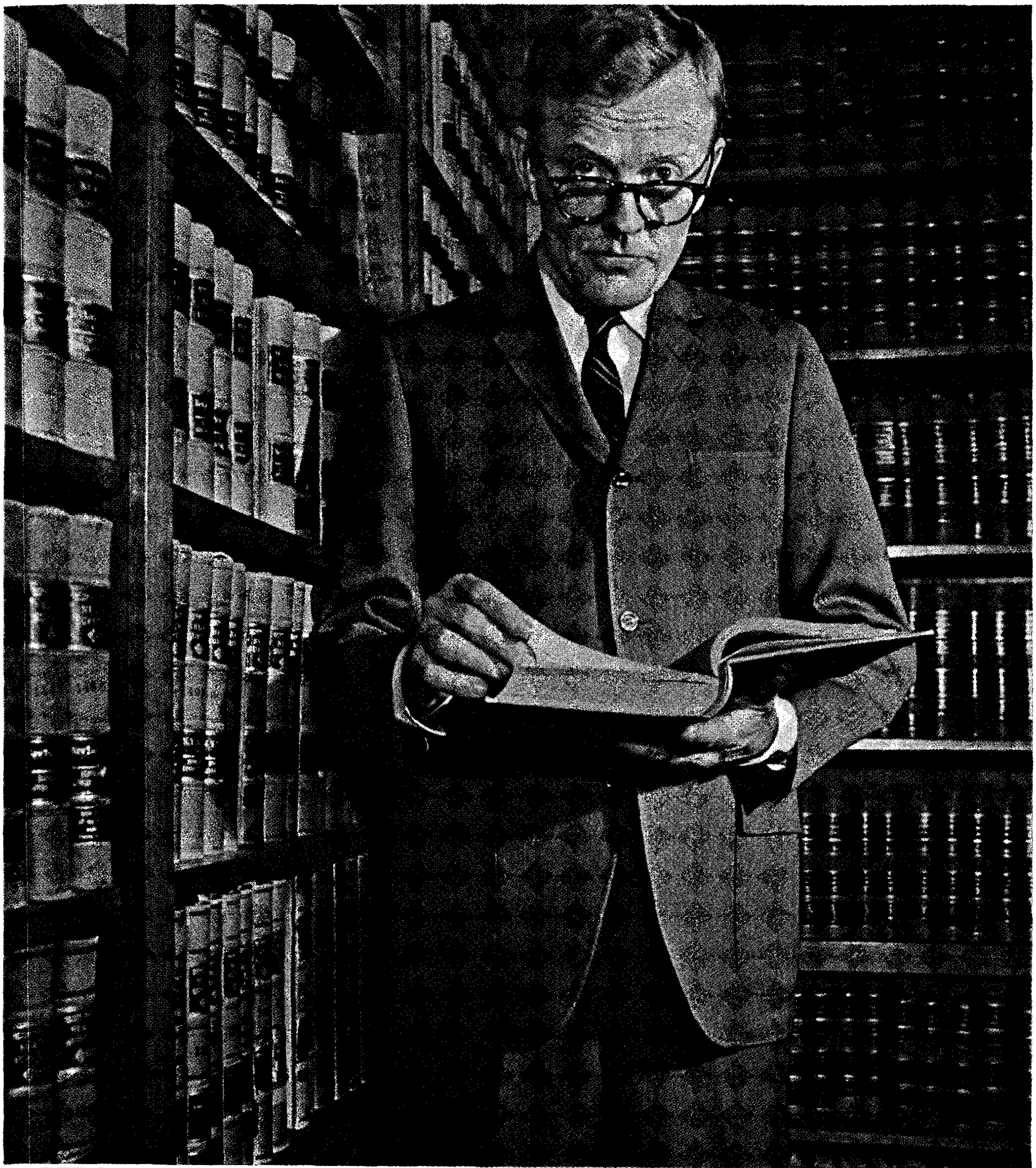
**Pavilion of Paris and French Industry**—There may or may not be a French restaurant at the Fair.

**Top of the Fair**—A large restaurant with a large bar and a large menu in the Port Authority Heliport, overlooking the entire Fairgrounds.

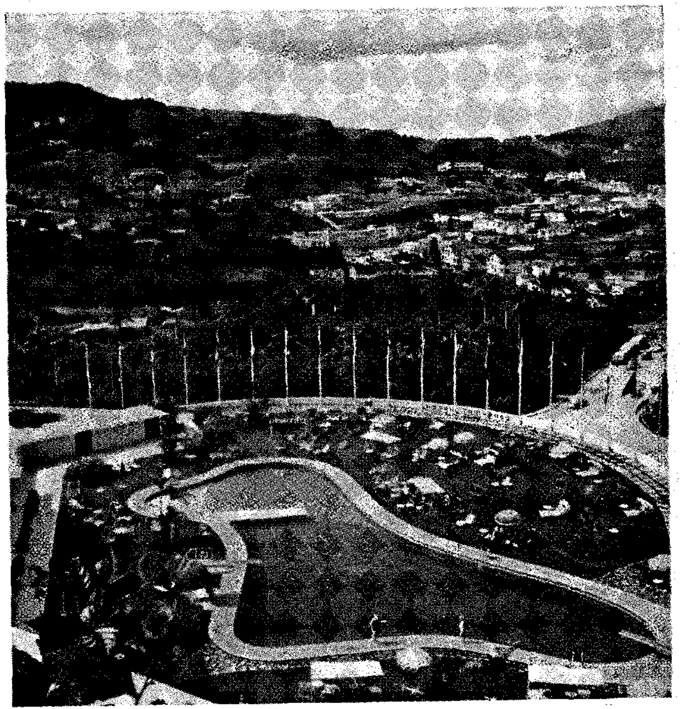
**Note**—International sandwiches will be sold at the 7-Up exhibit in the Industrial Area, and thirty-cent hot dogs and forty-cent hamburgers will be available at stands throughout the Fairgrounds.

**The suit: tailored by Haspel**
**The price: about $45**
**The fabric: Earl-Loom's Arnel triacetate and rayon.**
**The excitement: oxford weave effects in solid shades of blue, gold, olive, sand, gray, beige and muted blue.**
**Wrinkles: Arnel keeps them few and far between.**

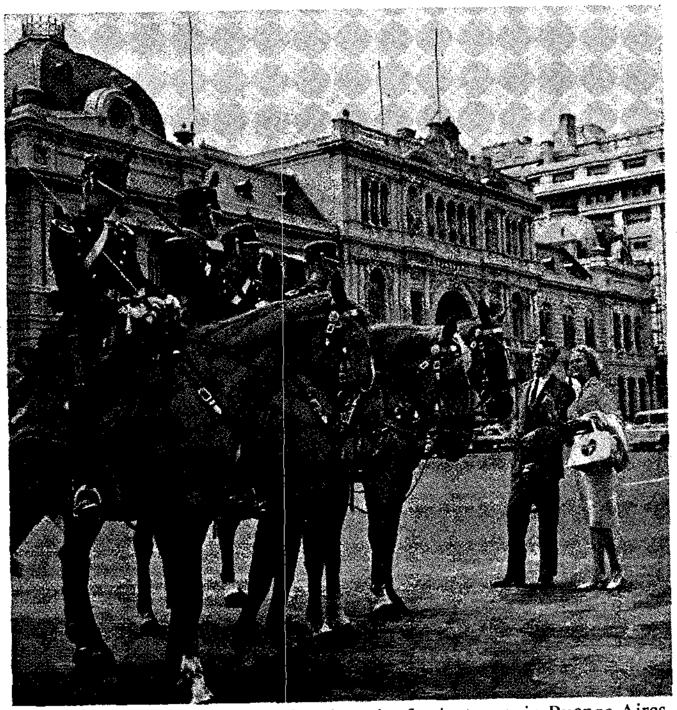
**Arnel...a Celanese contemporary fiber**



ARNEL This is the official Arnel® symbol—your assurance that this fabric type has been pretested for performance claimed by Celanese®

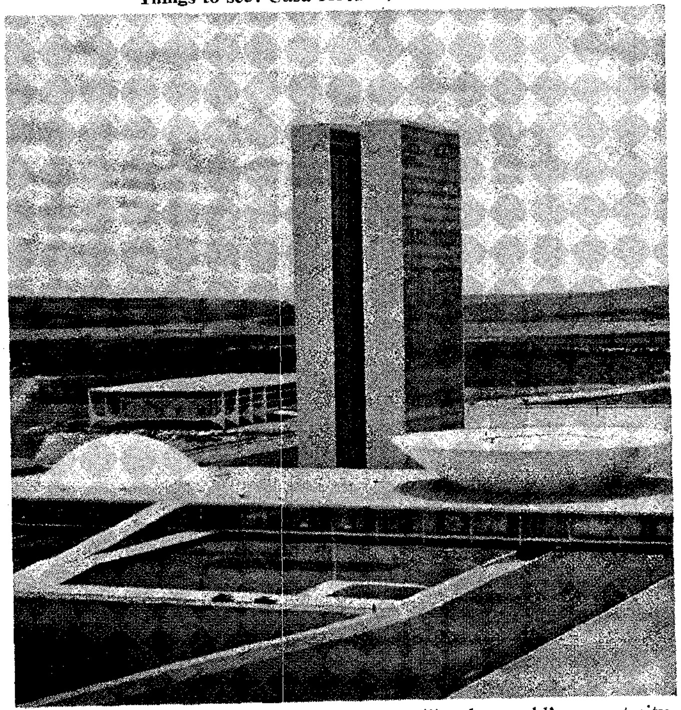


**Places to stay:** in Caracas, it's the Hotel Tamanaco.



**Things to see:** Casa Rosada, for instance, in Buenos Aires.

**Things to do:** go for the big ones on the Chilean lakes.



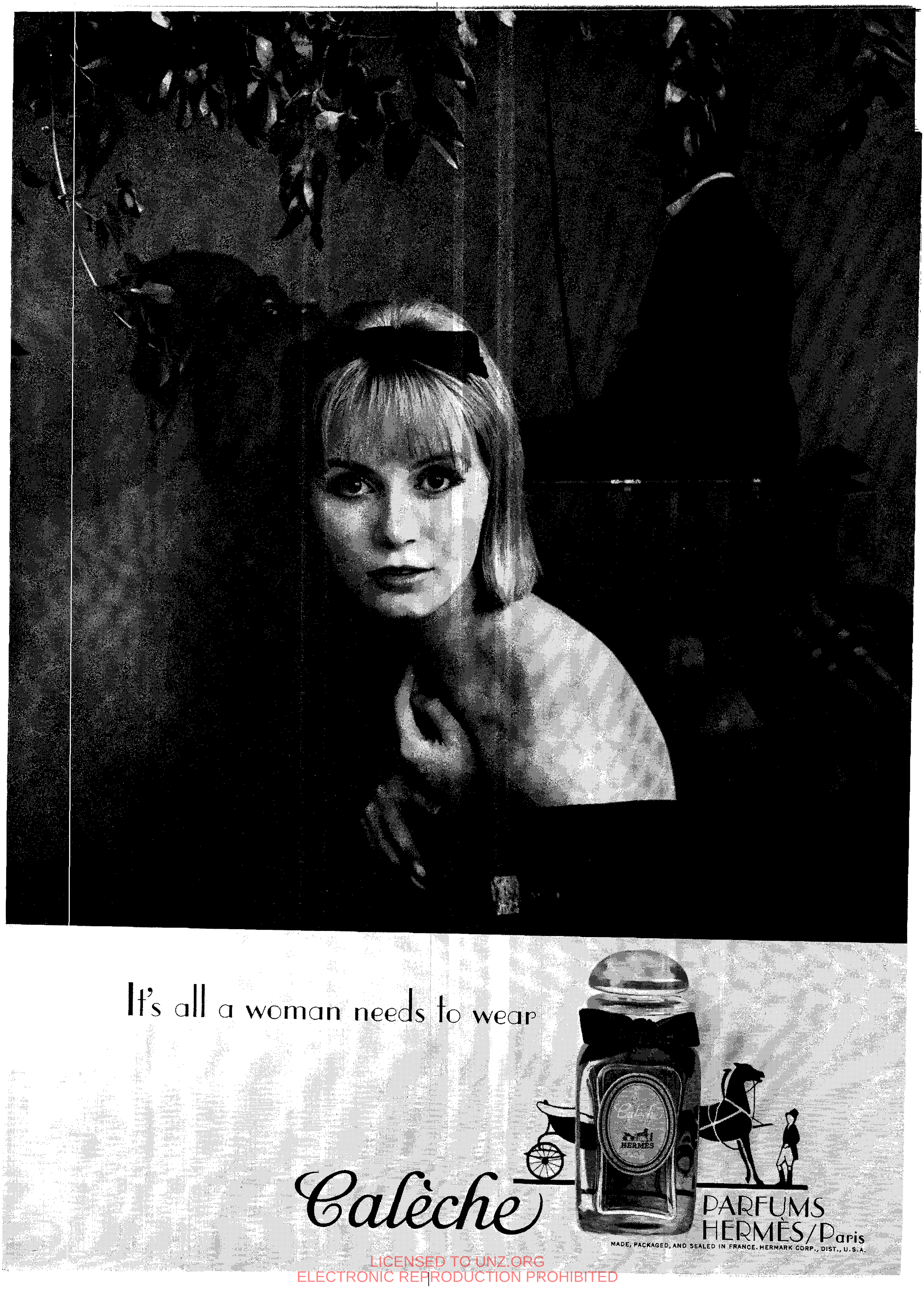
**Discoveries to make:** Brasilia, the world's newest city.

# You haven't seen anything till you've seen South America!

**Both coasts for the price of one! Go one way, return the other on Pan Am · Panagra.**

Both coasts for the price of one. Take the East Coast first, or the West. Rio is the place to be at Carnival time (or any other time). Buenos Aires will remind you of Paris—except France has no pampas. Montevideo will shrug if you mention the Riviera. It has Punta del Este just next door. Chile has mountains to schuss in the north. In the south, it has Viña del Mar. Peru has the Inca world of Cuzco and Machu Picchu and the old Spanish world of Lima. Put them all on your must-see list—with a 'Round South America ticket. As little as $630 from New York, $578 from Miami, $766 from Los Angeles. *On the only airline system that flies clear 'round the continent.*

PAN AM PANAGRA



It's all a woman needs to wear
Calèche
HERMÈS
Calèche
PARFUMS
HERMÈS/Paris
MADE, PACKAGED, AND SEALED IN FRANCE. HERMARK CORP., DIST., U.S.A.

Executives Enjoy Life In

# Atlanta

Take Ed King. Came here from Detroit in '62 to be General Manager of Western Electric's southern service region.

Ed King and his family were somewhat reluctant to move to Atlanta. Now, their attitude has changed completely.

How come? Ed King says, "We like it better than any other place we've ever lived. And I've lived all over the country.

"The first thing I noticed was the natural beauty—all the trees. And imagine, I live just 10 minutes from the office. Formerly, it took me more than two hours to commute."

You see, Ed King enjoys his home and family. Likes family recreation. Sailing and hiking, for instance. And especially fooling around the yard.

"What I like best about Atlanta," he says, "is that no matter who you are or what you like, you can be yourself here. Live the way you like to. My wife and boys love the life here. So do I."

Happens all the time to newcomers.

ATLANTA CHAMBER OF COMMERCE, 1315 COMMERCE BUILDING, ATLANTA, GEORGIA 30303

Amy
my love
Edmund
1881
For Captain Jolly
and all the troubles
in your old kit bag.
The Squadron
1918
Je t'aimerai
toujours
1935
2
1937
To the
Graduate
Excelsior
Mother
& Dad
1946
CHEERIO
Everything's Jake
with me.
Happy Anniversary
dear Jake
1960
MOVADO
25

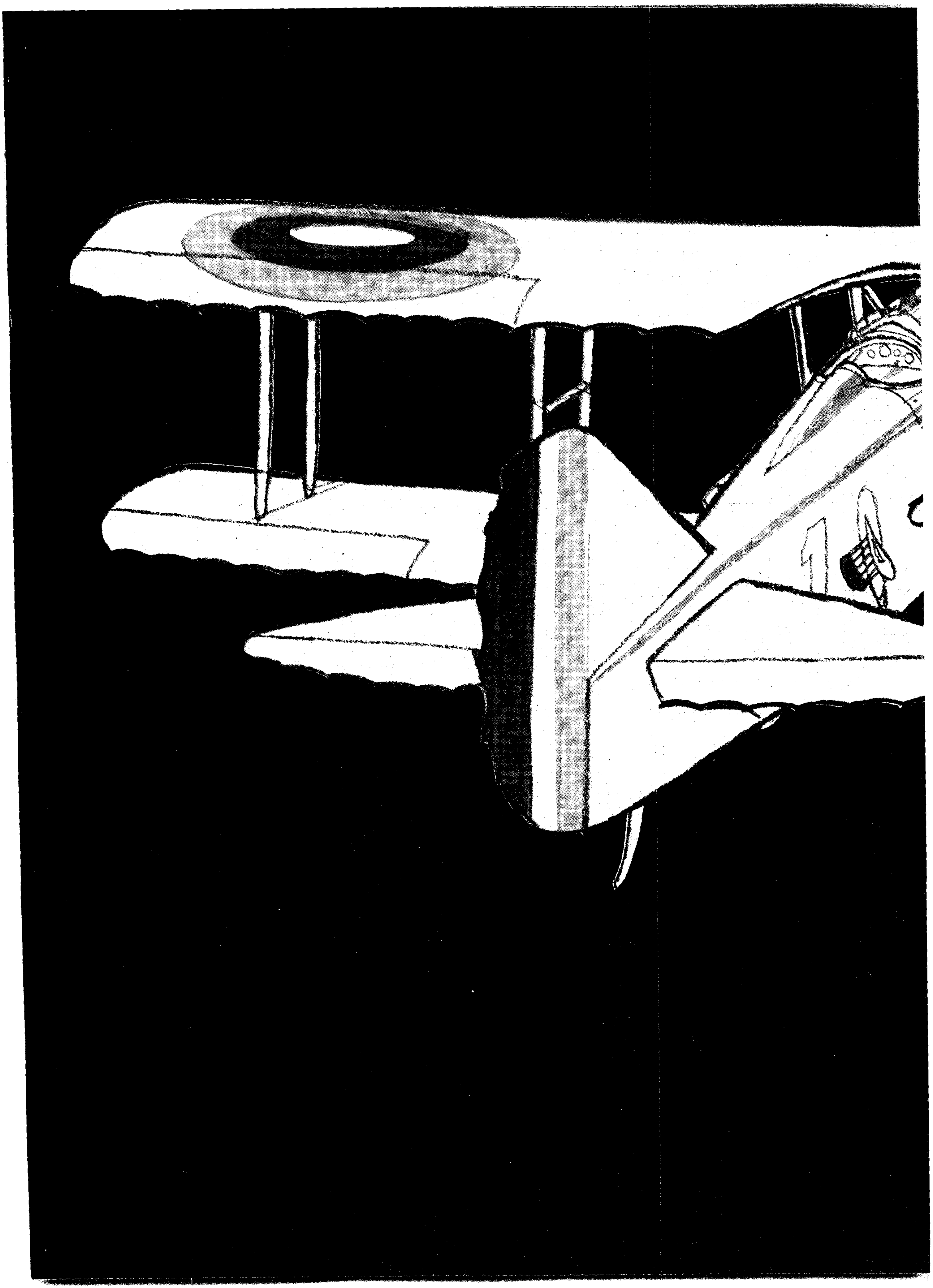
FEDERAL TAX INCLUDED

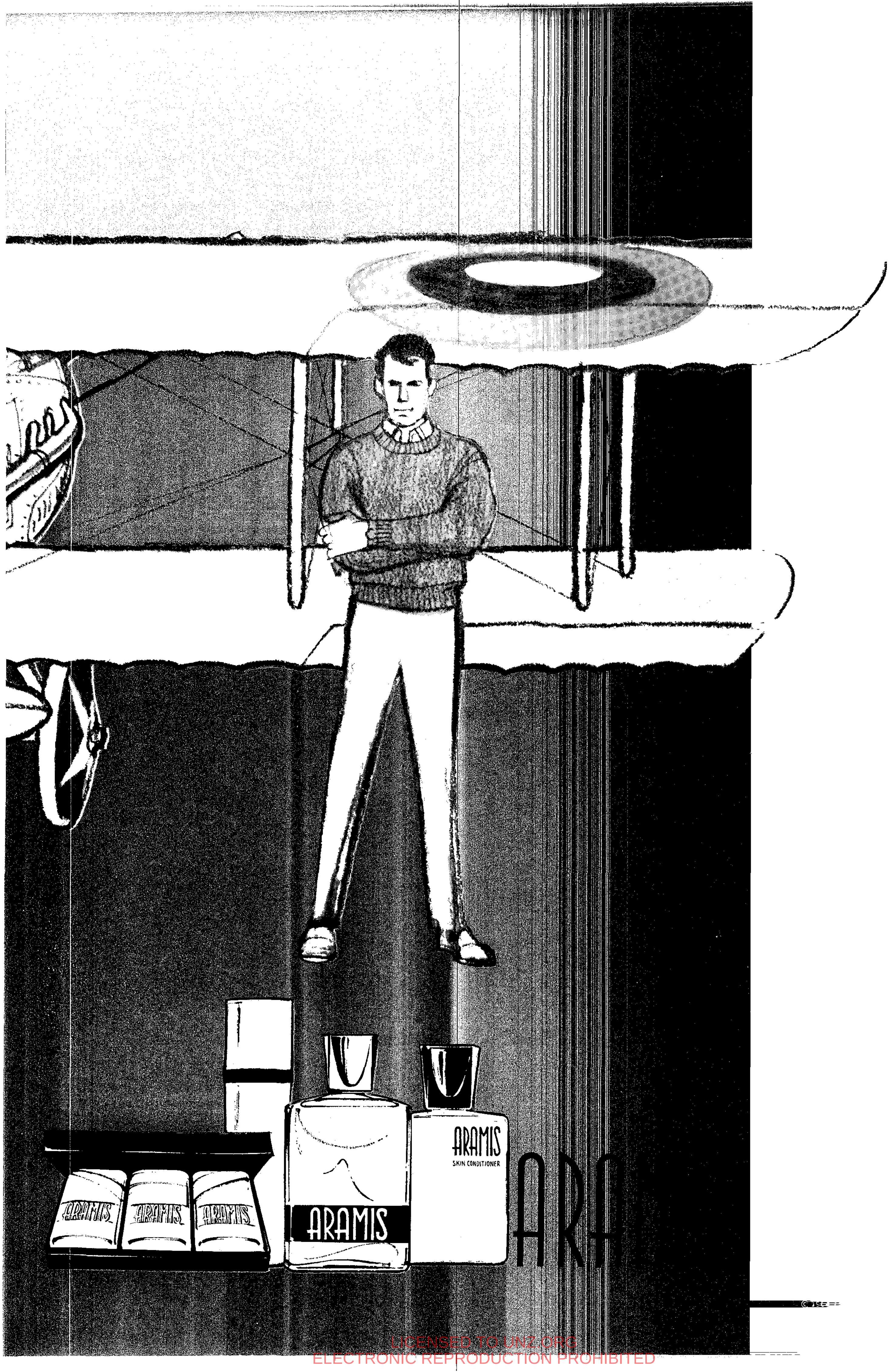
**In 1964, make an indelible impression by giving a Movado watch too.**

**Swiss-made by a fourth-generation watch family, Movado has won 203 international first prizes — to prove that nothing's more faithful as time goes by.**

**The 14K gold self-winding water-resistant Kingmatic Calendar watch $255; in stainless steel $135. For brochure on our men's and women's collection beginning at $75, write Movado, 610 Fifth Avenue, NYC.**

**MOVADO**

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SKIN CONDITIONER
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Come home with us to Nice
(You can also visit our neighbors: Antibes, Cannes, Monte Carlo, St. Tropez)

Here's a glittering way to start your European trip: Fly Air France to Nice, gateway city to the Riviera. There's *never a dull moment in this fabulous* chain of beaches, fishing villages, restaurants, casinos, museums and chapels along the Mediterranean. Swim, sun, sightsee. Give in to your appetite. Try your luck at baccarat. Rub elbows with Europe's "Jet Set." Then show off your tan while you tour France, Spain, Italy. Air France offers daily direct jet flights to Nice from New York and convenient flights by way of Paris from Chicago, Los Angeles, Houston (starting June 3), Washington, D.C., Montreal and Mexico City. Transatlantic fares in all classes have been reduced considerably. Even in Economy Class, you can expect the meals aboard your Air France Boeing 707 Jetliner to be masterpieces, the atmosphere France at her finest. Nobody knows European travel like Air France. Nobody knows Air France like your Travel Agent.

Let him help you plan your trip.

AIR FRANCE
THE WORLD'S LARGEST AIRLINE

MARTELL
COGNAC
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PRODUCE OF FRANCE
QUART
84 PROOF
COGNAC, FRANCE
PRODUCED AND BOTTLED IN COGNAC (FRANCE)
SOLE DISTRIBUTORS IN THE U.S.A.
BROWNE-VINTNERS COMPANY
NEW YORK, N.Y.
MARTELL
COGNAC

PHOTOGRAPH BY VERSOIX-PARIS

The largest selling 3 star cognac in France and in the world

Enjoy the incomparable flavor and bouquet that set Martell 3 Star above all others.

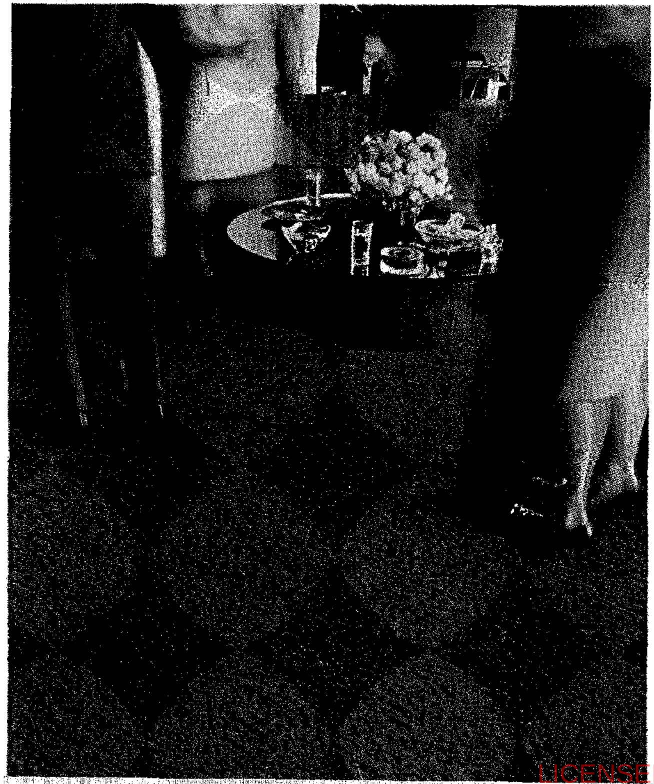
THREE ★★★ STAR
MARTELL
COGNAC BRANDY

# Wool carpet is what every other carpet is trying to be

**HERE'S WHY:**

*Only wool carpet has natural resilience.* Wool's every fiber is blessed with lively, natural bounce. Try to subdue it by plunking heavy furniture on it—wool and only wool springs back exuberantly for life. Other carpets don't come close.

*Only wool carpet has enduring beauty.* Wool was born to be beautiful. Its lush good looks lead the way to carpet fashions. Wool is so very safe—it resists flame. And cleans easily. Long after other carpets have worn away, wool and only wool will still wear—beautifully.



*Only wool carpet has lasting color.* When it comes to color, come to wool, and only to wool. Wool drinks in vibrant color in thirsty gulps. And then refuses to part with so much as a drop of it. Wool comes in thousands of colors—take your pick. For the pick of carpets, **THE ANSWER IS WOOL.**

©Wool Carpets of America

**Model MV434**—THE BIGGEST PICTURE IN TV (400 sq. in.). French Provincial in Fruitwood—**$298.50.**

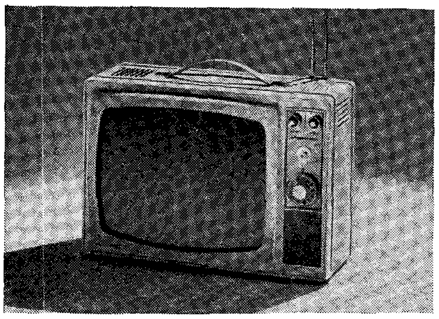
## Why deprive your family of the best in TV viewing when it now costs so little to own a magnificent Magnavox?

"Spectacular 400" models *(twice as big as the average screen)* with high fidelity sound will bring a whole new world of program enjoyment to you.

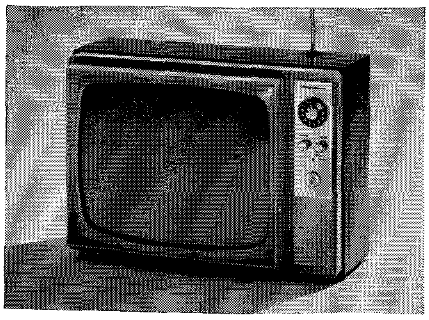
It is fully automatic, too. Just select your channel. Magnavox will make all adjustments electronically —fine-tuning, brightness and contrast—to give you the sharpest, clearest pictures you have ever seen, day and night. It is so reliable that *service,* as well as parts, is guaranteed for a full year on Gold Seal models. Priced from $279.50.

Also, see the portables from the 16-inch, at only $99.50, to a wide selection of 19-inch models in a variety of colors and wood finishes. Magnificent Magnacolor models are at your dealer, too. See the Yellow Pages for listing.

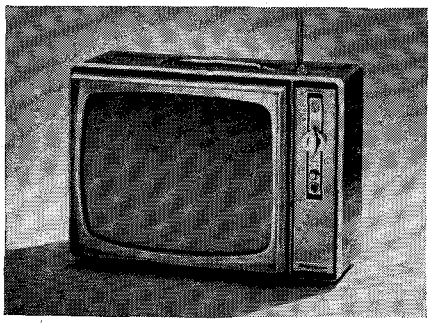
the magnificent
**Magnavox**



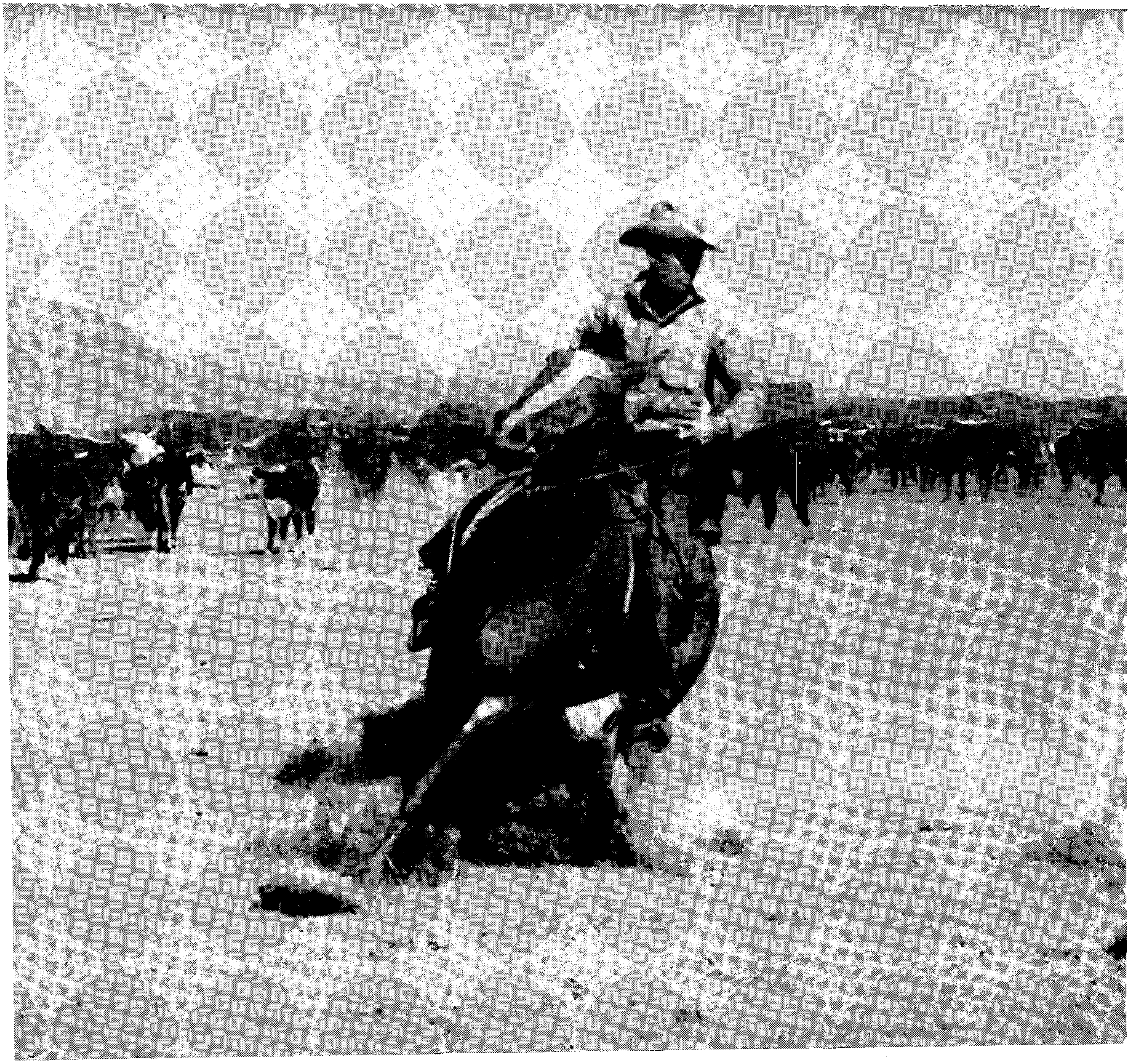
**The Suburbanite MV104**—a personal portable with full 16" diag. screen at a surprisingly low price. Rugged, beautiful and lightweight. 3 IF Stages for truly sharp, stable pictures, dipole antenna. **Only $99.50.**



**The Manhattan MV120**—Slim, compact, and the screen is a full 19" diag. The walnut case brings beauty to any room, adds richness to tone. Front controls, lifelike sound, telescoping antenna. **Only $149.90.**



**The Americana MV144**—Merely select your channel. Magnavox automatic tuning takes over the fine-tuning, brightness and contrast adjustments. Variety of colors. 19" diag. screen. **Only $179.90.** Remote control optional.



## *Report from the ranch:*

# IBM computers help put better steak on steers

A NEW KIND of steak is on its way to your dinner table.

It's juicier, tastier and more tender, because it was planned that way by the men who fed it on the hoof. This better steak is the product of new concepts in cattle raising, developed with the help of one of the rancher's newest tools—the IBM computer.

The hit-and-miss days of ranching are nearing an end. A modern rancher can handle a ledger as well as a lasso, and part of his time on the range may be spent gathering information for computers to analyze.

Which yearlings should be held for

*Data gathered at roundup time goes to IBM computers to help ranchers raise better beef.*

breeding, and which held for market? Which pasturelands should be opened now, and which held for future grazing? Which steers carry the optimum amount of beef, and which need more feeding?

IBM computers are answering questions like these at agricultural colleges and experiment stations. They are also coming into use at large ranches, and in the meat-processing industry.

IBM computers analyze thousands of bits of information obtained at roundup time, and compare them with facts gathered over the years by animal husbandry experts. Then they type out, in minutes, the best stock-raising programs for individual cattlemen.

**Forage, family trees and finance—via IBM computer**

IBM computers are used to learn what special foods should be added to forage diets.

Computers analyze bovine family trees, pick the right sires for tomorrow's taste in meat.

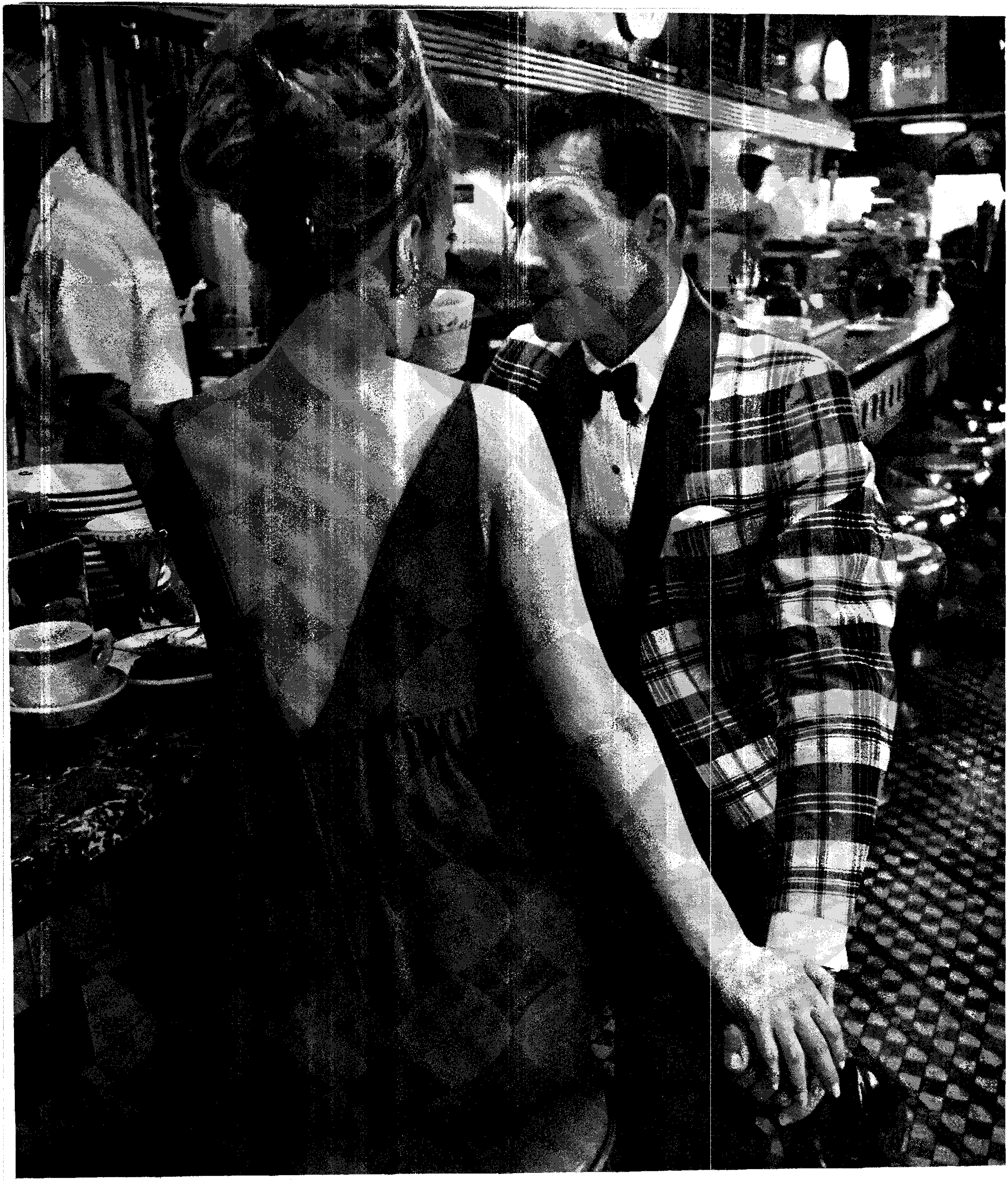
Computers help the rancher keep his books, make out his paychecks, decide when to buy and sell livestock and equipment most advantageously.

Computers don't think. They simply compare and analyze facts much more swiftly and economically than was ever possible before. Their tireless speed helps make constant improvements in the beef you buy—improvements at the ranch, the feeding pen, and in the meat-processing plant.

Computers are part of the new technological revolution in agriculture that helps today's American family eat better on *less* of its income than any other people in the world.

---

**IBM®**



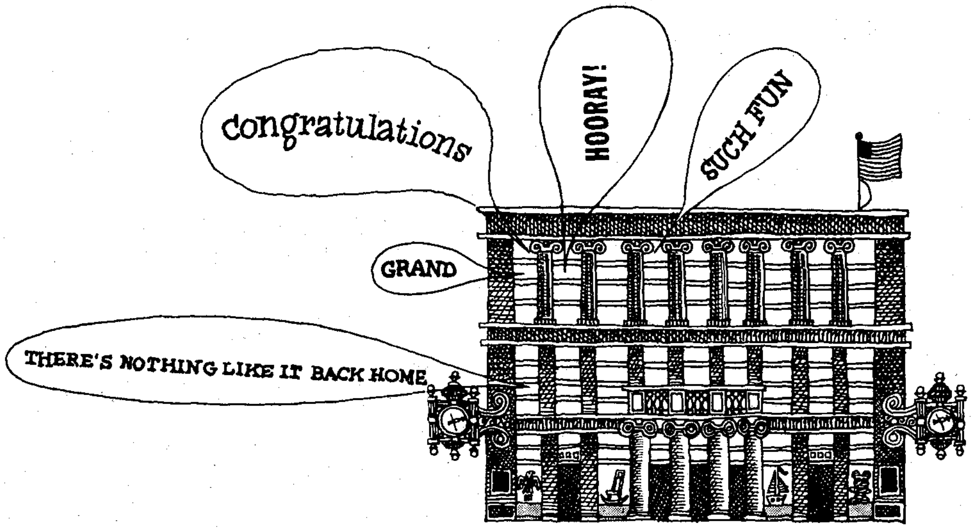
**Does After Six mean A.M. or P.M.?**
**Either.**
**Some of the best breakfasts in history were enjoyed the morning after the night before.**

NATURAL SHOULDER DINNER JACKET IN BLACK AND WHITE 100% IMPORTED COTTON MADRAS

after
Six

FORMAL WEAR BY RUDOFKER, 22ND & MARKET STS., PHILA.; 1290 AVENUE OF THE AMERICAS, NYC

# HowdoyousaycongratulationsNewYork onyourwonderfulWorld'sFair?


congratulations
HOORAY!
SUCH FUN
GRAND
THERE'S NOTHING LIKE IT BACK HOME

Marshall Field & Company
CHICAGO

I've got
the best cars in town...
and I'm ready to prove it!

© HERTZ SYSTEM, INC. 1964

**"How? With Certified Service*, that's how! If there's any slip-up from the minute you take the car until the moment you turn it in, Hertz gives you $50 in free rentals. You know you're getting the best when you rent a new Chevrolet or other fine car from Hertz."** **Certified Service is your assurance of satisfaction every time you rent a Hertz car. If at any time you're not completely satisfied with Hertz service, simply fill out a form available at any Hertz Rent A Car office. Immediately upon verification you will receive $50 in car rental certificates.*

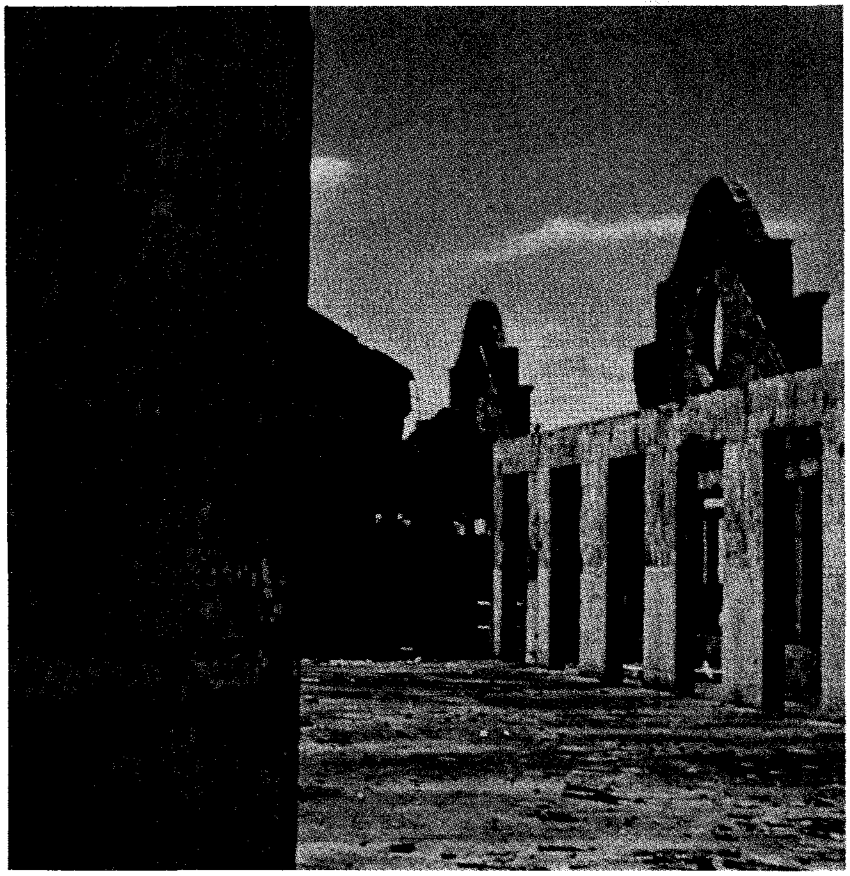
**let *HERTZ* put you in the driver's seat!**

HERTZ
RENT A CAR

You may use your HERTZ AUTO-matic Charge Card, Air Travel or other accredited charge card...and the new Hertz Revolving Credit Plan lets you rent now / pay later.

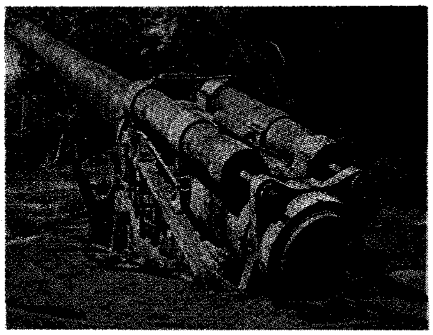
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# RETURN TO CORREGIDOR



Next time you're in Manila take the hydrofoil out to Corregidor. After a 45-minute boat ride you're face to face with history... immovable cannons still pointing the wrong way... shell holes... the last words of Americans written on the walls of a tunnel... orchids growing wild. This little island has been fought over for more than a thousand years. Held by the armies of seven nations. People say a few hours isn't long enough to see it all.

Corregidor is one among 7,000 islands in the Philippines. If you're coming to the Orient don't miss it. You may never have been this close to American history before... Philippine Air Lines jets you to the Philippines by the fastest route from San Francisco — Hawaii, then non-stop to Manila, and on to Hong Kong or Bangkok. Service aboard PAL's DC-8 fan-jets is magnificent — luxurious meals and famous hospitality. You won't forget it. Just send the coupon for complete information about PAL's fascinating Orient tours. (For example, see Borneo, the Philippines, Singapore, Bangkok, Hong Kong and Japan—35 exciting days in all — for $1,915.00.)



## PHILIPPINE AIR LINES

PHILIPPINE AIR LINES, c/o KLM, General Sales Agent, 609 Fifth Ave., New York 17, N.Y.

☐ Please send complete information on your Orient tours.

☐ Also send your fully-illustrated new booklet on adventure in the Philippines.

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address ____________________

city ____________ zone ____ state ______

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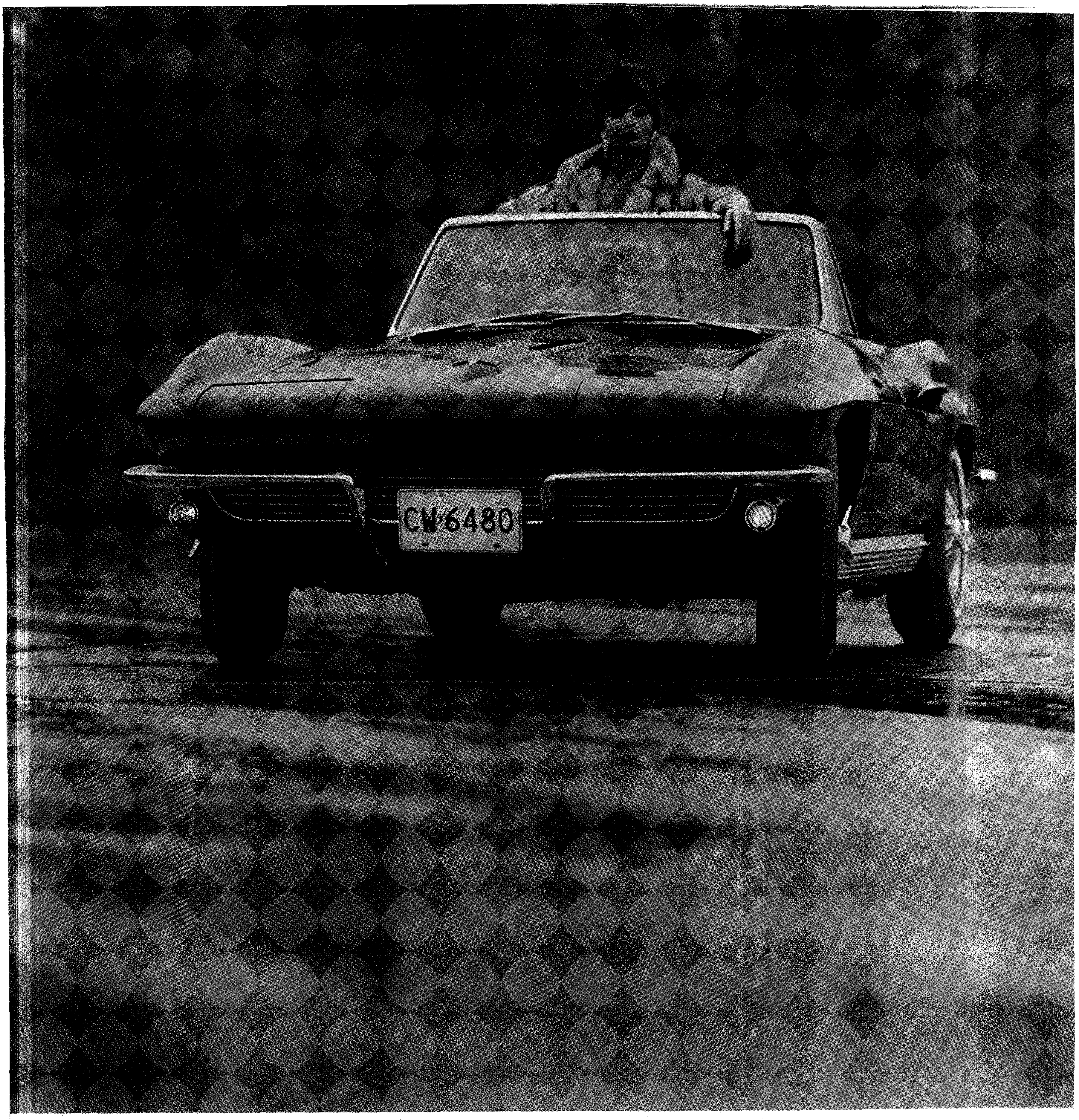


## Walter Mittys of the world, rejoice!

The Corvette Sting Ray beckons to that secret urge in every man to kick over the traces and express himself. Just get in, set it in motion, and glide right out of your shell. You're expressed!

You'll ask questions at first. How can anything that looks this good cost under five figures? How can anything so functional be so full of surprises like carpeting, dual armrests, electric clock and such? How can anything so sporting sponge away the bumps like that? What kind of raw meat do they feed that V8?

Then suddenly you're used to it and all questions vanish in a burst of self-expression. In a matter of minutes, with a little imagination, you're whisking down the Autoroute to Nice.

Then you stop. A letdown? There needn't be. Your Chevrolet dealer's an expert in escape mechanisms. And he's a lot closer than Nice.

Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit, Michigan.

**'64 CORVETTE STING RAY BY CHEVROLET**

# To every company president who has ever been in love, in hot water, or both:

You know by experience that nothing beats flowers for saying what needs to be said—particularly when you're fresh out of words or when your loved one is located out of town.

You may even know about the brand-*new* way to let flowers do your talking for you:

"flowers by wire by *number*."

If so, you know that the Florists' Telegraph Delivery Association now offers an illustrated selection guide that helps you pick flowers appropriate to the occasion, gives you a number to call in, and finally, lets you settle back secure in the knowledge that you've done the right thing—in a very quick and easy way.

Perhaps you learned about this new "by-the-numbers" idea from the people pictured here in a special Valentine's Day ad prepared by our agency for FTD. Or you may have seen some of the other people appearing in the campaign. In any case, the point is this:

"...yeah, C-1...with all them little roses in it. How quick can you get it to Hackensack?..."

"Flowers by wire by number" is *quite* an idea. And, if we do say so ourselves, interesting people like truck drivers putting the idea to use make for quite an advertising campaign.

Why?

Because the ads are rooted in the *product* idea—rather than in extraneous or strictly *advertising* ideas.

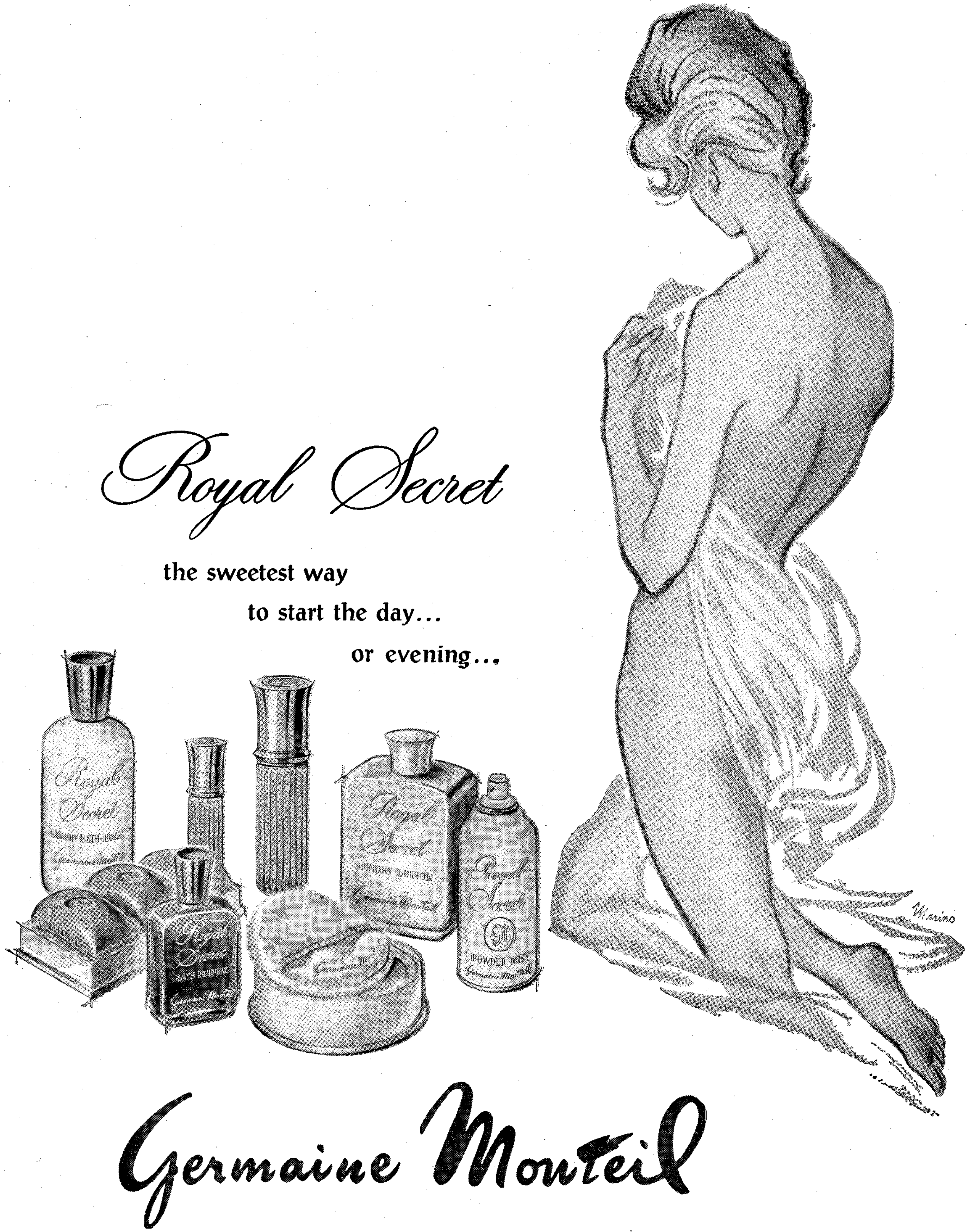
You see, we believe that when a product itself is already an idea the best thing an agency can do is seek to *understand* the idea. And then, simply *present* the idea to people—as clearly, convincingly and compellingly as possible. So that people will accept and understand the idea, too. And, hopefully, put it to use.

YOUR 1964
Flowers-by-wire
SELECTION GUIDE

If *your* product idea could use some understanding, why not write our president Tom Adams? At 3044 West Grand Boulevard, Detroit, Michigan 48202.

**Campbell-Ewald Advertising**

DETROIT • NEW YORK • CHICAGO • LOS ANGELES • SAN FRANCISCO • WASHINGTON • DENVER • ATLANTA • DALLAS • KANSAS CITY • CINCINNATI • LAKELAND • HONOLULU

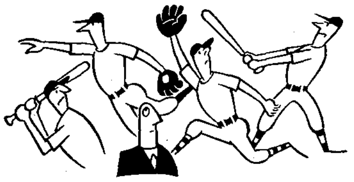

Royal Secret
the sweetest way
to start the day...
or evening...
Royal Secret
LUXURY BATH-LOTION
Germaine Monteil
Royal Secret
BATH PERFUME
Germaine Monteil
Royal Secret
LUXURY LOTION
Germaine Monteil
Royal Secret
POWDER MIST
Germaine Monteil
Merino
Germaine Monteil

THE NEW YORKER

# THE TALK OF THE TOWN

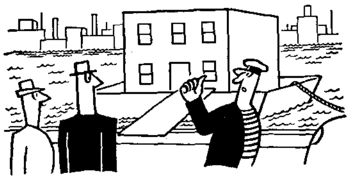
## *Notes and Comment*

THE Polo Grounds went under last week, and we had no wish to journey up and watch the first fierce blows of ball and hammer. The newspaper and television obituaries were properly melancholy but almost entirely journalistic, being devoted to the celebrated names and happenings attached to the old ballfield: John McGraw, Christy Mathewson, Mel Ott; Carl Hubbell's five strikeouts, Bobby Thomson's homer, Willie Mays' catch, Casey Stengel's sad torment. Curiously, these historic recollections played little part in our own feeling of sadness and loss, for they had to do with events, and events on a sporting field are so brief that they belong almost instantly to the past. Today's fielding gem, last week's shutout, last season's winning streak have their true existence in record books and in memory, and even the youngest and brightest rookie of the new season is hurrying at almost inconceivable speed toward his plaque at Cooperstown and his faded, dated photograph behind a hundred bars. Mel Ott's cow-tailed swing, Sal Maglie's scowl, Leo Durocher's pacings in the third-base coach's box are portraits that have long been fixed in our own interior permanent collection, and the fall of the Polo Grounds will barely joggle them. What does depress us about the decease of the bony, misshapen old playground is the attendant irrevocable deprivation of habit—the amputation of so many private, repeated, and easily renewable small familiarities. The things we liked best about the Polo Grounds were sights and emotions so inconsequential that they will surely slide out of our recollection. A flight of pigeons flashing out of the barn-shadow of the upper stands, wheeling past the right-field foul pole, and disappearing above the inert, heat-heavy flags on the roof. The steepness of the ramp descending from the Speedway toward the upper-stand gates, which pushed your toes into your shoe tips as you approached the park, tasting sweet anticipation and getting out your change to buy a program. The unmistakable, final "*Plock!*" of a line drive hitting the green wooden barrier above the stands in deep left field. The gentle, rockerlike swing of the loop of rusty chain you rested your arm upon in a box seat, and the heat of the sun-warmed iron coming through your shirtsleeve under your elbow. At a night game, the moon rising out of the scoreboard like a spongy, day-old orange balloon and then whitening over the waves of noise and the slow, shifting clouds of floodlit cigarette smoke. All these we mourn, for their loss constitutes the death of still another neighborhood—a small landscape of distinctive and reassuring familiarity. Demolition and alteration are a painful city commonplace, but as our surroundings become more undistinguished and indistinguishable, we sense, at last, that our environs are being replaced by mere events, and we are stabbed by the realization that we may not possess the score cards and record books to help us remember who we are and what we have seen and loved.



## *Wanderer*

MINDFUL of the continuing crisis in South Vietnam, we set out one morning for Pier 11, on the East River, for a chat with Mr. Vo Thanh-Minh, a much-travelled Vietnamese scholar émigré, pacifist, and journalistic wanderer who for the last fifteen years has preached a philosophy of non-violence while living in an automobile, and who reached these shores last fall after an extended meditative tour of Europe. We arrived at the pier and found Mr. Vo's mobile home—a dusty-green, book-filled Simca dating from about 1940—parked in front of the office of American Boat Cartage, which turned out to be a two-story house floating on a barge that was anchored just offshore. Informed by a passing tugboat captain that the Simca's owner was spending the morning on the second floor of the office, we boarded the barge, made our way upstairs, and introduced ourself to Mr. Vo, a small almond-colored man with two widely separated strips of mustache and a wispy goatee. He was clad in a high-necked black outer garment and pajamalike white trousers.



"One keeps changing horses," the scholar said, in French, offering us a chair and seating himself on another with his legs folded beneath him. "The latest coup will accomplish nothing. One changes horses, and the war goes on. The only solution is an immediate cease-fire, followed by nationwide elections, as was promised in the Geneva Agreement of 1954." Having sketched in the political scene, Mr. Vo went on to tell us that he had left his home town of Vinh, in North Vietnam, where he had been a high-school teacher and Boy Scout leader, when fighting broke out against the French in 1949, and that he had dedicated the remainder of his life to the pacification and reunification of his country through prayer—he follows Taoist, Buddhist, and Confucianist doctrines—and through the propagation of a non-violent philosophy in various papers and pamphlets. (He is the founder of an organization called Action Mondiale d'Intercompréhension et d'Entr'aide, which has members in Europe as well as in South Vietnam, and whose initials, A.M.I.E., form a handy acronym, as acronyms go.)

"I am a vegetarian," he said as the office rocked gently beneath us. "I need very little to eat. I subsist on *légumes*—mostly lettuce and carrots. When I was parked in Geneva, not far from the Palais des Nations, the farmers would sometimes give me vegetables. Sometimes I would take odd jobs. In this country, a loaf of bread costs me thirty centimes and lasts for two days, but—*oh, là*—the prices of vegetables here are four or five times as high as in Europe. Twenty-five or thirty centimes for a head of lettuce in New York! Chicken is cheaper here, but unfortunately I do not eat chicken. When I am praying, I always fast; that is the custom in my country. Some weeks ago, for reasons I shall explain, I was sent to the Brooklyn House of Detention, where, by the way, I was treated excellently. By that time, I had been fasting for twelve days. A doctor came to see me. He said, 'You must eat!' I said, 'But no. I am in good health. *Voilà*, I am playing ping-pong!' In effect, I had just defeated a young man by a score of twenty-one to thirteen. I will admit that I was a bit fatigued."

Mr. Vo's sojourn in the House of Detention resulted from his having taken up residence across the street from the United Nations, he told us. Soon after arriving in this country, with his Simca, on a freighter from France, he parked at First Avenue and Forty-third Street and settled down to pray, fast, and visit the General Assembly. His living arrangements attracted a great deal of attention, including that of the police, but no one cared to disturb him until it was learned that President Johnson was planning to visit New York. Concern mounted, and Mr. Vo was cited for a series of traffic violations and carted off to a series of jails and courtrooms in a linguistically complex police drama that ended happily with the dismissal of all charges after three days and the prisoner's release. "When I left the House of Detention, Captain Kosnac offered to let me park here permanently," he said. He went on to explain that he had met Captain Fred Kosnac, the owner of American Boat Cartage, on arriving in this country, and added, "I make use of this room, which the Captain has so kindly provided for me, only for study, for receiving friends, and occasionally for watching television." We noticed that the office had begun to yaw a bit, but our companion stood up, apparently not disturbed, and said, "Cold does not affect me, you know; I have not slept in a heated room for fifteen years. I sleep in the back seat of my car, sitting up. I cut my own hair. I sew my own clothes. I need never shave—*c'est une question de race*. Would you like some Vietnamese tea?"

We said that we would indeed, whereupon Mr. Vo prepared a mild, fragrant beverage. As we sat sipping it, he produced a narrow wooden box on whose upper surface a length of catgut was stretched diagonally from a tiny pole. "Music satisfies a personal need," he said. "This is a *dan bâu*, or monochord. It was developed by Pythagoras, but I made this one myself. I shall play 'Un Nuage Qui Passe.'" Mr. Vo moved from his chair to the floor, crossed his legs beneath him, placed one bare foot on the wooden box, and, using both hands, proceeded to pluck from the instrument's single string a series of wavering, sonorous tones that might have represented a small cloud passing over the Narrows and drifting off toward Queens. We thanked him warmly, nodded in return to a cordial bow, and debarked.

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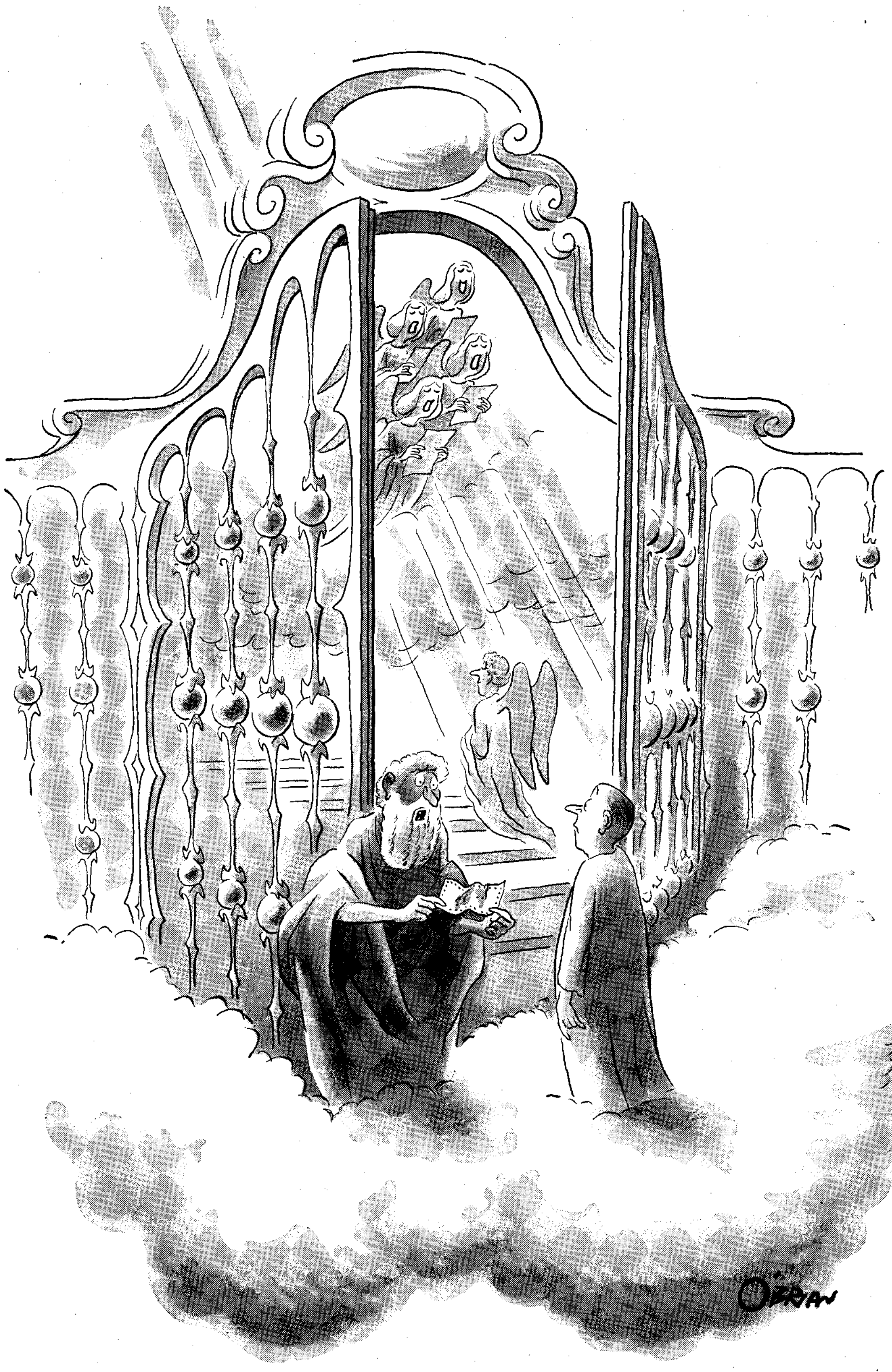
OVERHEARD at the Central Park Zoo's sea-lion pool, spirited six-year-old boy to coeval: "My mother says the next time I run away from home I can stay."

## *Long-Winded Lady*

WE have received another communiqué from our friend the long-winded lady. It goes as follows:

"At a quarter to one this morning, I went into the delicatessen in my hotel building to buy cigarettes. The hotel and delicatessen are on West Forty-ninth Street near Seventh Avenue, and at that hour of the morning the block is very busy; it is lined on both sides with bars and small restaurants and other night places, and there is noise of a loud musical kind from most of the doorways, and confusion on the street, with visitors to the Broadway area wandering around wondering where they will get the best value for their money. At my end of the block, the buildings go up very high, making the sudden New York darkness—no sky—but the sidewalk lies in a glare of hard, different-colored artificial lights, and it is all very rowdy and lonely. In the delicatessen, which is a high-ceilinged, cluttered cave carved out of the front of my hotel, there were a man and a woman ahead of me making up their minds about sandwiches—what kind of sandwiches they would buy, and on what kind of bread. They were staying in a big hotel across the street, and they wanted to take the sandwiches and some beer back to their room and have a private supper together. I had got out of a taxi and walked straight into the delicatessen without noticing anything out of the way, but as I stood waiting, and watching the counterman make the sandwiches, I began to hear the voice of a man howling in the street outside. It wasn't a desperate howling, as though he were crying for help, and it wasn't a silly, playful howling; it was a determined, controlled sound, spaced out, as though he were saying words. At the same time, there was a good deal of laughter going on—such unrepressed, jolly laughter that I thought there must be a party of revellers out there and that one of them had found a way to amuse the rest and keep their attention. I didn't look out, but when I left the delicatessen, with my cigarettes, the noise was still going on. It was very warm (for spring), and in front of a gypsy tea-leaf-reading parlor across the narrow street two young sailors were dancing about, playing the clown for two dark girls sitting inside, who had a small child with them. But the sailors weren't howling, I could see that, and then, when I turned to the entrance of my hotel, I saw the man, standing alone about fifteen feet away from me. He was an astonishingly tall, thin man in a blue suit, and he had his head and shoulders thrown violently back. His face was turned up to the sky. He had only one leg, and his crutches, which were like stilts, were both braced in front of him so that they slanted back as he did. He was at a dangerous angle, as if he were falling slowly backward, but he did not fall, although it seemed that he might be thrown with each new effort he took to send his voice up. The people near him, all scattered, were smiling, but across the street a group of men and women were convulsed with laughter as they watched him. He paid no attention to anyone. All those about him seemed to be standing on solid ground while he was at the Edge, but although he was making no sense, he seemed to be making a good deal more sense than those who were laughing at him, and they, of normal height and standing on two legs, seemed more grotesque than he. I suppose some of the people were laughing because they were uneasy; certainly the crowd across the street thought it was being entertained, but there must have been a few who wished, as I did, that he would vanish. I don't know.

"I went on up to the place I have in the hotel. I was thinking about another man I had seen making himself public, but that had been on a bright Friday afternoon last May, and the crowd that gathered to watch had looked sadly at him. It was a mournful gathering in the afternoon sunlight. What that man had done was to smash the large plate-glass window on the Sixth Avenue side of the Forty-ninth Street Schrafft's, which is a long, narrow corner restaurant with no tables, only a counter. He was a very small man, about five feet one, and he was wearing a round, muffin-shaped cap with a peak, very like a seaman's cap, and a neat black suit and striped shirt, and he was carrying a large bunch of long-stemmed red roses loosely wrapped in pink-and-white striped paper. A big, elderly policeman, who looked unhappy, was guarding him beside the window, which was so thoroughly shattered that there was no glass to be seen except on the sidewalk, where two counterboys with brooms were cheerfully sweeping up. The cheer they showed was all the cheer there was. Inside the window was the wreckage of the glass shelves and of the food they had displayed—cakes and buns and jars of butterscotch and fudge sauce—and it was all being cleared up by young girls who looked apprehensive. The policeman looked downcast, and everybody in the crowd looked downcast, except one well-dressed young man, who kept sneaking glances right and left into the faces nearest to him and half smiling, as though he had a secret and unpleasant understanding of what had happened. The little captive looked interested and obedient, not ashamed or frightened or angry. He was mute. I don't know why he had broken the window or what he had broken it with. At the time of the crash, I had been sitting at the end of the counter, far away from the window, and by the time I had made up my mind to go outside, the discussions were over and there was nothing going on except waiting, with the policeman in charge. I went off without delay. What was strange on that corner that afternoon was the expression of the crowd. There was not one face that looked indifferent or amused. You do



*"I'm sorry, but this punch card is much too mutilated to process."*

not often see a street crowd thinking, or appearing to think.

"The only thing I have left to say about the two protesters, or protestants, is that one of the men was black and one was white."

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A NEW brand of whiskey that is being made in Mexico is called MacRot.

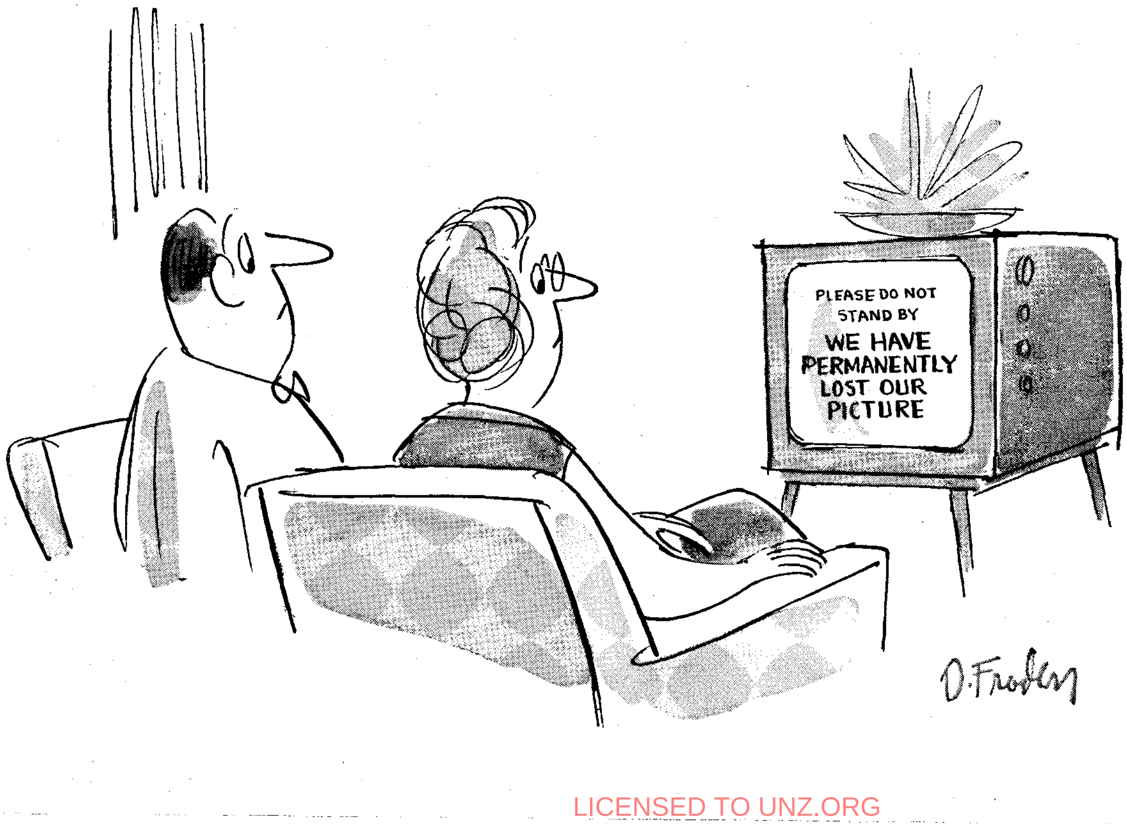
## *Yale Inauguration*

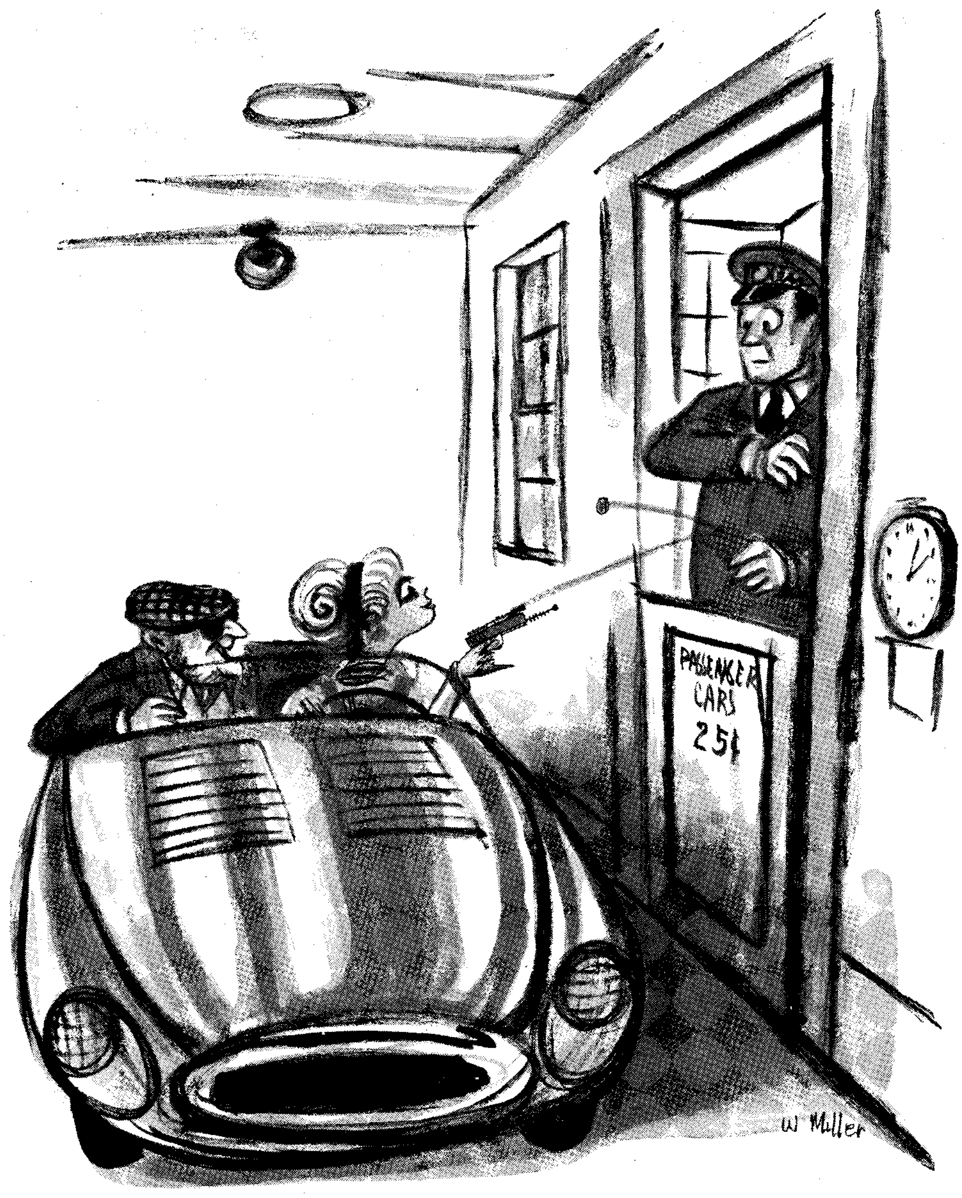
KINGMAN BREWSTER, JR., who managed to express some refreshingly creative thoughts and ideas in his inaugural speech, took office as the seventeenth president of Yale the other day, and we were on hand for some of the festivities. Yale is the mother of men, and she is also the mother of the prearranged plan. The day before the inauguration, we followed an impressively detailed procedure, which had been outlined to us some weeks before by Mr. Carlos F. Stoddard, Jr., '26, the University's director of information, and which started with registering at the Sterling Memorial Library and receiving a press kit that contained tickets for dinner that evening and for lunch and the inauguration ceremony the next day; copies of forthcoming speeches by Mr. Brewster and Mr. Wilmarth S. Lewis, Senior Fellow of the Corporation; and a "Guide to Yale University," which located, on a green-red-yellow-gray-and-black map, three hundred and seven local buildings, ranging from the Pierson-Sage Heating Plant to Skull and Bones, and which had a border of the coats of arms of Yale's twelve residential colleges and nine graduate schools, of Yale College, and of the University itself. We went on to the Law School Auditorium to hear a five-man panel discuss the relationship between the modern university and the national government, under the chairmanship of Mr. Brewster. The lead-off speaker was Dr. Davidson S. H. W. Nicol, principal of the Fourah Bay College of Sierra Leone, and the rear guard was brought up by Mr. Noël G. Annan, provost of King's College, Cambridge. Then, after a panelists-and-audience tea, came the dinner. "You are cordially invited to dine at the Master's House [at] Jonathan Edwards College. Informal dress," our invitation ticket, which was pale blue, read, and we turned up there, in a pale-blue shirt, to find ourself the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Beekman C. Cannon. During cocktails, several of the ladies present lamented the fact that there was no local Bloomingdale's, and at dinner, which was a capital feast, one of them asked us whether we like fishing. We said we hadn't done much fishing since we were a small boy in the Adirondacks, and asked her why she asked. "You look like a fisherman," she said.

We put on a white shirt the next day and, after a guided campus tour that included the new Beinecke Rare Book and Manuscript Library and the School of Art and Architecture Building, repaired to the University Dining Hall for a pre-inauguration luncheon. This, again, was managed with remarkable efficiency. The numbers and letters on eight hundred and fifty pale-blue admission tickets, when coördinated with great charts posted at the entrances and with placards on eighty-three tables, clearly indicated the prandial trail for each guest; a place card awaited every invited faculty man, Corporation member, distinguished lay alumnus, delegate from a sister institution, wife, or other friend of Yale; every table bore a glass bowl of daffodils, irises, and privet; and individual pale-blue menus listed not only the fare, running from Cœurs de Céleri et Olives and Terrine de Foie de Volaille to Parfait Crème de Menthe and Café, but also, in English, the sequential oratorical and musical program, starting with "Invocation by The Reverend William Sloane Coffin, Jr.," and ending with "Bright College Years (words on back page)." "It's unusual to have fresh daffodils, irises, and privet in such quantities at a lunch," said the lady at our right, Mrs. Frederick Sheffield, wife of an associate fellow of Pierson College, during the Melon d'Espagne Frappé. "And it's even more unusual to have such ripe melon at such a big gathering. Goodness knows, I have trouble enough getting it for my household."

The vast dining hall, which had a big "Y" banner on the south wall, behind the speakers' table, and a much bigger "YALE" banner, forty feet by fifty, on the west wall, was additionally decorated with twenty-three multicolored heraldic flags of the schools, the colleges, and the University, and we turned to a providentially situated neighbor, Mr. Theodore (Tubby) Sizer, Pursuivant of Arms to the University, for a word on them. "I designed most of them and I stencilled them all," he said, twirling a pair of monumental mustaches. "They'll be carried in the inaugural procession after lunch. They cheer up the procession. My wife ironed every one of them with vinegar, so they wouldn't run in rain, but luckily we have a sunny day."

Scarlet-jacketed wine waiters poured a Château Ste. Roseline '61 during the Tournedos sur Canapé Maître d'Hôtel, and on the dais, after the invocation, Mr. Reuben A. Holden, secretary of the University, rose. "Yale has had sixteen presidents in two hundred and sixty-three years," he said, in part. "The descendants and other relatives of eight of them are


PLEASE DO NOT STAND BY
WE HAVE PERMANENTLY LOST OUR PICTURE
D. Fradon



*"No, no, Sugarplum. Only at the exact-change booths."*

here today. This is a loyal family." He then introduced Mr. Clark Kerr, president of the University of California, who said, "If the University of California can be said to have had a mother at all, it was Yale," and went on to point out that his institution's first president was Henry Durant, Yale 1827, and that its second, Daniel Coit Gilman, had graduated from Yale in 1852, drawn up the original plan for the Sheffield Scientific School, and served as its librarian. "The University of California grew out of the College of California at Oakland, which was known as the New Haven of the West," he continued, clinching matters. "Yale is the first place where a parking permit became more precious than a tenure appointment."

"We turn from a daughter to a mother," Secretary Holden said after President Kerr had wound up, and he introduced President Nathan Marsh Pusey, of Harvard, who said, "Harvard finds joy in the fact that she is your blood relative," went on in serious vein, and concluded by saying, "We wish President Brewster and you well in our great common endeavor." "Bright College Years" followed, with a ritualistic waving of napkins during the concluding couplet, and after an interval during which the faculty and delegates participating in the parade went to the Sterling Library to don their robes, we watched the bearers of Mr. Sizer's flags, spurred on by a cry of "O.K., banners, let's go!" from their leader, take off for the Cross Campus, where the symbols of presidential authority—the original manuscript of the Yale Charter, the University seal, and keys to Connecticut Hall, Dwight Chapel, the Sterling Library, and the gateway at the base of Harkness Tower—were to be handed over by Corporation Fellows to the officers of the University and then by Mr. Lewis to Mr. Brewster.

We had to skip that traditional spectacle in order to reach our seat in Woolsey Hall in time for the inauguration proper, which was attended by a capacity audience of twenty-seven hundred. Here efficiency continued to keep her comely head high as two hundred delegates from sister institutions, in robes of black, blue, scarlet, orange, green, or purple, entered the hall and took their seats in the order of the founding dates of their outfits—from Mr. Arthur L. Goodhart, of Oxford (1167), to Mr. Li Choh Ming, of the Chinese University of Hong Kong (1963). They were followed by the filing onto a raised platform, and into alphabetically and numerically designated chairs, of an army of robed trustees and faculty members, whose eminent rear was brought up by the Messrs. Lewis and Brewster, in scarlet (Cambridge, honorary Doctor of Letters) and dark blue with black velvet bars (Yale president), respectively. Mr. Brewster wore, in addition, a twenty-link gold-and-silver-gilt necklace incorporating a large sapphire, a gold medallion bearing the arms of Elihu Yale, and other showy devices, fully described in a sixteen-page program that had been handed out by ushers.

The president's address, which crowned a succession of organ fanfare, prayer, psalm reading, Scripture reading, ode singing by the Yale Glee Club, and an introductory speech by the Senior Fellow, added thirty words to the printed text that had been furnished us, and provided, among other things, some first-class suggestions about giving "academic house room" to a Peace Reserve Training Corps and granting young men a year off "as part of a programmed educational pattern which splices experience with learning, especially in exposure to contrasting cultures."

By the time we had gained the president's house, a few blocks away, on Hillhouse Avenue, for a reception, Mr. Brewster was back in mufti. Protocol was over, and after shaking hands with him and Mrs. B. we had a glass of champagne in the company of Mr. Frederick B. Adams, Jr., Yale '32, and Mr. Archibald MacLeish, Yale '15, who has a house in Antigua and was on hand officially as a delegate from the University of the West Indies, on whose Council he serves.

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MACY's up-to-date pet shop now offers "Hi-Fi Male Canaries."

# THE DAYS AND THE NEIGHBORS

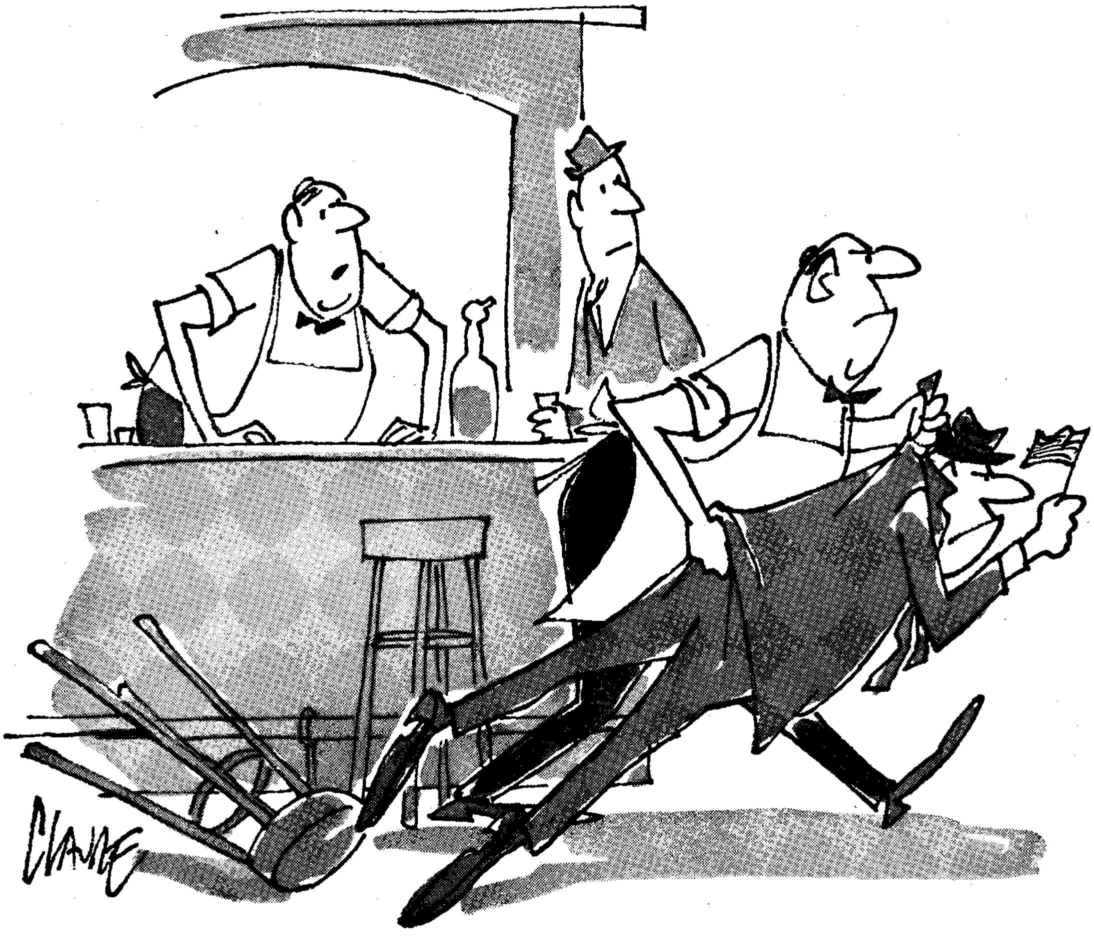
THERE were bursts of snow in the wind that rattled the pane by the sink, though winter was well past. Now and then a draft slipped in and shook the flames of my candles. They were only two stubs—one red, one gold, stuck onto chipped waifs of saucers—but I was glad to have them. Fifteen minutes before, as my wife and I had got up from dinner, our apartment's main fuse had blown. I didn't know why, though I half surmised it was the old building calling things quits. It was coming down soon; it was through. We were moving away in the morning. The superintendent, already as good as gone himself, couldn't be found. So my wife had dug out some leftover candles, for time was growing short. A last bit of packing was still to be done, and she had said she would do it. I had said that I would wash the dishes, thinking to speed things along—thinking, too, that a homely chore is a handy salve for disruption. But then, in the shifting yellow light and the pliant shadows, I wasn't sure. Nothing—nothing at all—looked as it should, as it always had.

Of course, I pointed out to myself, the shelves were almost empty. And the regular dishes were in barrels out in the hall; we had used odds and ends for dinner. That could account for it, partly. But things in transit and seen by candlelight do get a peculiar look. They are not like firmly planted things—things at home. In the dark dining room behind me, the little portable radio I had left turned on for company was playing Mozart. The music was elegant, and, doubtless, to some other listening man, lolling beside his coffee in his furnished and lighted room, it was also gay. To me, it was awash with melancholy, and as it ran on it brought up a recollection. Someone, some psychologist, had once said that Mozart and Bach and the rest didn't really create the music we hear—that *we* do it. His remarks got into the papers and into my head, and they have been there to brace me in shaky moments since. Sentences, or approximations of them, were coming forward now: "In a sense, the composer is only a tonal technician," and "It was not Mozart who wove melancholy into the texture of his quintets," and "The geniuses in the audience create out of the composer's designs the masterpiece that he assumes, in innocence and vanity, he has made." Mozart began to seem to soar a little, off in the dark. Melancholy, but *very* good. It was enough to turn a less susceptible head than mine, and I told myself I had better get on with the dishes.

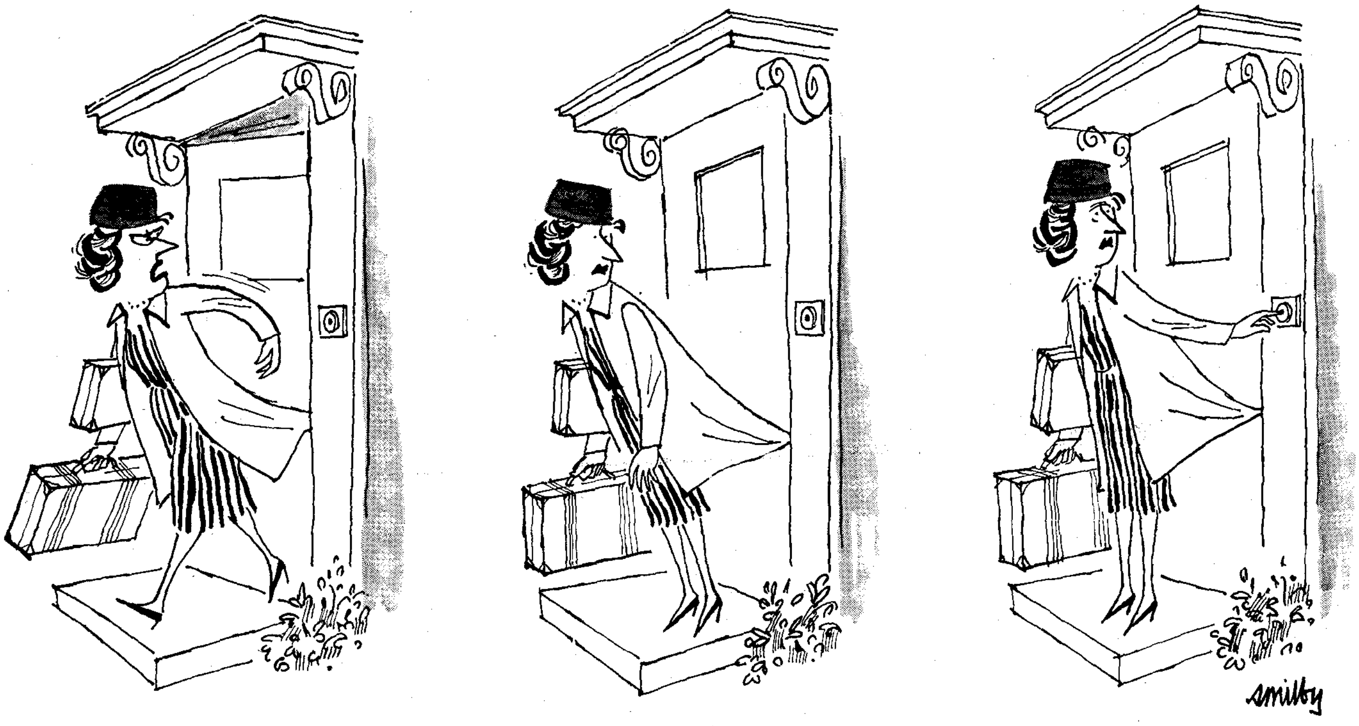
I looked through the window beside me and into a bright kitchen across the court. A round man in a red vest and a tall woman with swinging amber beads were doubled up laughing. A man with short gray hair was cutting bread. By the stove, a red-headed girl in a sea-green dress and a butcher's apron was licking her fingers. Snow fell between us in the light. Other people, glasses in hand, roamed in and out, talking, encouraging the workers, helping from time to time. I thought of a friend of mine who sometimes goes walking at dusk when he feels disconnected. His name is Charlie. He likes to see people's lamps come on in side-street apartments that for the moment are his—to watch the curtains drawn, enclosing them. All the rooms he catches glimpses of are forever warm and at ease. He feels that no dust settles in them. No one who lives there lies awake at night; no one grows old.

He has another game, too. He has noticed that when a stranger walks toward him on the street and he glances at the stranger, if he looks a second time, the man will have changed. Charlie figures that what he does at first is just bounce himself off the stranger, seeing whatever he always tends to see in, say, high cheekbones, or a loping stride, or a hound's-tooth jacket, and that what he sees the second time is the man. He gets *to* him; he puts on his skin. He sees that the stranger's mouth looks tired or merry, as the case may be—as his own has often felt. If the man's nose seems pinched with cold, why, so is Charlie's; he can sniff zero. And for an electric part of a second he sometimes feels as if he *were* the stranger, but that is where (it occurred to me) Charlie is wrong. He is still making the man up, as I do Mozart, only weaving a little more of himself into the texture of what he sees. The stranger may not be tired or merry at all, or even chilly, and Charlie has been in his own skin all along.

Naturally. I thought it would be good if one could get out now and then and stretch, but apparently you had to stay inside, and I reminded myself



*"Careful, Ed! Don't desecrate the flag!"*



that I, too, compose people as well as music. I draw them by accident. Whenever I scribble absently—when I doodle—I draw faces. A swoop to the left or right is a nose, a curve up or down is a mouth, a dot and a flick are an eye and eyebrow, then on to the next one—I never had a lesson in my life. Still, very often the scribbles turn into likenesses, or so I think—the faces of politicians, maybe, or school chums, or old movie actors. A while back, I did Harry Langdon. I somehow wove shy bewilderment in a texture of swoops and dots, and there he was.

The music in the dining room veered to Rachmaninoff. Prelude in C Sharp Minor. The chords paraded down and ran back and marched down again, and I thought of Buford Todd, who once played them incessantly, or seemed to, deserting them only to earn his daily bread and for bouts with the "Moonlight" Sonata. I had composed him—drawn him—the summer before my senior year in high school, and (I now remembered) I hadn't hit the likeness. I had woven in the wrong things. Still, he was dark, he *looked* as if he suffered, and there was his music going feelingly on and on, evening after evening, across the sprinklers and lawnmowers of an unfeeling suburban street. To me, at that time, anyone who suffered did so for love or art, or both, and for nothing else. I had a summer job delivering groceries. It was unromantic and unaesthetic but temporary. Buford, on the other hand, was stuck. He was in his twenties, slender and black-mustached. He supported his widowed mother. He was what she called "on his way up" in a big drug company. He was polite but reserved with the local girls. (Perhaps for love of another? Perhaps for his mother's sake?) He just stayed home at night with Rachmaninoff and Beethoven, and I was sure I knew how he felt. It was evident to me that he had a secret life, if only an inner one, and that his music, which he worked so hard to perfect, must express its sorrows.

The end, for me—the end of that doodle of Buford—came late in July on the afternoon of Buford's weekly day off. The Prelude in C Sharp Minor was booming along. I took some groceries to the Todds' back door, and Buford let me in. I thought he looked wan—straight as a ramrod, resolute, but wan. I apologized for breaking into his practice. He said one thing he didn't have to do was practice. He said he wouldn't have time for practicing and so on, not with the kind of job *he* had. He added that he liked straight piano music; he never worked the banjo or the bells. In fact, he had just about all the effects you *could* have on a player piano and hardly ever used a single one. He offered to run through them for me, but I said I had to go. Admiring them would have compounded betrayal. And all the rest of the summer I tried to ignore the fraudulent music, looking, I imagine, wan but resolute myself when it came on.

Now the kitchen over the way was empty, though still lighted. I supposed that the people must be busy eating their casual, coöperative meal. I was certain it was good, however casual. They were all friends, surely—old friends—and I longed to know them. The man cutting bread was wise. The one in the red vest was clever. The girl in the butcher's apron . . . But then the candles flickered; another draft had got in. And there I was, composing again, drawing cartoons at random in the dimness. It suddenly seemed that I must have been doing just that my whole life—inventing the days and the neighbors as they came by.

I CARRIED some dishes into the dining room, ready for morning, and wondered what all this had to do with snow and wind and a sled. A Flexible Flyer. I stopped beside a window—one that looked onto the street. There had been rain before the snow, and on the pavement were small white streamers, frozen in flight, with new snow hurrying over and around them, and after a moment I thought of a neighbor of years ago, when I was nine—a Mr. Clay. And I remembered that all *his* neighbors had composed a version of him and got it wrong.

He and his wife lived across from an aunt of mine with whom I spent most weekends. Their house was old and dark. They had no children. There was a pair of crossed swords above their fireplace, and most of the rooms had a light, astringent smell of ammonia and wax. I hung around there a good deal (surprisingly, I reflected; no one else ever got in), and when Mr. Clay wasn't at home I played in the barn, which was full of dusty hay for a horse they had not kept for a long time. When Mr. Clay was anywhere near, I stuck close to his wife, for he seemed dour and oppressive.

She was small, and she slipped about the house quietly, endlessly, polishing and tidying the immaculate rooms. She said very little, though she seemed glad enough to have me underfoot. And Mr. Clay stalked darkly in and out on errands of his own. He was tall and bald, with a fringe of gray hair. He had a bad heart. I don't think I knew this until later, though I may have; heart trouble meant nothing to me. I was not exactly afraid of him. He was never unkind. He simply never spoke to me or to anyone else except his wife unless he had to—he would cross a street to avoid it—and as far as I knew he spoke to her only in the flat, impatient monosyllables that made me think he nagged her and disliked her. To me they never seemed married. They just occupied the same house. All the neighbors pretended to ignore them and yet were sorry for Mrs. Clay, trapped in there with that old man. And I thought of him as an ogre myself, if a relatively harmless one—domesticated, to a degree, by his own captive. So I was surprised and a little alarmed when he came to borrow my sled one Saturday afternoon. It was the third day of a fitful snowstorm.

My aunt wasn't at home, but her housekeeper and I were there. Mr. Clay announced with effort that he needed to fetch coal; he was nearly out. His wife had a phthisical chest, he said, with an illustrative cough. He had ordered two tons of coal, but because of the weather it wouldn't get there until Monday. Three bags would see him through. He peered down out of steamy glasses, under the peak of a cap, over a purple muffler. He wore mittens, and that seemed strange to me; adults wore gloves. When I said he might have the sled, he asked abruptly but courteously if I would care to go with him, and, perhaps reassured by his costume, which almost suggested a romp in the snow, I said I would.

It wasn't a romp. It was a mission, though at first I was too disconcerted to know it, for as we set out Mr. Clay began to talk, urgently, steadily. He told me how astounded his wife was going to be. She had no idea that he had gone for coal. He would surprise her—we would surprise her. She had a weak chest, he said again a couple of times. (Afterward, I couldn't recall ever having heard her cough.) The house must be kept warm, he said. She always needed warmth. Later, he grew silent. The coalyard was almost a mile away. The snow had begun to sting and the cold was deepening, but the wind was still behind us. Mr. Clay would stride ahead on his stiff legs, then wait politely, anxiously. When I caught up, he would smile and punch my shoulder, and then he would try to keep step with me, at least for a while. Going back with three bags of coal on the sled was another matter. Mr. Clay pulled, I pushed. The runners sank where the snow was soft, but there was ice underneath, and that helped. Then Mr. Clay fell and the sled skewed sidewise, toppling its load. We got the bags back onto it, Mr. Clay, plastered with snow, limping and panting. And though, until then, it *had* been fun—at least for me—there was an edge of panic in his fumbling haste, and it scared me. We went on. The falling snow was thick and blew in crazy eddies, obscuring the houses, blotting out the sides of the road. We strayed away from it twice, and into a shallow, invisible ditch. The world was desolate; there was no one in it but us. Night was coming. Mr. Clay said we ought to try to sing, and he began, but I couldn't hear him. We stopped again, to rest, and he took off my mittens and rubbed and slapped my hands, squatting and staring at me, full of worry in his whiteness. I couldn't think what to say. And when we did reach his house and saw his orange lights behind his black-and-white trees, we also saw a wagon in the driveway, for his two tons of coal had got there after all.

SEEDS
10¢—
CORN
CORN
BEETS

Mrs. Clay opened the door and waited in the light from the hall. I couldn't tell whether she had seen the sled or not (though, looking back, I guessed that she had), for the dark had closed in, and besides, Mr. Clay stayed in front of the sled as if he wanted to hide it. Then he took off his glasses and put them into a pocket and went up to Mrs. Clay. They just stood there facing each other and I watched them, though there was nothing much to watch. She took hold of his forearms and shook them a little, fiercely, and snow fell off him, and after a while she looked down at me and told me to go away—kindly but firmly, putting an end to ogling. Then they went in and shut the door. She was still holding fast to one of his arms. After that day, I felt unsure when I was in their house, though nothing changed outwardly. Mrs. Clay was still friendly; Mr. Clay still spoke rarely and abruptly. But nothing was as it should be—had always been—with them, and I didn't know

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## THAT DYING

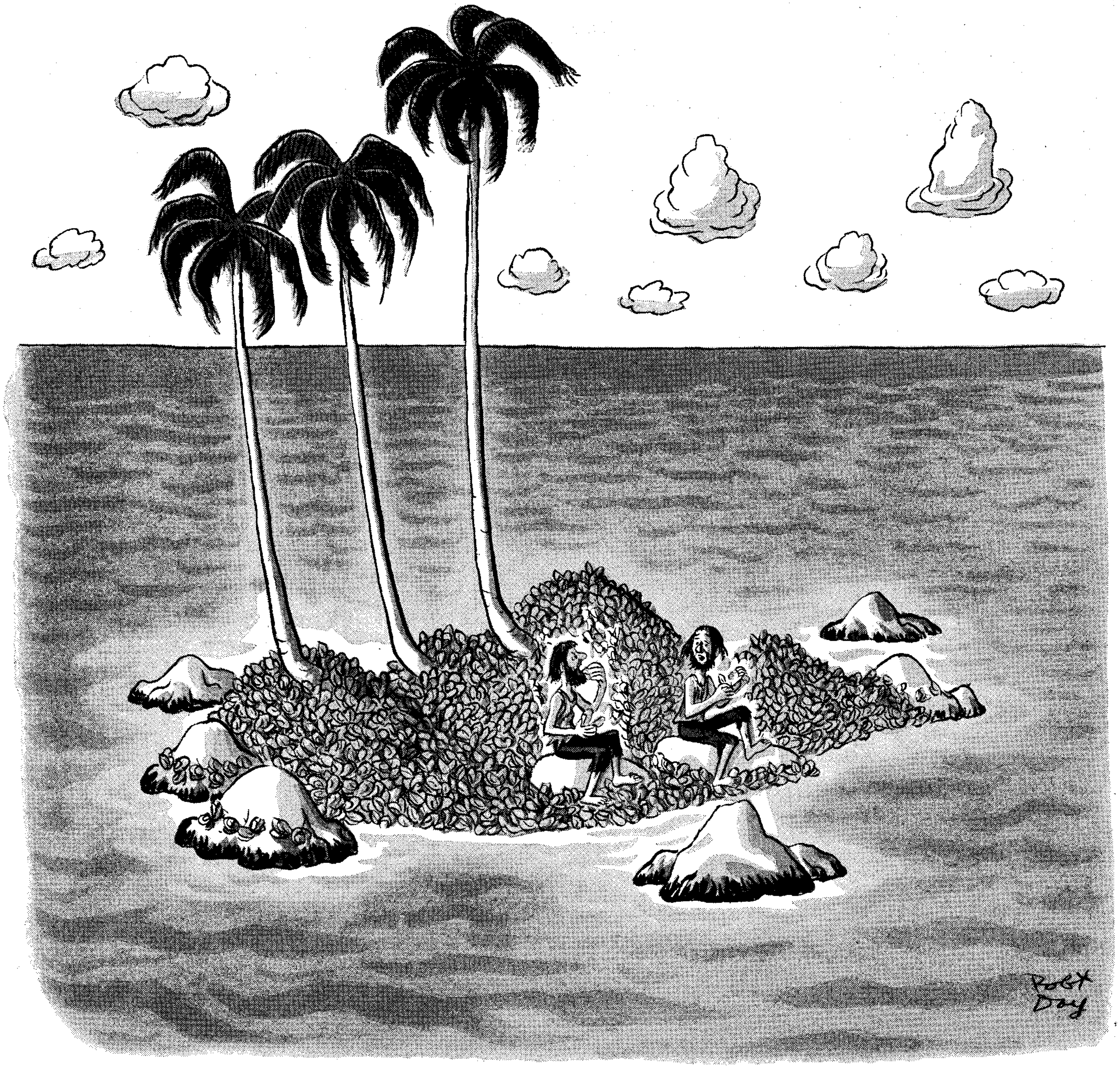
As often as not, on fair days, there is time
for words to flex their muscles, to strut like peacocks,
discovering what to say in the act of saying—
the music of meaning emerging from the sound
of the words playing.

Every now and again, however, the glass breaks,
the alarm shrills, the women hide their faces.
It is then that words jump to their feet and rush,
like white-faced stretcher-bearers,
tight-lipped, tense, to the unspeakable scene.
They grab air, water, syllables, anything handy.
There is blood. No nonsense. No adjectives. No time.

O that words could have been
a tourniquet of a kind, to keep
that incredible life from spattering away,
instead of, as now, a dirge, a bell
tolling, a stutter, a sigh, silence.

There is nothing now for these words to do
but walk away aimlessly, mute, like mourners.

—Alastair Reid



*"Whatever month this is, I certainly hope it has an 'r.'"*

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what to make of it, so as a rule I stayed away.

I HAVE invented any number of other people, of course; one goes right on composing them without regard for their facts, I thought, still watching the light snow in the street, and recalling a microbiologist I once made up. He turned out to be a head-waiter. This was on a ship. He was listed as "Doctor"—his nickname—on the preliminary passenger list, put there as a joke by one of his customers who worked for the line. And since he was small and quiet, bowed gravely, and spoke with precision, it seemed to me transparently clear that he was a scientist. In no time, I saw him poring over algae and wild yeast, and I respected him for it. Later, I tried to redraw him, but he stayed a little askew.

So it seemed that you never could stop inventing, composing. You had to doodle. You set out to make an ogre's castle and you wind up with a house of love. You look for a soul in torment and get a machine with banjo and bells. (Though it wasn't quite fair, I supposed, to have bounced all those yearnings off Buford and then to have made him simply a noisy cheat. Maybe he longed to play Rachmaninoff on his own. Maybe he sometimes even imagined that he did. You had to keep hunting the variations. You had to look twice.) For—I told myself—the designer *is* the composer, after all, if only because he must always be redrawing his own design. He must make the music up again whenever he hears it, whatever he hears, just like the rest of us.

I went back to the kitchen, blew out one candle and picked up the other, and, taking the radio with me, went to join my wife, who was in the living room, her packing done. Schubert was coming in now, light and airy, laughing a little. It sounded to me like gnomes or trolls, dancing a long way off. "What does this music make you think of?" I asked her. She smiled and said, "Poplar trees."

—ROBERT HENDERSON

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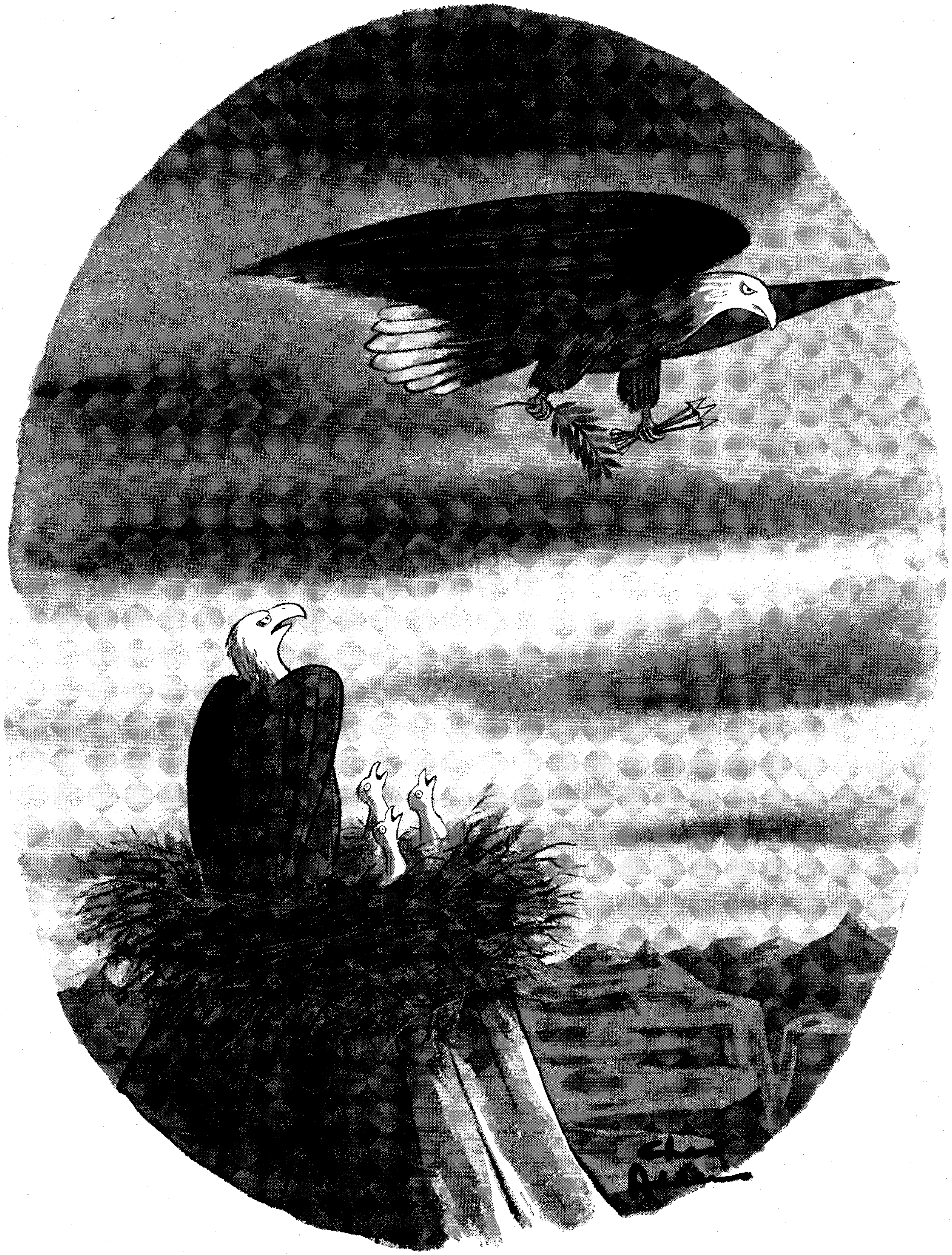
URGENTLY REQUIRED: a kindly Christian to replace worn-out Persian Altar Carpet in tiny Episcopalian Highland Church.—*Adv. in the London Times.*

One that'll lie mighty still.



*"All your father can think of these days is politics."*

# WHICH OF THOSE TWO LADIES IS HE MARRIED TO?

EVERYTHING was ready—the suitcase closed and tied, her black velvet coat collar carefully brushed, and a list pinned to the kitchen wall reminding her husband when to feed the hens and turkeys, and what foodstuffs to give them. She was setting out from the West of Ireland on a visit to her daughter Claire in London, just like any mother, except that her daughter was different—she'd lost her faith, and she mixed with queer people and wrote queer poems. If it was stories she wrote, one could detect the sin in them, but these poems made no sense at all and therefore seemed more wicked. Her daughter earned quite a lot by reading manuscripts for publishers and had sent her mother the money for the air ticket. Now that she was ready to leave, she was solicitous toward her husband in a way that she never was throughout an ordinary day. Most times it rained, and he looked through the window at the wet currant bushes and grumbled, though he was, in fact, pleased at the excuse to hatch indoors, and asked for tea, which he lapped from a saucer—a habit he kept up since the time he'd had gumboils.

"The turkeys are the most important," she said, kissing him goodbye and thinking far away to Christmas, to the turkeys she would sell and the plumper ones she would give away as presents.

"I hope you have a safe flight," he said. She had not flown before.

"All Irish planes are blessed—they never crash," she said, believing totally in the God that created her, sent her this venial husband, the largish farmhouse, hens, hardship, and one daughter, who'd changed, become moody, and grown away from them completely.

The journey was pleasant once she'd got over the shock of being strapped down for the takeoff. As they went higher and higher, she looked out at the very white, wispish clouds and thought of the washtub and hoped her husband would remember to change his shirt at least once while she was away. The trip would have been perfect but for a screaming woman who had to be calmed down by the air hostess. She looked like a woman who might be on her way to a mental institution and did not know where she was going.

Claire met her mother at the airport and they kissed warmly, not having seen each other for over a year. "Have you stones in it?" Claire said, taking the fibre suitcase. Why did it have to be tied securely with binding twine, and why did her mother wear that overshiny straw hat that was twenty years out of date? She led the way to a taxi stand.

"You were great to meet me," the mother said.

"Of course I'd meet you," Claire said, easing her mother back on the seat of a taxi. It was a long ride and a costly one; they might as well be comfortable.

"I could have navigated," the mother said, and Claire said "Nonsense" a little too brusquely, and then, to make amends, asked again how the journey was.

"Oh, I must tell you, there was this very peculiar woman and she was screaming."

Claire listened and stiffened, remembering her mother's voice, which became low and dramatic in a crisis—the voice that said, "Sweet Lord, your father will kill us!" or "What's to become of us, the bailiff is here!" or "Look, look, the chimney is on fire!"

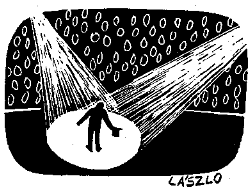
"But otherwise?" Claire said. This was a holiday, not an expedition into the quarry of the past.

"We had tea and sandwiches. Of course, I couldn't eat mine—the bread was buttered."

"Still faddy?" Claire said. Her mother got bilious if she touched butter, fish, olive oil, or eggs, although her daily diet was mutton stew, or home-cured bacon laden with saltpetre.

"Anyhow, I have nice things for you—dainties," Claire said, wanting to please her mother totally for the duration of the visit.

The first evening passed well enough. The mother unpacked the presents—a chicken, bread, eggs; a church spire worked in needlepoint, which she'd done all winter, stitching at it until she was almost blind; a holy-water font; ashtrays made from shells; a small lamp converted from a bottle; and a framed picture of a matador assembled by sticking small varnished pebbles onto plywood.



Claire laid them in a row along the mantel in the kitchen and stood back, not so much to admire them as to see how incongruous they looked piled together. "Thank you," she said to her mother, as tenderly as she might have when she was a child and had got a treat. These gifts touched her, especially the needlepoint, although it was ugly. She thought of the winter nights, and the Aladdin's lamp smoking (they expected electricity to be installed soon), and her mother hunched over her work—not even using a thimble to ease the needle through, because she believed in sacrifice—and her father turning to say, "Could I borrow your glasses, Ma'am? I want to have a look at the paper." He was too lazy to have his own eyes tested, and believed that his wife's glasses were just as good as a pair of his own would be. She could picture them at the fire night after night, the turf flames green and fitful, the hens locked up, the foxes prowling around in the wind outside.

"I'm glad you like it. I did it specially for you," the mother said gravely, and they both stood with tears in their eyes for a couple of seconds, until Claire interrupted the mood.

"You'll stay seventeen days," she said, that being the length an economy ticket allowed. She really meant "Are you staying seventeen days?"

"If it's all right," her mother said overhumbly. "I don't see you that often, and I miss you."

Claire withdrew into the scullery to put on the kettle for her mother's hot-water bottle; she did not want any disclosures now, any declarations about how hard life had been and how near they'd come to death during many of the father's drinking deliriums.

"Your father sent you his love," her mother said, piqued because Claire had not asked how he was.

"How is he?" Claire said.

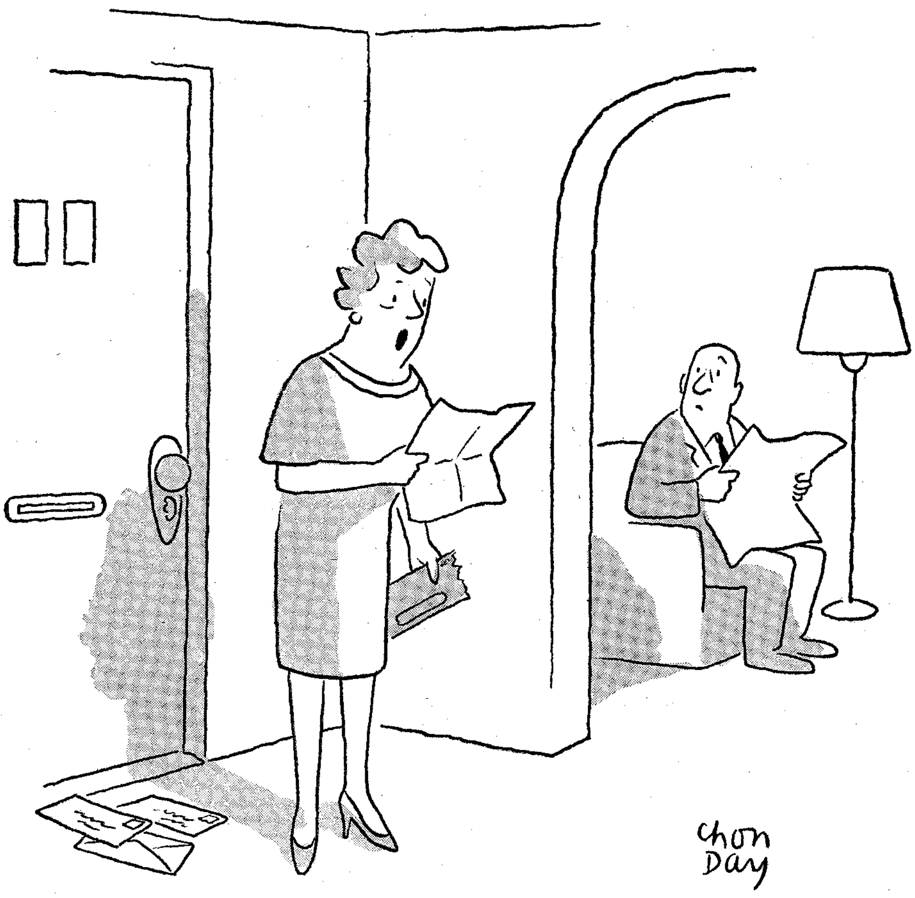
"He's great now—never touches a drop."

Claire knew that if he had been drinking he would have descended on her, the way he used to descend on her as a child when she was in the convent, or else she would have had a telegram, of clipped urgency: "COME HOME, MOTHER."

"It was God did it, curing him like that," the mother said.

Claire thought bitterly that God had taken too long to help the thin, frustrated man who was emaciated, crazed, and bankrupted by drink. But she said nothing. She merely filled the rubber bottle, pressed the air from it with her arm, and conducted her mother upstairs to bed.

NEXT morning, they went up to the center of London and Claire presented her mother with fifty pounds. Her mother got flushed and speechless and began to shake her head with shock, as if she had the staggers. She had never received so much in her life. "You always had a good heart. Too good," she



*"The Internal Revenue people want you to come in with all your cancelled checks—and one blank one, I suppose."*

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said, as her eyes beheld the racks of coats, raincoats, skirts on spinning hangers, and all kinds and colors of hats.

"Fit some on," Claire said. "I have to make a quick phone call."

There were guests due to come to her for dinner that night—it had been arranged weeks before—but they were bohemian people, and she could not see her mother suffering them or them suffering her mother. There was the added complication that they were a trio—one man and two women, his wife and his mistress. He was a photographer, named Aubrey, who kept his wife in his house and his young, red-haired mistress in his studio, where he worked all day. At this point in their lives, Marigold, the wife, was pregnant and Pauline, the mistress, was not. Both women claimed to be good friends and often saw each other alone.

On the telephone, Pauline said they were looking forward awfully to the evening, and Claire heard herself saying she had simply rung up to confirm things. She considered inviting another man to give a complexion of decency to the evening—but who? The three unattached men she could think of had all been lovers of hers, and she could not possibly call on them in case she seemed pathetic. "Damn," she said, irritated by many things but mainly by the fact that she was going through one of those bleak, loveless patches that come in everyone's life, and, she imagined, came more frequently the older one got. She was twenty-eight. Soon she would be thirty. Withering.

"How do?" her mother said in an absurd voice when Claire returned. She was holding a hand mirror up to get a back view of a ridiculous wide-brimmed hat that she had fitted on. It resembled the shiny straw she had worn for her trip, except that this hat was more ornate and cost ten guineas. That was the second point about it that Claire noted; the white price tag was hanging over the mother's nose. Claire hated shopping the way other people hate going to the dentist. For herself, she never shopped. She saw something in a window, asked what the size was, and if it approximated her measurements she bought it.

"Am I too old for it?" the mother said. At sixty. A loaded question in itself.

"You're not," Claire said. "You look well in it."

"Of course, I've always loved hats," her mother said, as if admitting to some secret vice.

Claire remembered drawers with felt hats laid into them, and velvet bobbins on the brims of hats, and little aprons of veiling with spots, which she had thought as a child were maggots. "Yes, I remember the hats," Claire said, remembering, too, the smell of stale perfume and camphor, and a Saxe-blue hat that her mother got on approval, by post, and wore to Mass one Sunday before returning it to the shop. "If you like it, take it," Claire said indulgently.

The mother bought the hat, along with a reversible raincoat and a pair of shoes. She told the assistant who measured her foot about a pair of shoes she once had that lasted her for seventeen years and were eventually stolen by a tinkerwoman, who afterward was sent to jail for the theft. "Poor old creature, I wouldn't have wished jail on her," the mother said, and Claire nudged her to shut up. The mother's face flushed pitifully under the shelter of her new, wide-brimmed hat.

"Did I say something wrong?" she asked as she descended uneasily on the elevator; she held her parcels close to her.

"No, I just thought she was busy. It isn't like shops at home," Claire said.

"I think she was enjoying the story," her mother said, gathering her courage before she stepped off on the ground floor.

At home, they prepared dinner, and the mother tidied the front room for the visitors. Without a word, she carried all her gifts—the needlepoint, the pebble picture, the ashtrays, the holy-water font, and the small lamp made from a bottle—and put them in the front room alongside the books and a pencil drawing of a nude and a poster of Bengal, which was a leftover from Claire's dark-skinned lover. "They're nicer up here," the mother said, apologizing for doing it and at the same time criticizing the drawing of the nude. "I'd get rid of some of those things if I were you," she said in a serious tone.

Claire kept silent, and sipped the whiskey she felt she needed badly. Then, to get off the subject, she asked after her mother's feet. They were fixing an appointment with a chiropodist for the next day.

The mother had changed into a blue blouse, Claire into velvet pants, and they sat before the fire on low poufs with a blue-shaded lamp casting a restful light on their very similar faces. At sixty, the mother still had a poem of a face: round, pale, perfect, with dark eyes—expectant, in spite of what life had brought. "You have a tea leaf on your eyelid," she said to Claire, putting up her hand to brush it away. It was mascara, which got smeared, and

Claire had to go upstairs to repair it.

At that precise moment, the visitors arrived. "They're here!" the mother said when the doorbell shrieked.

"Open the door!" Claire called down.

"Won't it look odd if you don't do it?" the mother said.

"Oh, open it!" Claire called impatiently. She was quite relieved that they would have to muddle through their own set of introductions.

The dinner went off well. They all liked the food, and the mother was not as shy as Claire expected. She told about her journey but kept the madwoman out of it, and about a television program she'd once seen showing how bird's-nest soup was collected. Only her voice was unnatural.

After dinner, Claire gave her guests enormous brandies, because she felt relieved that nothing disastrous had been uttered. Her mother never drank spirits, of course. The guests sat back, sniffed brandy, drank their coffee, laughed, tipped their cigarette ash on the floor, having missed the ashtray by a hairsbreadth, gossiped, and refilled their glasses. They smiled at the new ornaments, but did not comment except to say that the needlepoint was nice.

"Claire likes it," the mother said timidly, drawing them into another silence. The evening was punctuated by brief but paralyzing silences.

"You like Chinese food, then?" the man said to her, referring back to her story of the television program, and he mentioned a restaurant she should go to. It was in the East End of London and getting to it entailed having a motorcar.

"You've been there?" the wife said to the red-haired mistress, who was sitting on the pouf with her face down on her knees and her hands around her slim ankles, drawing attention to them.

"Yes," Pauline said. "And everything was super except for the pork, which was drowned in Chanel No. 5. Remember?" She turned to Aubrey, who nodded.

"We must go sometime," the wife said to her husband, who was sitting next her on the couch. She was staring at him and blowing on his eyelashes, pretending to count them. He had soft dark hair, and long, dark, silken eyelashes that were perfectly shadowed on his pale face.

"I'll take you," he said, touching her cheek, giving her a little boost.

She sat back for a minute, flattered, as she rocked the brandy snifter from one side to the other in her lap. It was a big green snifter used for rose petals, but when she saw it she insisted on being let drink from it. She was like that.

"Oh, that was the night we found the man against the wall, beaten up," Pauline said, shivering as she recalled how she had actually shivered then. She was like that.

"You were so sorry for him," Aubrey said, and smiled at her.

"Wouldn't anyone be?" the wife said tartly, and Claire turned quickly to her mother and promised that they would go to that restaurant the following evening.

"We'll see," the mother said. She knew the places she wanted to see: Buckingham Palace, and the Tower of London, and a waxworks museum. When she went home, it was these places she would discuss with her neighbors who'd already been to London. Not some seamy place where men were flung against walls.

"No, not another—it's not good for the baby," Aubrey said as his wife balanced her empty snifter on the palm of her hand and held it out toward the bottle.

"Who's the more important, me or the baby?" she said, and when he blew on her face, to calm her, she turned to challenge his mistress, who had admitted to such solicitude for strangers.

"Don't be silly, Marigold," the husband said.

"Excuse me," his wife said in a changed voice. "Whose welfare are you thinking about?" She was on the verge of an emotional outburst, her cheeks red, her eyes boiling with months of withheld outrage.

Claire's mother was stone white and stiff with embarrassment. She looked as if she were witnessing the greatest sacrilege of her life. To make a diversion, Claire stood up and poked at the fire. "This needs more coal," she said. On that cue, her mother jumped to her feet and sailed off, bearing the coal scuttle. "I'll get it," Claire said, following her out.

The mother did not wait until they reached the kitchen. "Tell me," she said, her blue eyes shocked with insult, "which of those two ladies is he married to?"

"It's not your concern." Claire spoke sharply. She had meant to smooth it over, to say that the pregnant woman had some mental disturbance, but she said only hurtful things about her mother's being narrow-minded and cruel.

"Show me your friends and I know who you are," the mother said, and went away to shovel the coal. She left the filled scuttle outside the living-room door and went upstairs. Claire, who had gone back to her guests, heard the mother's footsteps climbing the stairs and going into the bedroom overhead.

"Is your mother gone to bed?" Aubrey asked. They had recovered, and the mistress was now sitting next to the

wife, holding her hand, Aubrey having been allocated to the pouf. He made some joke about how good he was at chastising women and children, and said he refused to speak to either of them unless they behaved themselves in the future.

"Yes, she always goes early," Claire said. She was furious with them and wished that they would leave. She couldn't confide in them, even though she'd known the couple for years, had often been tipsy in their house, and had swum with them naked one midsummer night in the Serpentine after a mad party. She did not trust them enough to say, "Please help me through this evening with my mother and talk her language." They might have sneered. They were not friends, any more than the lovers. They were people that she cultivated in order to be able to say to other people, "Well, one night a bunch of us went down to the Serpentine"—social assets, that was all. If only there was someone she could talk to. She felt an insufferable longing.

"Claire, Claire, what about some music." They were recalling her, voicing their needs, wondering who would go to the machine at the corner for the cigarettes. Pauline did. They stayed until they'd finished the second packet of cigarettes, which was until after midnight.

Claire hurried to her mother's room and found her awake with the light on, fingering her rosary beads. The same old black horn ones. "I'm sorry," Claire said.

"You turned on me like a tinker," her mother said in a voice cracked from crying.

"I didn't mean to," Claire said. She tried to sound reasonable, assured; she tried to tell her mother that the world was a big place and contained many people, all of whom held various views about various things.

"They're not sincere," her mother said, stressing the last word.

"And who is?" Claire said, remembering the treacherous way the lovers vanished, and how the landladies rigged the meters so that units of electricity cost double their regular price. Her mother had no notion how lonely it was to read manuscripts all day, and write a poem once in a while when one became consumed with a memory or an idea, and then to go out constantly, seeking people, hoping that one of them would fit her longings, know the rapid shorthand of her thoughts, and give pleasure to her body at the same moment as taking it. It was late, and she felt tired.

## FIVE POEMS

(Not from the Pen of Emily Dickinson)

### HOW DRUDGELIKE, WASHING DISHES!

How drudgelike, washing dishes!
But yet the pure
Can, with resourcefulness,
Escape this chore.

As souls resist temptation
And strive for good,
So may aspiring bodies
Disdain food.

### WHAT PATIENCE CAN ENDURE

What patience can endure
The footsteps of a friend
Departing through a closed
Venetian blind?

Slim parallels not meant
For walking through,
Destroyed without intent,
Obscure the view.

The host who can forgive
Disasters least
Will scarcely reinvite
A clumsy guest.

### THE CLOUD-HID SUN ABANDONS

The cloud-hid sun abandons
The mottled western sky,
The yellow moon is truant,
The night looms ebony.

I cross my wrists serenely,
Remembering that once
A meteor burned brightly
Behind my fence.

### A HAT MAY BE ADORNMENT

A hat may be adornment,
Umbrella, or a sign
Announcing that within it
Resides a mind.

### SOME PEOPLE DIE BEFORE THEY DIE

Some people die before they die,
And walk the earth
As breathing corpses till
Their second death.

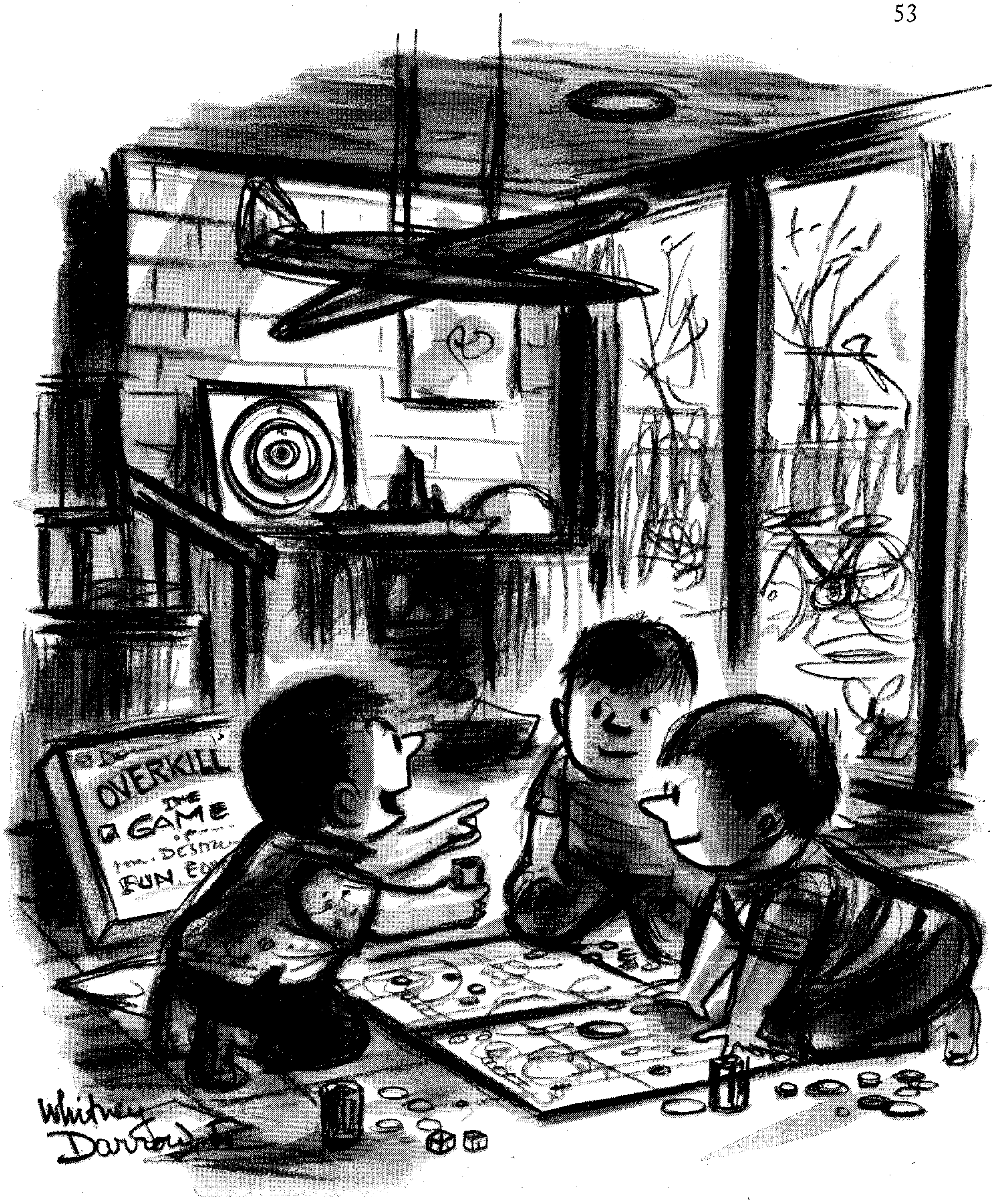
If I should die before I die,
Prepare a tomb
And carve my epitaph:
"Here lies whom?"

—William Walden

• •

Her mother was protesting, "I was a good mother. I did everything I could, and this is all the thanks I get."

Turning, Claire flayed the poor woman. An incident leaped to her tongue, something she had never recalled before. "You went to hospital," she said, "to have your toe lanced, and you came home and told me—*me*—that the doctor said, 'Raise your right arm until I give you an injection,' but when you did he gave you no injection; he just cut into your toe. Why did you tell it?" The words fell out of her mouth, and she became aware of the awfulness when she felt her knees shaking.



*"Come on now, Crawford, you know very well you're not allowed to release your paralyzing nerve gas till I've rolled a double six and contaminated your water supply."*

• •

"What are you talking about?" her mother said numbly. The face that had been round in the evening was old, twisted, bitter.

"Nothing," Claire said. Impossible to explain. She had violated all the rules: decency, kindness, caution. She would never be able to laugh it off in the morning. Muttering an apology, she went to her own room and sat on her bed, trembling. Since her mother's arrival, every detail of her childhood kept dogging her. Her present life, her work, the friends she had seemed insubstantial compared with all that had happened before. She could count the various batches of white hissing geese—it was geese in those days—that wandered over the swampy fields one year after another, and in memory she could locate the potholes on the driveway where rain lodged and where leaking oil from a passing car made rainbows. Looking down into rainbows to escape the color that was in her mind, or on her tongue. She'd licked four fingers once that were slit by an unexpected razor blade that was wedged upright in a shelf where she'd reached to find a sweet. The same color had been on her mother's violated toe underneath the big, bulky bandage. In the chapel, too. The sanctuary light was a bowl of blood with a flame laid into it. These things had not distressed her at the time. She used to love to slip into the chapel alone in the daytime, moving from one lurid Station of the Cross to the next, being God's exclusive pet, praying she would die before her mother did, in order to escape being left with her father. How could she have known, how could any of them have known, that twenty years later, zipped into a heated plastic tent, treating herself to a steam bath, she would suddenly panic and cry out that her sweat had turned to drops of blood. She had put her hands through the flaps and begged the massager to protect her. Made a fool of herself. The way she made a fool of herself with the various men. The first night she met the Indian, she was wearing a coat with a white fox collar, and its whiteness under his dark, well-chiselled chin made a breathless sight as they walked through a mirrored room of a restaurant to a table, and saw, and were seen, in mirrors. He said something she couldn't hear. "Tell me later," she said, already putting her little claim on him, already saying, "You are not going to abandon me in this room of mirrors, in my bluish-white fox that so compliments your bluish-black lips." But after a few weeks, he left, like the others. She was familiar with the different tactics of withdrawal: flowers, notes posted from the provinces, the "I don't want you to get hurt" jargon. They reminded her of the trails that slugs leave on a lawn in summer mornings, the sad, silver trails of departure. Their goings were far more vivid than their comings. Or was she capable of remembering only the worst? Remembering everything, solving nothing. She undressed; she told herself that her four fingers had healed, that her mother's big toe was now like any other person's big toe, that her father drank tea and held his temper, and that one day she would meet a man whom she loved and did not frighten away. But it was brandy optimism. She'd gone downstairs and carried the bottle up, along with the huge green snifter that was for rose petals. The brandy gave her hope; she planned a journey she would make one day to a Mediterranean island with roses climbing over white houses and strange uncensoring men bidding her welcome. She covered her head with the quilt but did not sleep.

THEY went to Mass the following Sunday. It was obvious that Claire was not in the habit of going; she had to ask the way. Going in, her mother took a small liqueur bottle from her handbag and filled it with holy water from the font. "It's always good to have it," she said to Claire, but in a conciliatory tone. The outburst had severed them, and they were polite now in a way that should never have been.

After Mass, they went—because the mother had stated her wishes—to the waxworks museum, saw the Tower of London, and walked across the park that faced Buckingham Palace.

"Very good grazing here," the mother said. Her new shoes were getting spotted from the damp, high grass. It was raining. The prongs of the mother's umbrella kept tapping Claire's, and no matter how far Claire drew away the mother moved accordingly—to prong her, it seemed. "You know," the mother said, "I was thinking."

Claire knew what was coming. Her mother wanted to go home. She was worried about her husband, her fowl, the washing that would have piled up, the spring wheat that would have to be sown and would thrust up like green threads through the brown, sad clay. In reality, she was desolated. She and her daughter were farther away now than when they wrote letters each week and discussed the weather, or work, or the colds they'd had. "You're only here six days," Claire said, "and I want to take you to the theatre and restaurants. Don't go."

"I'll think about it," the mother said. But her mind was made up.

Two evenings later, they waited in the airport lounge, hesitant to speak for fear they might miss the flight number when it was called.

"The change did you good," Claire said.

Her mother was togged out in new clothes and looked smarter. She was wearing the wide-brimmed hat they bought and had two more new hats in her hand, carrying them in the hope they would escape the notice of the customs men. "I'll let you know if I have to pay duty on them," she said.

"Do," Claire said, straightening her mother's collar, wanting to say something endearing, something that would atone, without having to go over their differences word for word.

"No one can say but that you fitted me out well. Look at all my style," the mother said, smiling at her image in the glass door of the telephone box. "And our trip up the river," she said. "I think I enjoyed it more than anything."

She was referring to a short trip they'd taken up the Thames to Westminster. They had planned to go in the opposite direction, toward the green of Kew and Hampton Court, but they'd left it—at least, Claire had left it—too late and could only go toward the City on a passenger boat that was returning from those green places. Claire had been miserly with her time. On that particular evening, she'd sat at her desk pretending to work, postponing the time until she got up and rejoined her mother, who was downstairs sewing on all Claire's buttons that had fallen off over the years. And now her mother was thanking her, saying it had been lovely. Lovely! They had passed warehouses, and yellow tilted cranes brought to their evening standstill, and floodlit pylons like cones of honey in the sky, and little boats, and gasworks, and filthy chimneys. The summer evening had been drenched with sewage smell, and yet her mother went on being thankful.

"I hope my mad lady won't be aboard," the mother said, trying to make a joke out of it.

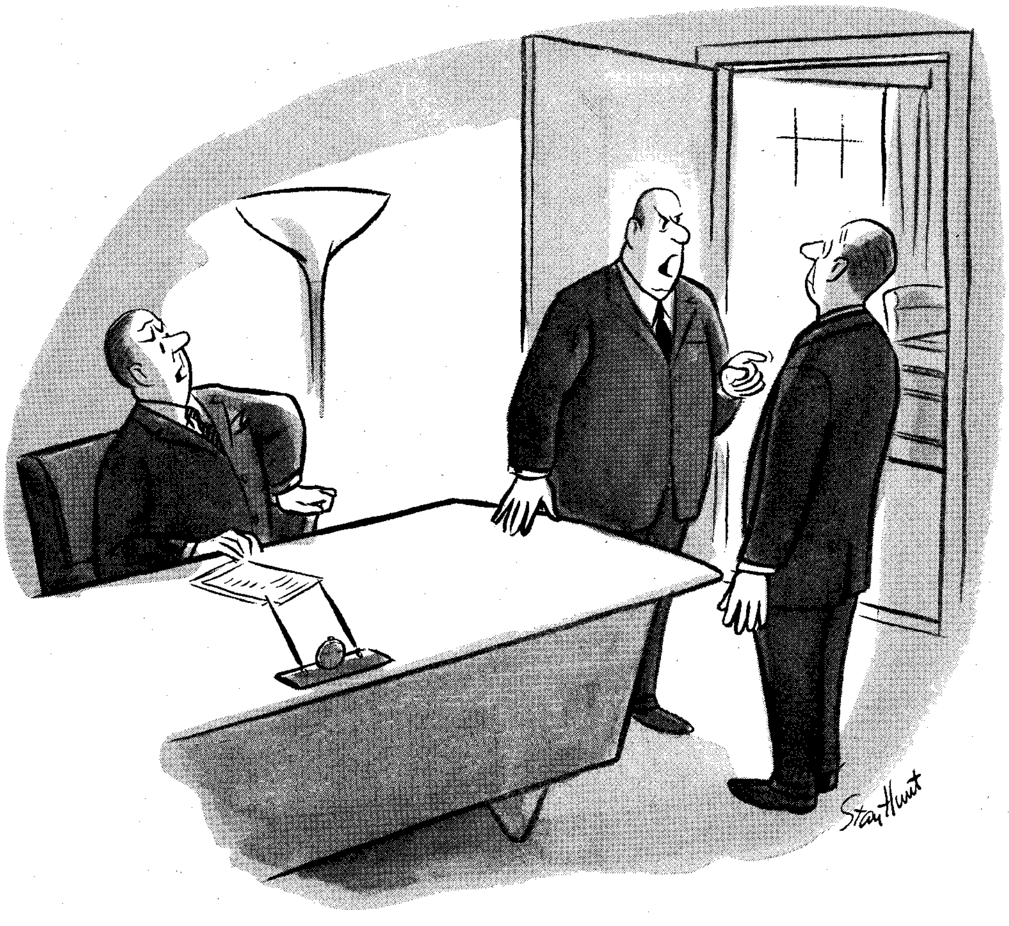
"Not likely," Claire said, but her mother declared that life was full of strange and sad coincidences. They looked at each other, looked away, criticized a man who was wolfing sandwiches from his pocket, looked at the airport clock and compared the time with that on their watches.

The loudspeaker crackled. "Sh-h-h," said the mother.

"That's it," they both said then, relieved, as if they had secretly feared the flight number would never be called.

At the barrier, they kissed, and their wet cheeks touched for a second and lingered, each exploring the other's dampness.

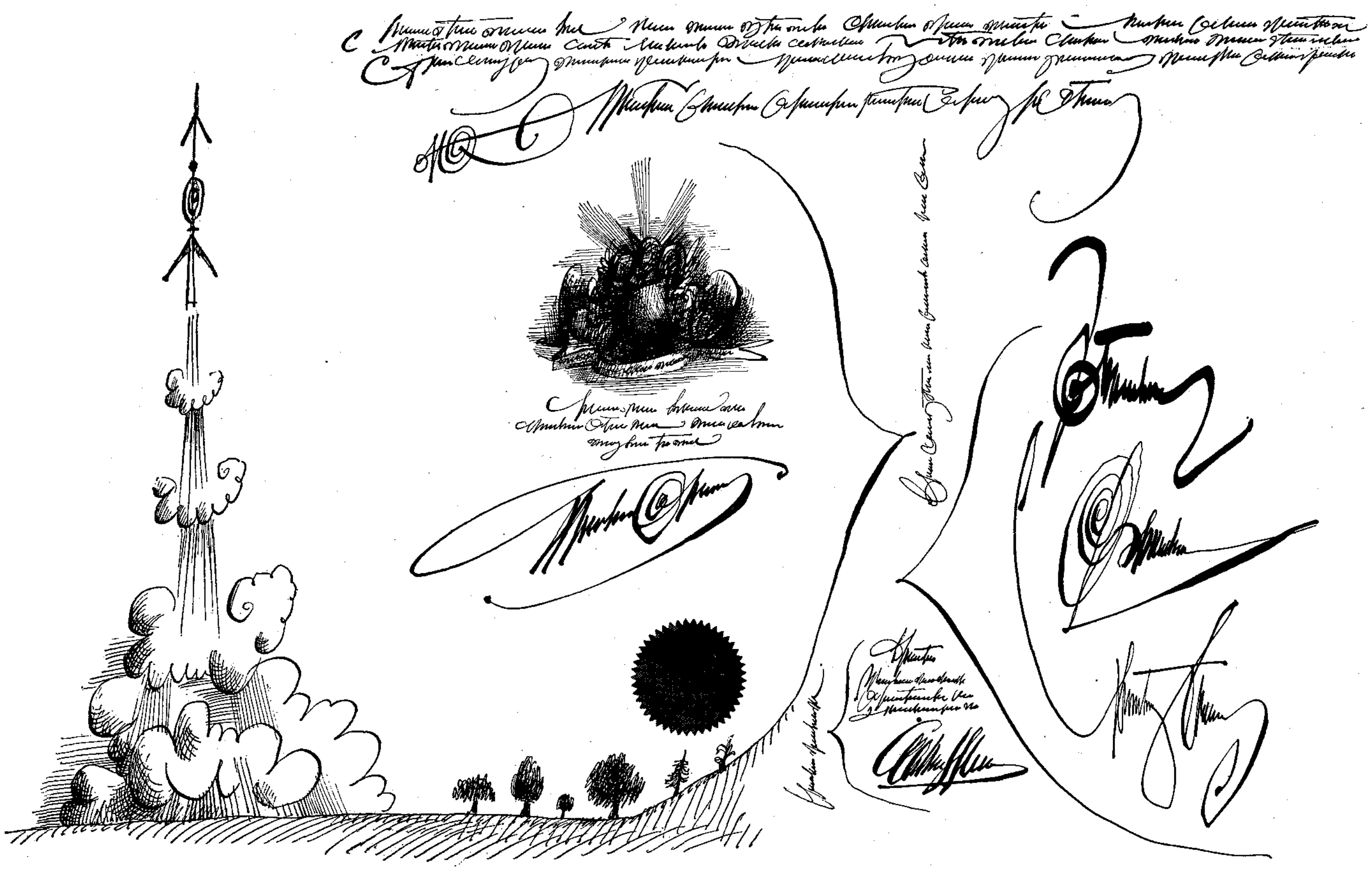
"I'll write to you. I'll write oftener," Claire said, and for a few minutes she stood there not really registering the fact that her mother's visit was over and that she could go back to her own life now, such as it was.—EDNA O'BRIEN



*"Mr. Herndon! You promised I could bawl out Jamieson."*

# PROFILES

## CENTER OF A NEW WORLD—III



CAMBRIDGE's flowering as the center of a new world is marked by a new cosmopolitanism, quickly apparent to the returning visitor. I sensed it recently when I came back after a fourteen-year absence. During my earlier stay—in the school year of 1948-49—I had rarely seen Indians or Africans around Harvard Square, but now there was scarcely a street scene without them. It was winter when I returned, and the Indian women looked especially exotic. They would have shawls on their heads, then extra-fuzzy wool overcoats; below these the voluminous bottoms of their saris would appear, and then finally would come extravagant pedestals of wool stockings and overshoes. And the Indian men would be wrapped up correspondingly. As for the Africans, practically all of whom were male, they looked exotic in every season—and still do—for as a rule they differ in appearance from the American Negroes so long familiar at Harvard, and their clothes are either in native style or apt to be cut on British lines. These outlanders are the most striking additions to Cambridge visually, but there are many other new foreign touches, too, and the same is true of the region of M.I.T., a mile away; the Institute is swarming now with foreign students, foreign teachers, and foreign visitors of every kind. The Harvard Square vicinity boasts at least four European-style coffee shops now—two French, one Italian, and one Spanish—which have been opened in the past few years. It also has two new Japanese restaurants. Fourteen years ago, the Cambridge world had one or two Chinese restaurants of the Cantonese, or old-time Chinatown, type, and it still has them, but meanwhile two authentic *northern* Chinese places—dealing in Shanghai, Szechwan, and Peking cookery—have been added. These are out in the suburbs, but they are quickly accessible from the Square and M.I.T., and they figure considerably in the lives of Cambridge's many Chinese refugees, not to mention its many Americans with Chinese interests. Then—near the Square again—there is the Brattle Square Theatre, which shows the best of foreign films, and *in* the Square there is a well-stocked international newsstand. Cambridge's grocery stores—even the staid old Edwin R. Sage Company—have been infiltrated by foreign foods and wines, and the hostesses who serve them are generally widely travelled, if not actually foreign-born.

Cambridge has gained a lot from faraway upheavals. The local faculties of both arts and sciences are leavened with refugees from Nazi Germany, Austria, and other parts of Europe. Then, there is a smaller Chinese colony—refugees from Communism—and a steady stream comes in from less violently chaotic lands. Japanese arrive often. "I am always meeting Japanese businessmen," a Harvard professor said to me recently. "Why always *Japanese* businessmen, I wonder?" British immigrants—scientists and other scholars—come, too. Quintin Hogg, the British Secretary of State for Education and Science, recently complained that we Americans were raiding Britain's laboratories for scientific personnel. He didn't blame Cambridge specifically, but he might as well have.

What draws these people to Cambridge is hard to say. Of course, there are good jobs here for the well qualified. Route 128—the belt highway around Boston, which is crowded with the plants of industrial research-and-development firms—is a land of opportunity, and Harvard and M.I.T. are top institutions, paying top salaries, and so are the other local universities. Then there is the chain reaction: the more foreign-

404
B Wodell

*"Now the Fair's ready and you're not!"*

• •

ers there are in town already, the pleasanter new foreigners can find it here. But the Cambridge allure has something more to it, obviously, than mere job openings and foreign companionship; the place has an intangible charm. Physically, Cambridge is not an ideal place to live; its rents are high, it is smoggy, its parking problems are enraging, and it has hot, muggy summers interlarded with winters of heavy snowfall and virtually no snow removal. ("The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away" is the city's motto where snow is concerned, and this results each winter in a nearly endless cycle of deep drifts, slush, and glare ice; icy sidewalks with old ladies becalmed on them are a winter commonplace here.) Yet there is an unexplained magnetism—whether emanating from the old buildings, the undulant brick sidewalks, or the vibrations of scholars past and present—that far outweighs these things. Whatever the magnetism's source, you can get its full impact while walking a block or two up Brattle Street from Harvard Square, and in that space you can meet acquaintances from nearly anywhere.

The internationalization of Cambridge has coincided with an ebb, at least locally, of American Philistinism, or anti-intellectualism. I went to college at Yale, rather than Harvard, in the thirties, but I believe the atmosphere of the two places was much the same then; as I look back, I feel it was almost brutally Philistine. Today, the arts and sciences are fashionable even among undergraduates at Harvard, and there has been a similar change at M.I.T. Of course, all our universities can select better students than they used to—the population bulge has seen to that. And the quality of American mental leadership has also changed in the past few decades, if only through the development of our twentieth-century immigrant groups—most notably, perhaps, of the Russian and Central European Jews, with their high intellectual standards. A generation ago, those immigrants were toiling in the garment trade, cheered on by visions of their children's education. Now these same children are at Harvard and M.I.T., helping to make Cambridge the unique, and uniquely arrived-at, world center that it is.

When I was in Cambridge in the forties, I had a Nieman journalistic fellowship at Harvard. There were twelve Nieman Fellows that year, all Americans. Last year, there were ten Americans and five foreigners—one each from Canada, South Africa, Korea, Hong Kong, and South Vietnam. When I was in Cambridge before, I spent a good deal of time on courses in foreign affairs—a field that was still organized, at Harvard, in pretty much the old-fashioned way. A Russian-studies center had just been set up—for "interdisciplinary" research—but this was not yet prominent, and nearly all the foreign-affairs work was done within the old departments. Now, fourteen years later, Harvard has three regional centers in full swing—an East Asian Research Center and a Center for Middle Eastern Studies in addition to the Russian one. It also has a general Center for International Affairs, and it has special foreign centers or programs in

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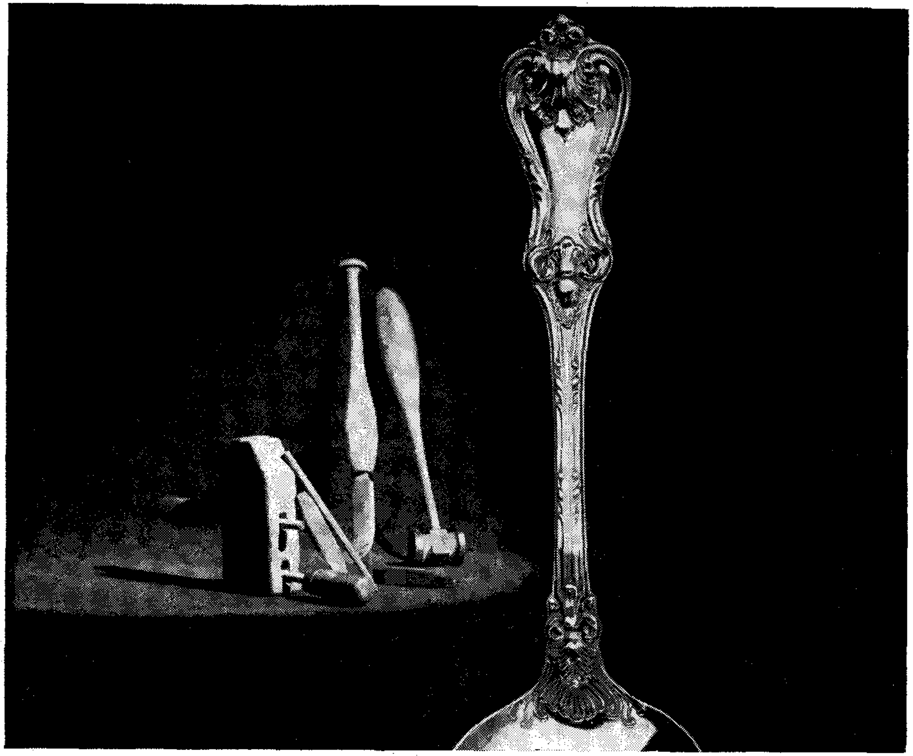
various of its schools, including the Law School, the School of Education, the Business School, and the School of Public Health. Today, some two-thirds of the books being acquired by the Harvard University Library are in foreign languages, and foreign students make up more than ten per cent of Harvard's enrollment. And the same kind of thing—with certain distinctions—has been happening at M.I.T. and at other universities in the neighborhood, like Brandeis and Boston University. They have all been going global. The orbiting professor is a stock figure now in Cambridge. Sometimes he takes off for a year, sometimes for a week or two. Recently, I was talking with a friend who was about to leave on a long fact-finding tour around the world, and before going he wanted to introduce me to some of his colleagues. He began telephoning their offices, but without complete success. "So-and-So is in Geneva," he said after one call. "Tomorrow he goes to Bonn, and he's not due back here till the middle of next week. It's often like that here. You try to get someone for a Wednesday seminar. He can come *this* Wednesday, you find, or two weeks from Wednesday, but on the Wednesday in between he'll be in Karachi."

I HAVE been looking into this globalization of the Cambridge academic world, and I find that it has much in common with other changes of the past fourteen years—with the involvement of the university scientists, for instance, in defense and in the activities along Route 128. In each case, the enabling funds have come from the outside—mainly from the government and the foundations. In each case, too, the new money has gone preëminently for research—as opposed to teaching—and for group research, at that. In each case, there is a pervading sense of urgency—usually about our foreign relations, whether with enemies or allies. We Americans find ourselves amid complexities at a time when much of our wealth is centrally controlled by the tax-free foundations and by the government itself. We are using this wealth to buy our way out of the complexities, if possible, and the academic intellectuals are one of the few groups we can turn to. So we tend to divert them from teaching into research or mundane operations. Over the decades, scholarship has grown narrower and narrower, and now, suddenly, the demands on it are very broad. The scholars are asked to create a new missile or to cure some nation's economy, and their only hope is to get teams of

Once you had to inherit it



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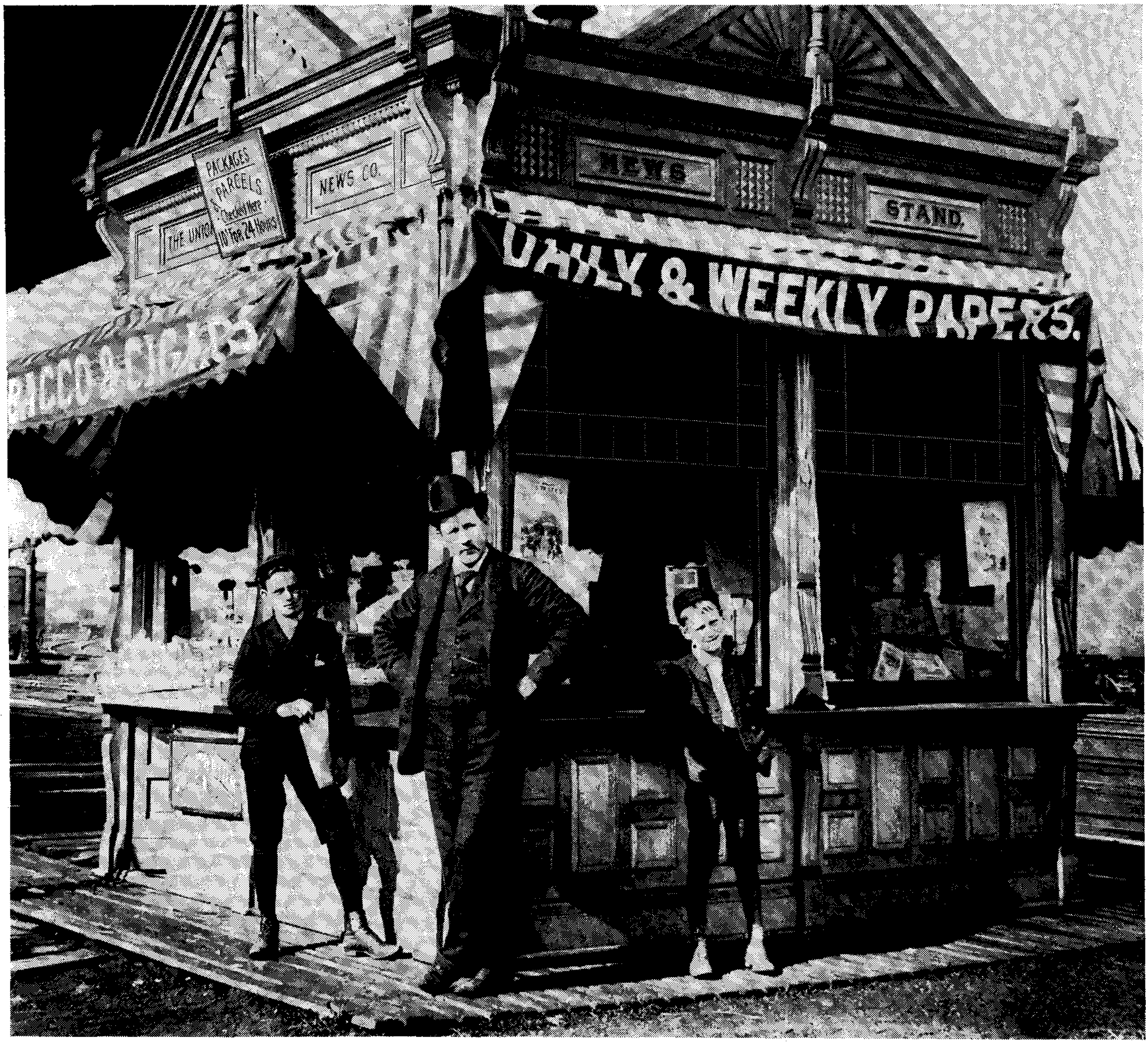

# The news in Pittsburgh is a bit more exciting today

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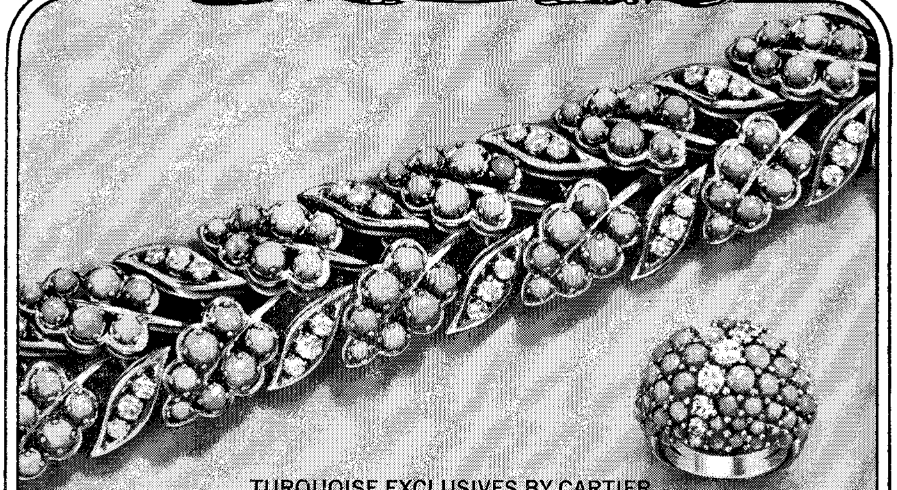
specialists together. Hence the study centers, and hence the big science shops in the defense plants. The scholars concerned become organization men to a degree they haven't known previously. They also get new sorts of kudos—extra money, extra importance, and the extra glamour of travel. On the walls of their studies may now hang Japanese masks, and on their desks may sit African carvings. They dress well, they are men of affairs, they talk about "when I was in the Congo." And they use special words, like "sophisticated," in describing the new wrinkles of their crafts. If you go to a lecture by a globalist or by a Route 128 scientist, you can absolutely count on hearing the word "sophisticated" before he is through.

One firm I visited on Route 128, called High Voltage Engineering, is very global in its operations. It makes particle accelerators for use in nuclear research, and is a spinoff from M.I.T.—its basic accelerator design was worked out in the thirties by Professor Robert J. Van de Graaff, an engineer at the Institute, with much encouragement from Karl T. Compton, the M.I.T. president. I was taken through the plant by two British scientists—High Voltage has a British president and relies a lot on British scientific and engineering talent. They showed me several accelerators under construction; essentially, they looked like heavy metal cylinders with rounded ends. They cost between twenty thousand and three million dollars, I was told; one of the expensive ones, as big as a small silo, was being assembled outdoors because it was too large to fit into the building, a typical low, spread-out Route 128 structure. After my tour, I talked with a High Voltage official, who told me that fifty per cent of the firm's sales are now made abroad. "Our company began in the late forties and grew prosperous in the fifties," he said. "Before then, the universities that could afford accelerators made their own, which was a drain on the time of their experimental physicists. But now they usually buy them from us, often with financial help from the government—sometimes a university buys an accelerator with a National Science Foundation grant, sometimes the A.E.C. does the buying and puts the machine on a university's premises. Nearly all American accelerators—except the really big ones, like the new machine at Harvard—have come from us, and our output is basic to U.S. nuclear research. Our foreign sales are an extension of this. Foreign countries need accelerators, too, of course—even some



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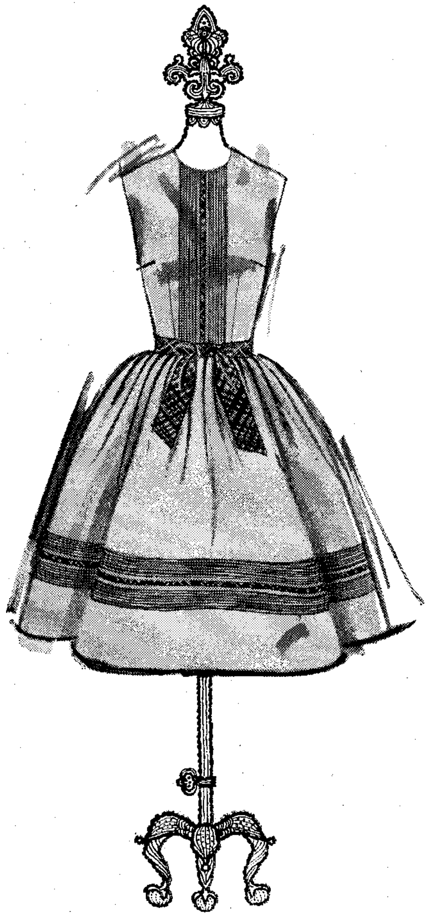

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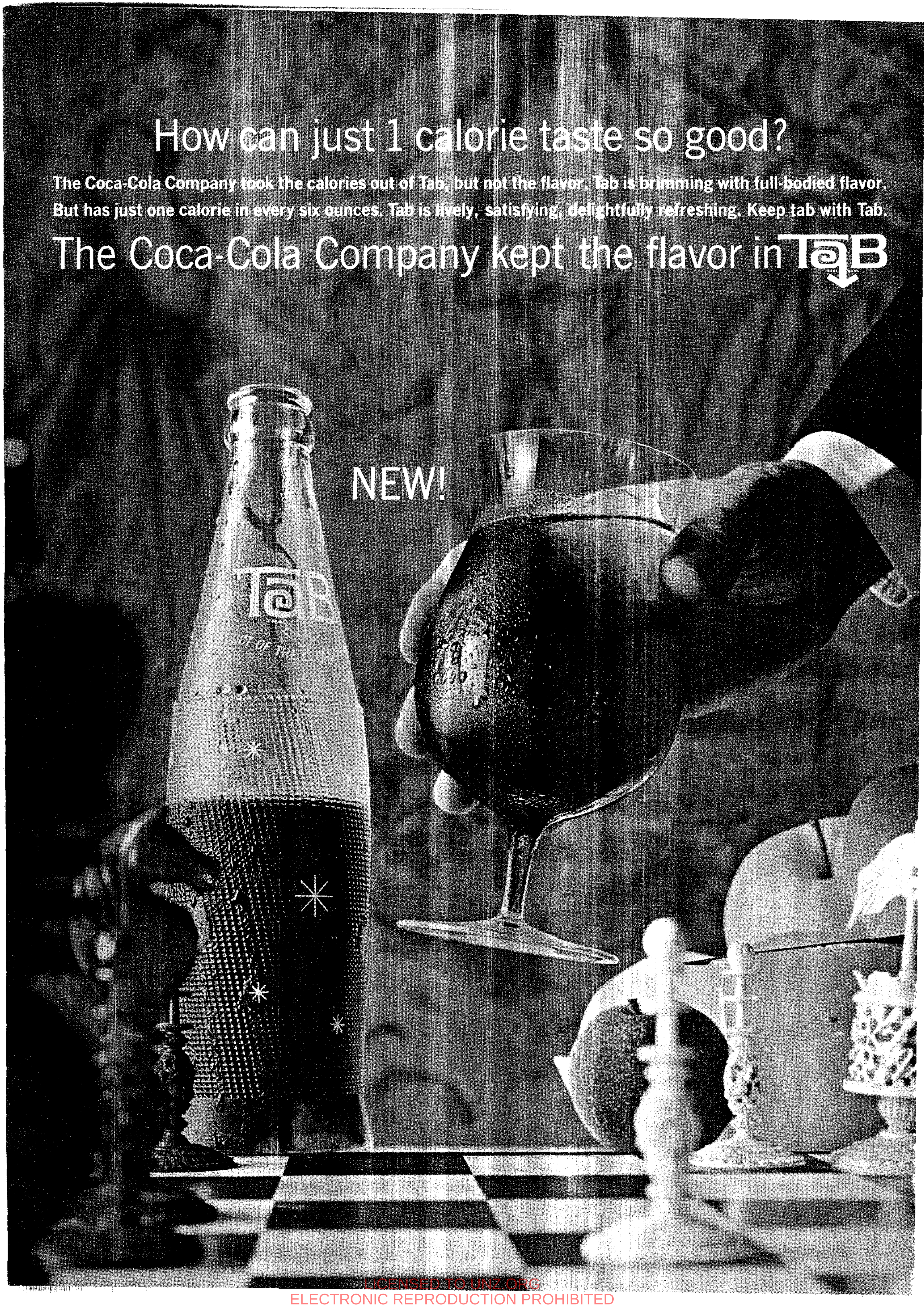

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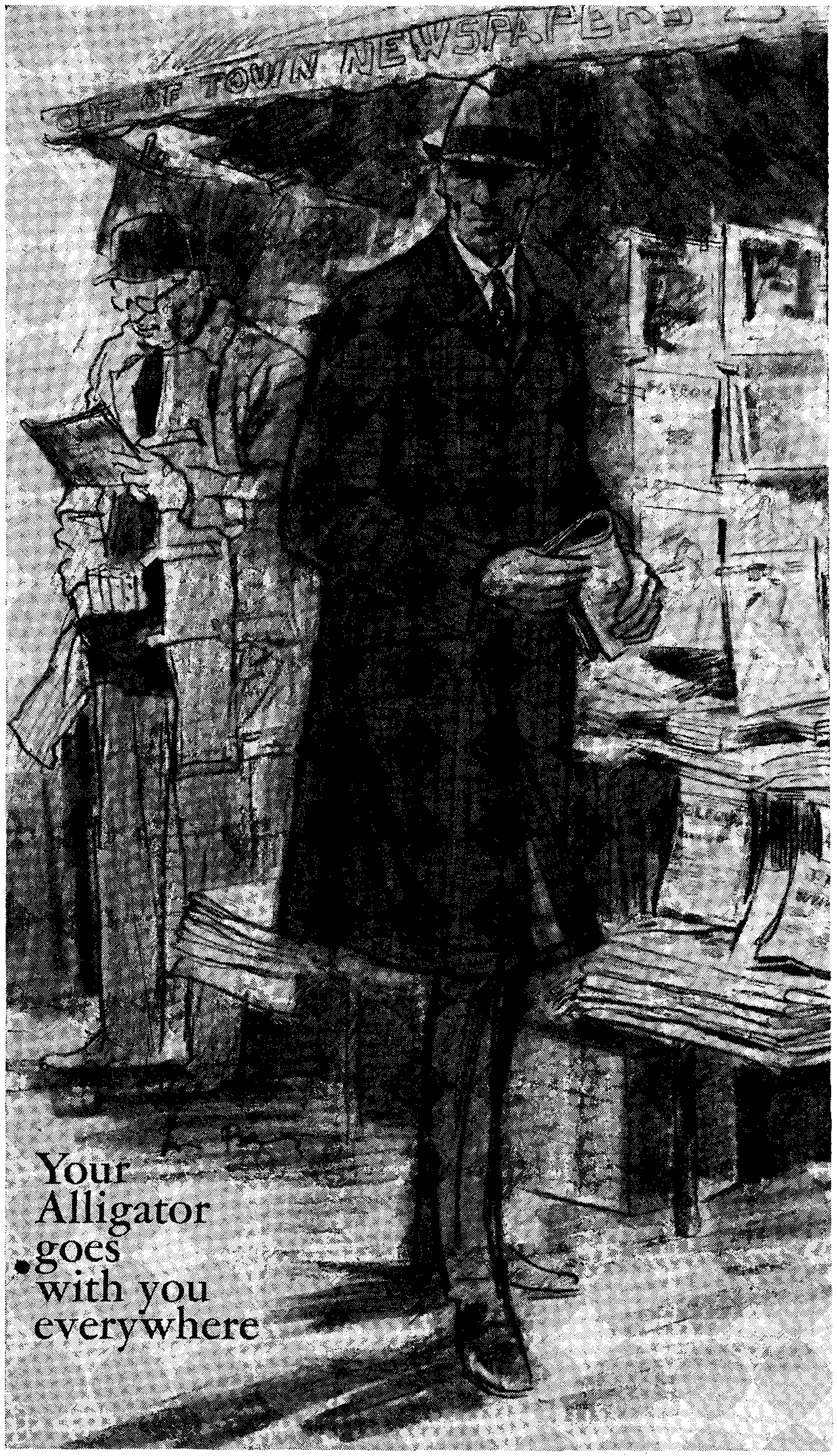
underdeveloped countries feel they need them, if only to lure their own scientists home after study in the West—and we are the great supplier in the free world. Western Europe has a hundred of our accelerators now, Japan has eight or ten, and Israel has three or four big ones, paid for by German reparations. Others are scattered about in various countries. Thirty-one countries, all told, have them. Engineers from those countries come here all the time, to see their machines assembled and to learn about them. We are also expanding into Europe ourselves, mainly because of the Common Market. We've launched a subsidiary in Amersfoort, Holland, to do business with Euratom and other European customers." Thanks to its connections, the official told me, High Voltage knows where virtually all the nuclear research in the free world is being done now.

The big angel for most of the new study centers that have grown up in Cambridge and in universities throughout the country is the Ford Foundation, though it isn't the only one—Harvard's Russian Research Center got its start with a Carnegie grant and has since received both Rockefeller and government money as well. But Ford is the main thing, and a few years ago, in order to allow for sustained growth, Ford made ten-year allotments to seventeen American universities for their special foreign studies. "When we were working it out," a Ford man told me recently, "McGeorge Bundy—then Dean of Harvard's Faculty of Arts and Sciences—came down to plead Harvard's case with us, and he did it very well, pointing out that Harvard had just been taking a good look at her foreign commitments, and had been surprised at their extent—they had been developing quietly and almost spontaneously on many different lines. Today, Harvard is the leading American university in foreign studies, with Columbia and the University of California, at Berkeley, close behind. Harvard differs from those two others in being selective, whereas they try to cover the globe. Harvard has no practicing Latin-American center, for one thing, and no African or South Asian center, either; one reason for the lack of an African center is that Boston University, across the Charles, has one, and if two such centers are close together they compete with each other for scholars and such. Anyway, Harvard is conservative about new ventures; it doesn't want to spread itself too thin. It has set up its foreign centers very soundly, and we are glad to help with them."

"You say that Harvard doesn't want



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to cover the globe," I put in, "and yet it has a Center for International Affairs. How come?"

"The international centers are different," said my friend. "There are at least five of them now—at Harvard, Columbia, Princeton, M.I.T., and Johns Hopkins—and they concentrate on *American* policy problems, often strategic ones. They study the over-all process of development of a whole area, that is, whereas the regional centers have a narrower focus."

Beginning with the regional centers, I have been exploring, in a meandering way, Harvard's foreign undertakings, and also those of M.I.T. and the other universities here. Harvard is amorphous, at best, in its structure—I have heard President Nathan Pusey, quoting someone else, call it "an assemblage of different departments held together by allegiance to a central heating plant." This is a fair description, certainly, where its foreign undertakings are concerned. Mr. Pusey himself may be aware of them all, but few others in his university are, and my method—of necessity—has been to go along from person to person, like a census-taker in a strange land. As scholastic institutions, "centers" are not yet well defined. One Harvard professor has told me that they are mere budgeting devices—bookkeeping accounts into which money is put by the universities and foundations and from which it is drawn out in grants for research or other purposes. But centers can also be seen as more than this—as properties in which people have vested interests. They are usually headed by scholar-entrepreneurs, who can't exactly be called a new type—they have much in common with college presidents—but who at least are newly prominent as a caste. Nearly all the Cambridge entrepreneurs showed their mettle long ago in academic life; they are top men in their fields, well versed in campus politics, and they can manage personnel, plan campaigns, and deal with foundations. And with their centers as tools, they either create something new or at least multiply their own effectiveness as scholars or as operators in the outside world. There are about two dozen centers in Cambridge now, and each one has its staff and premises. In theory, most of them have been put together temporarily to meet some passing emergency, but many of their employees look on them as permanent. They may turn out, in the view of history, to be like certain feudal properties of the Middle Ages—not like hereditary fiefs but like the less personal holdings of churches

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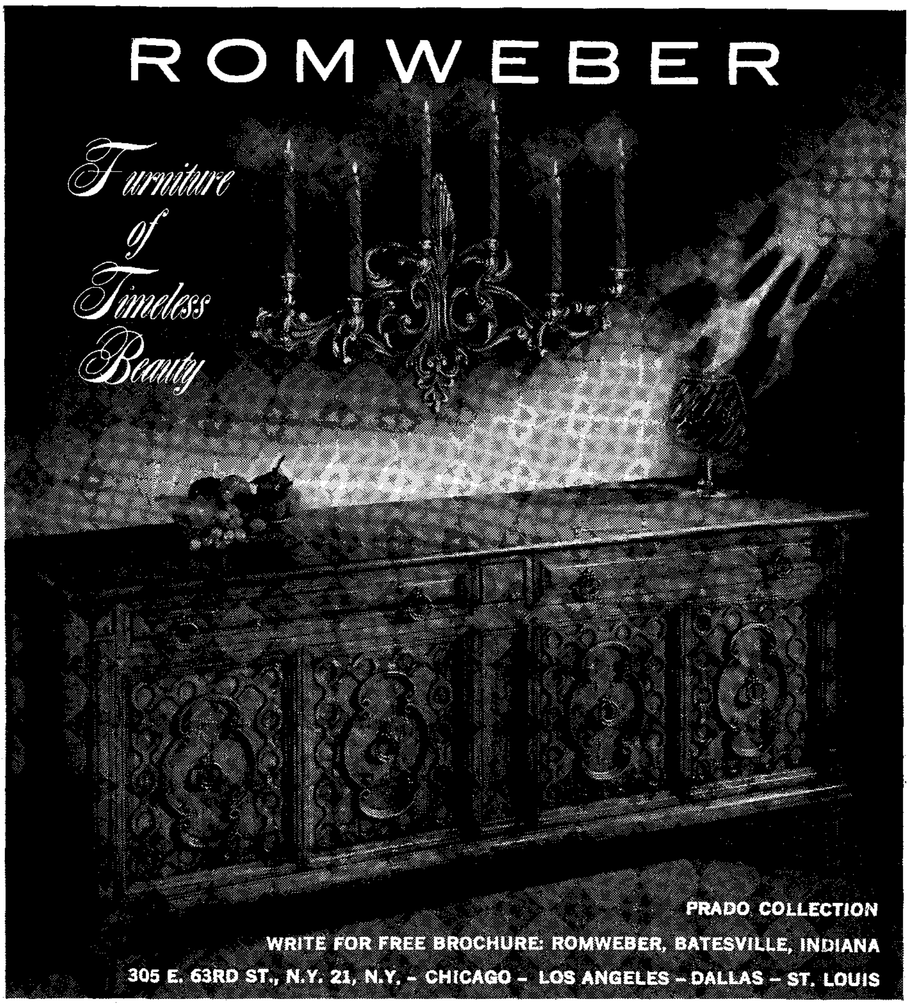

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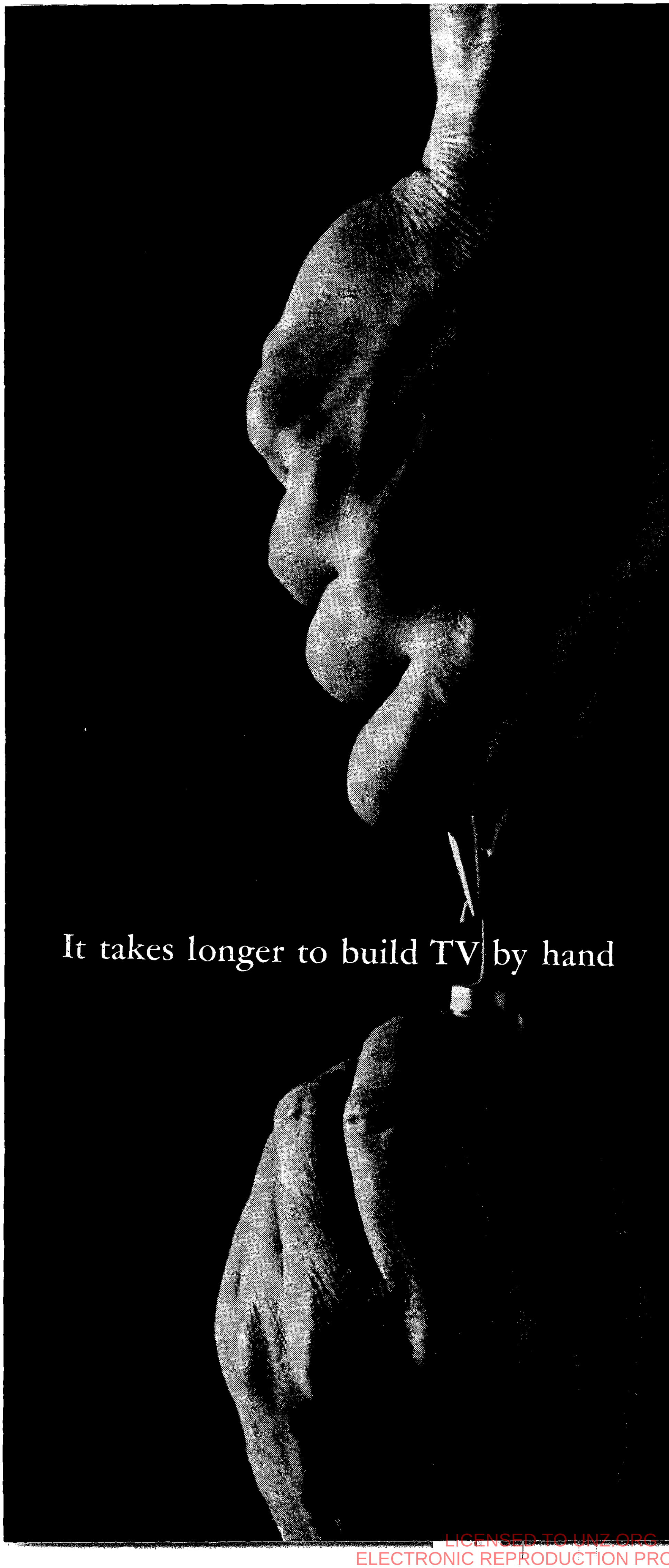

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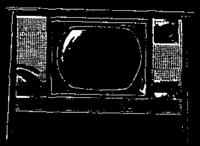

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or monasteries, granted conditionally, for a purpose, yet enduring in their own right and administered generation after generation by a corps of initiates. In the academic community, the centers are new focusses of power. They are like knots in a pine board—made from the same material as their surroundings but different in structure. They are also like the firms on Route 128 in that they use outside resources to pursue objectives of their own. They can be seen as living organisms engaged in the Darwinian struggle. They compete for foundation sustenance, and I know at least one center in Cambridge that is limping along now because, it believes, another center is getting foundation nourishment that rightly belongs to it.

THE Cambridge entrepreneur whom I know best is John King Fairbank, professor of Chinese history at Harvard and head of the East Asian Research Center there. He is a senior academic now, and was one even fourteen years ago, when I was at Harvard before; at that time he and Professor Edwin O. Reischauer—an expert on Japan who is now our Ambassador to that country—were already giving a popular set of courses on the Far East, including a survey course for undergraduates, I recall, that was revoltingly nicknamed "Rice Paddies." Fairbank, now in his middle fifties, is a globalist from earlier days. He graduated from Harvard in 1929, went to Oxford on a Rhodes scholarship, studied several years in Peiping, which earned him his Ph.D.—more correctly called his D.Phil., as it was conferred by Oxford—and then came back to teach at Harvard. In 1941, he was drafted by General William Donovan for government work, and he stayed in that line—serving with the O.S.S., the O.W.I., and the U.S.I.S., mostly in China—until 1946, when he came back to Harvard. (The war greatly affected his career, as it affected the careers of most other Cambridge globalists.) Fairbank comes from South Dakota, but has long been acclimatized to Cambridge—his wife, the former Wilma Cannon, a scholar herself in the field of Chinese art, is the daughter of a Harvard professor, and one of her sisters is married to Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., a former Harvard professor and the son of a Harvard professor. Fairbank is a tall man, with spectacles and the big, domed, rather bald head that is standard equipment in Cambridge. When lecturing, he gestures a lot and makes jokes about himself, but regardless of manner-

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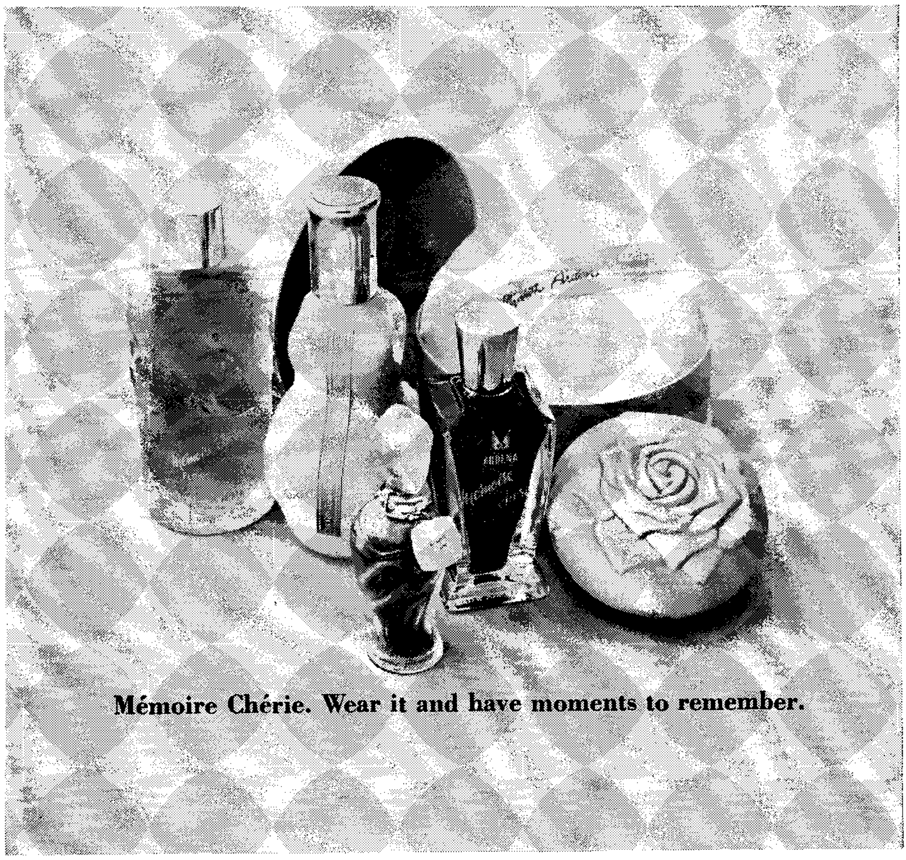

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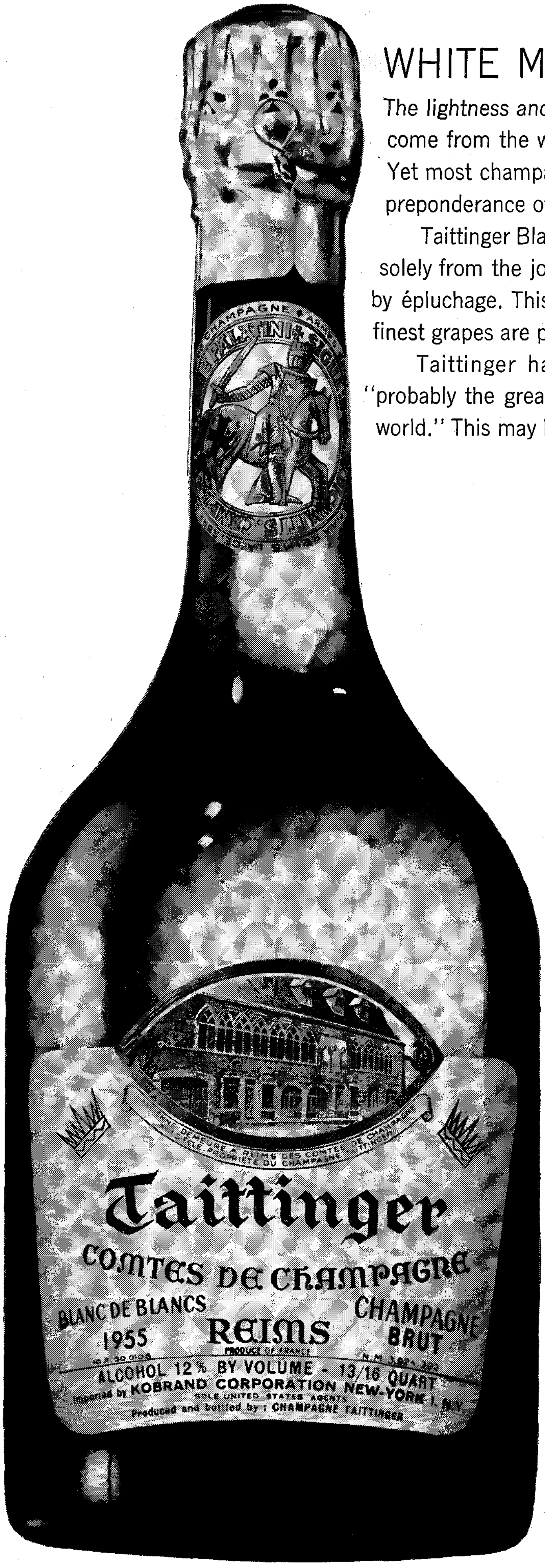
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isms, he gives his classes brilliant expositions of such topics as the influence of Chinese traditions on Chinese Communism. (He is regarded as an expert on "contemporary," or Communist, China, and as perhaps the top man in America on what is known as "modern" China—that is, China in the period from the latter part of the nineteenth century to the Red takeover in 1949.) Besides his talents, which are great, and his industry, which is equally great, Fairbank has a paternal interest in his underlings that would grace a Chinese merchant or clique politician; his students, especially his graduate students, get loving care from him, and in return they are fiercely loyal. This gives him wide influence—a commodity much valued in Academe—because his students are in great demand as teachers themselves. "You can't get away anywhere from Fairbank's people," I was told recently by a foundation man. "You find them in spots right across the continent, not omitting the University of California, which, with Columbia, occupies our second rank in Chinese studies. Harvard occupies the first rank alone. Fairbank has done more than anyone else to staff the United States with China experts."

Even without the Second World War, the Chinese Communist problem, and the raining down of foundation money, Fairbank would probably hold the same position that he holds now—the country's leading supplier of China experts. But the volume of his output might be only a fraction of what it is, for Mao Tse-tung and his works have caused a boom in China studies in this country, and in foundation and government support of them. Fairbank's center plays a part in getting out the newly enlarged crop, and it also has other functions scarcely dreamed of in pre-renaissance Cambridge. It has a full-time executive officer—Dr. John Lindbeck—who spends a good part of each week dealing with foundations, learned societies, other universities, and the government. It is engaged, furthermore, in a contract study for the Defense Department of social and scientific influences on the Chinese Red Army. And, above all, it runs a scholarly publishing program, for Fairbank has seized the opportunity to bring relays of Chinese scholars here from the Far East to write monographs (translated into English) on their specialties. Thus, the center is endowing our language with a windfall of books on Chinese history, while at the same time making Cambridge the main Chinese intellec-

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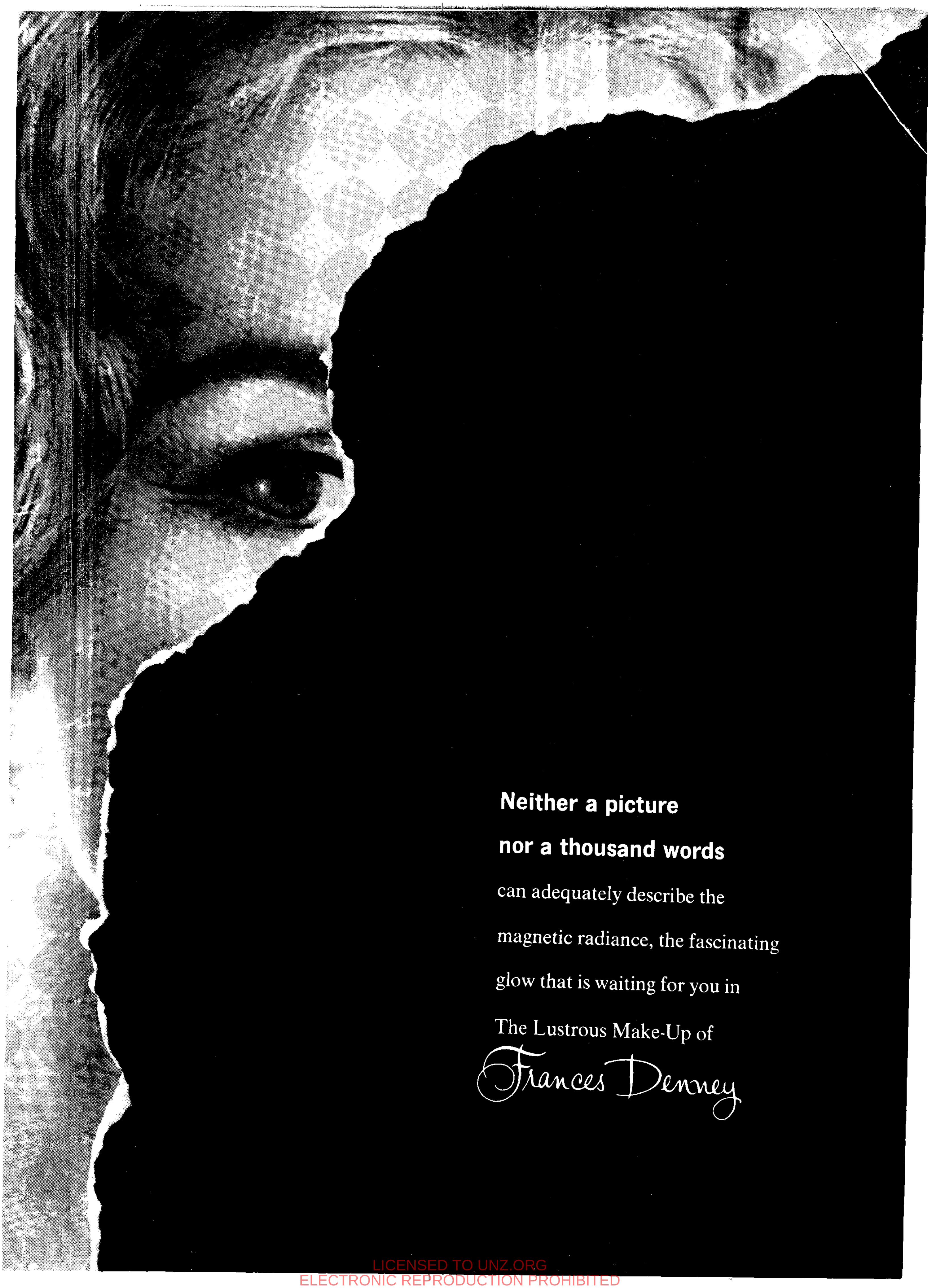

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tual center, perhaps, in the Western world.

Last summer, I went to a research conference organized by Fairbank's center. It took place in a building (itself a feature of the new era) belonging to the American Academy of Arts and Sciences—a big, ornate, rather barracks-like mansion, willed by a dead millionaire, set in the rolling hills of suburban Brookline, and suggesting in its décor the *mise en scène* of "Last Year at Marienbad." The place has a long, dark-panelled library with French windows, and at a long table in this sat some thirty scholars, with pads and pencils laid before them. Maybe two-thirds of the company were Americans—mainly of graduate-student vintage—and the rest were Chinese, inclining to middle age. Professor Fairbank sat at the head of the table and ran the meeting ably. He began with a little speech about the coördination of research, and then called on the others present to explain what they were doing. One by one, they reported, and sometimes discussions sprang up—about the Chinese Reds' exploitation of the filial-piety tradition, for instance, or about the semantic ambiguities of the Chinese language. Fairbank let the discussions run on, but he cut in now and then and was always clearly the boss of the assemblage. He was like a scholarly editor, parcelling out assignments to his staff but not telling them what to think. He seemed, in short, a powerful figure, and it was the center he had conceived that had made him so.

Harvard's Russian and Middle Eastern centers are much like the East Asian one. Each gets perhaps a hundred thousand dollars a year from the Ford Foundation, and each gets facilities from Harvard—space, books, personnel—that about match this in value; in addition, the Middle Eastern center gets nearly a hundred thousand dollars from the oil companies. These centers also go on the government payroll from time to time, though certain of their entrepreneurs express relief (apparently genuine) that Harvard won't let them do classified work in peacetime; our government security rules are humiliating—they run directly counter to human dignity—and Harvard professors simply do not care for them. Still, a few unclassified government jobs get done, like the one on the Chinese Red Army or like a huge project of interviewing Russian refugees in Germany that the Russian center undertook for the Air Force a decade ago. The original entrepreneur of the Russian center was Clyde Kluck-

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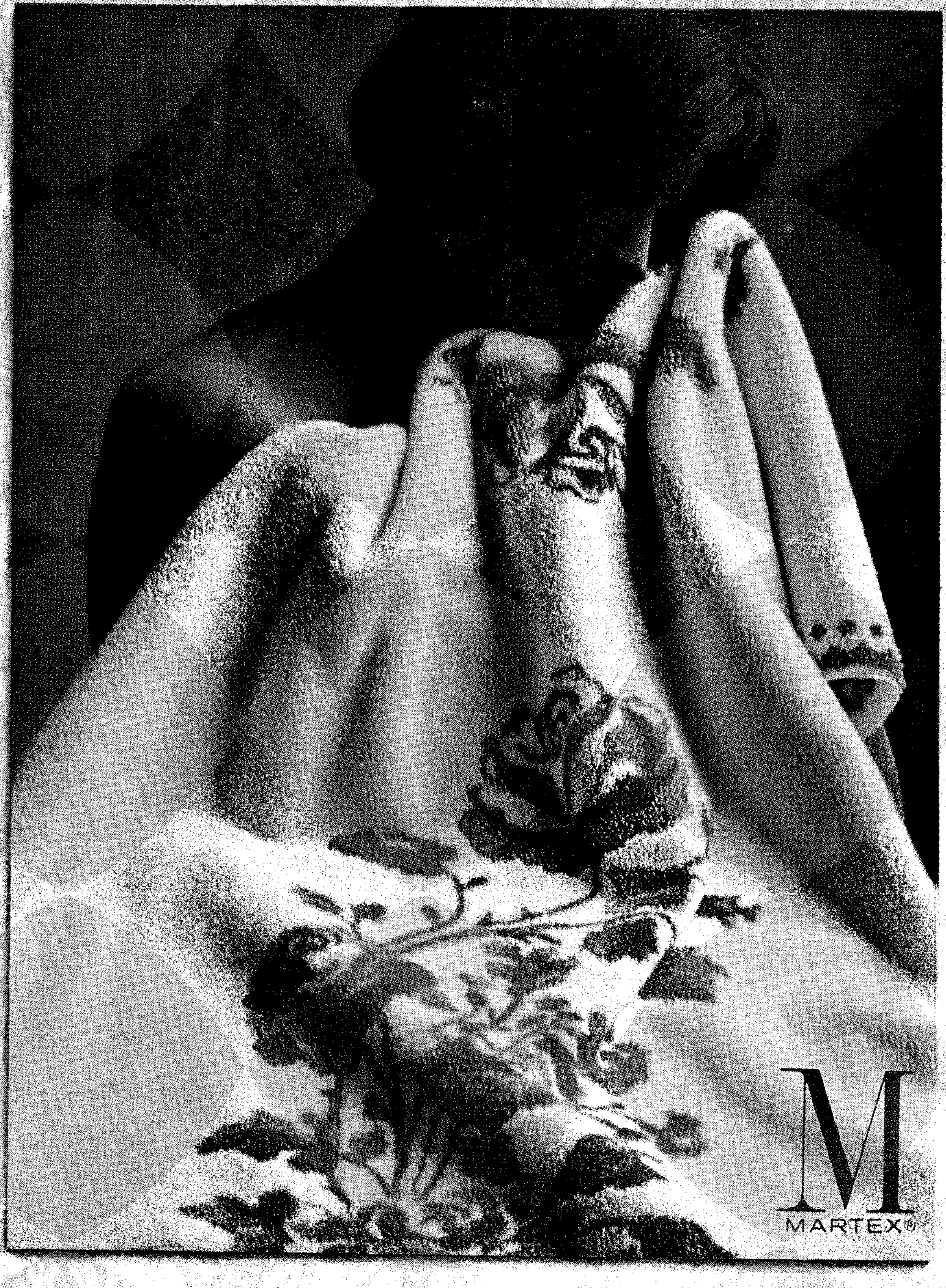

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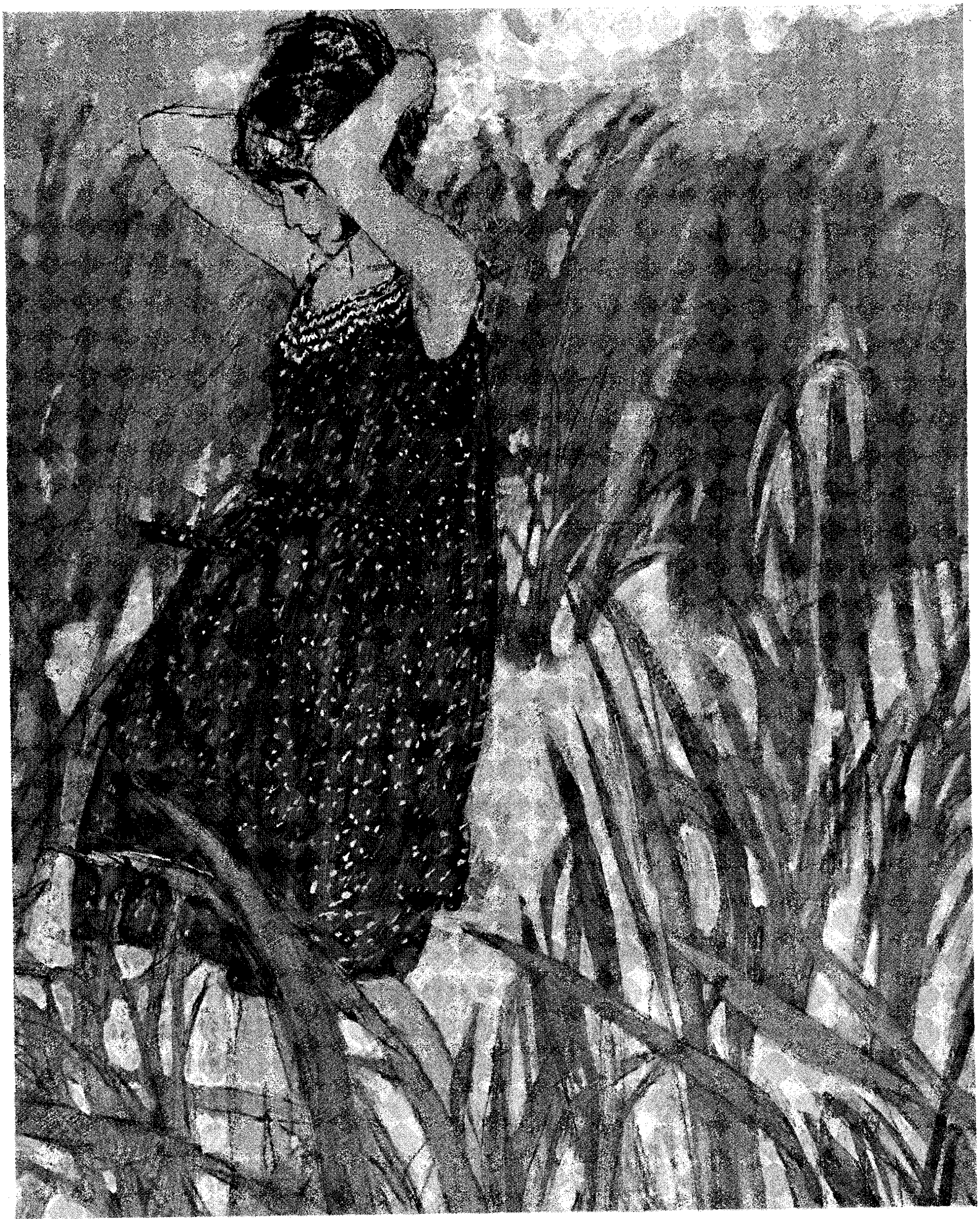

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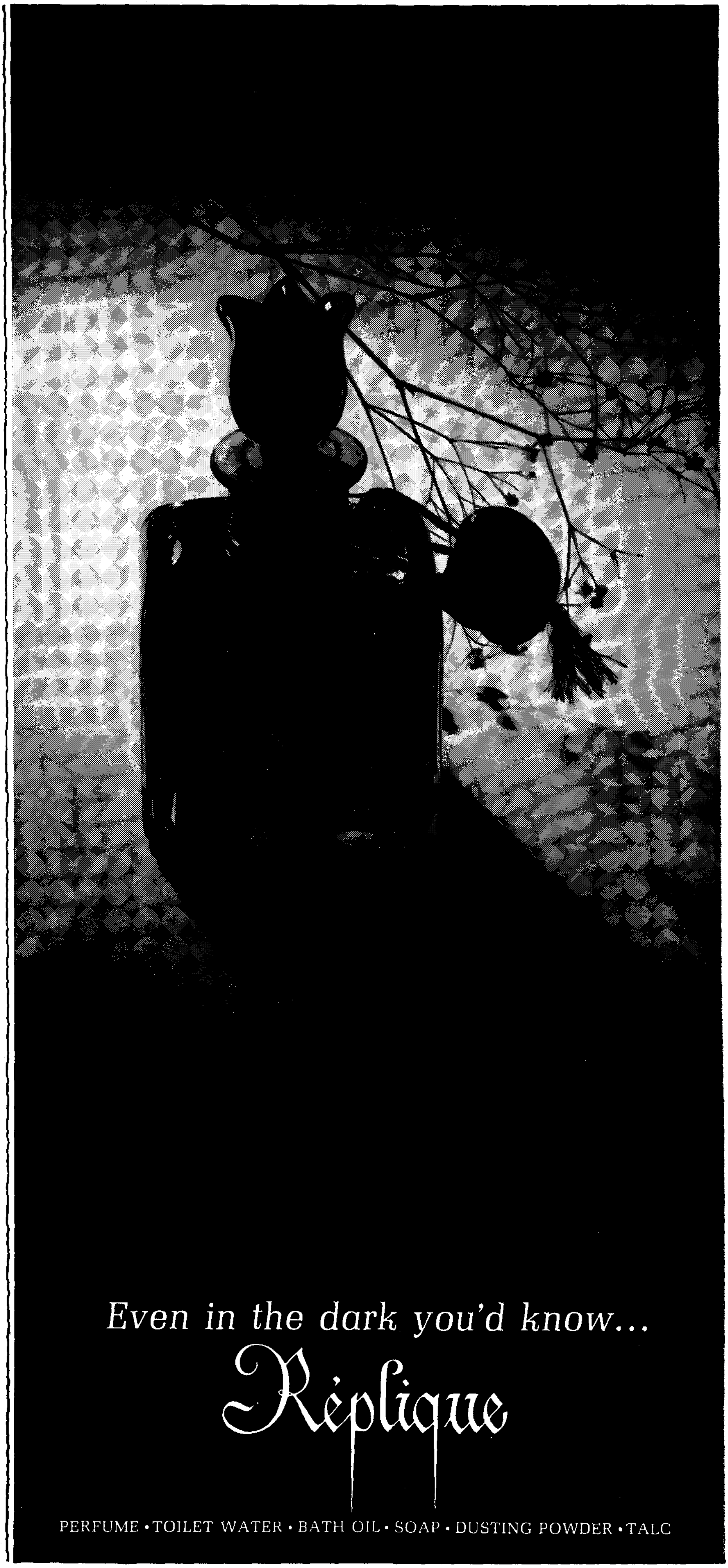
hohn, an anthropologist without special regional knowledge; the theory was that since Russia was closed to us, it should be given the same kind of social-scientific detective treatment that Japan had received during the Second World War from Ruth Benedict in "The Chrysanthemum and the Sword." Kluckhohn has died, and the center is under its third entrepreneur—Dr. Merle Fainsod, who *is* a regional expert, as is Dr. Richard Pipes, the second man. Their conduct of affairs has been more orthodox, if that word can be applied to centers at all. As for the Center for Middle Eastern Studies, its boss is an Englishman, Sir Hamilton A. R. Gibb, who is perhaps the world's top Arabist, and who is also known as an able executive—so able that he doesn't have to spend much time at it. (The staffs of the regional centers don't mix much, incidentally, even though they have a joint lunchroom. Customarily, the Russian experts sit at one table, the Middle East experts at another, and so on.)

The Center for International Affairs—sometimes called "the C.I.A." in conversation—coöperates with the regional centers in some ventures, but on the whole it sticks to its own lines of research. (It also runs two non-research programs—a school for diplomats and an economic-development advisory service.) It, too, gets a long-term Ford grant, plus money from other foundations, plus contract fees, plus support for its staff through specially endowed chairs in the university itself. "Clarence Dillon and Douglas Dillon have been very helpful," says Robert R. Bowie, who is both head of the center and Clarence Dillon Professor of International Affairs at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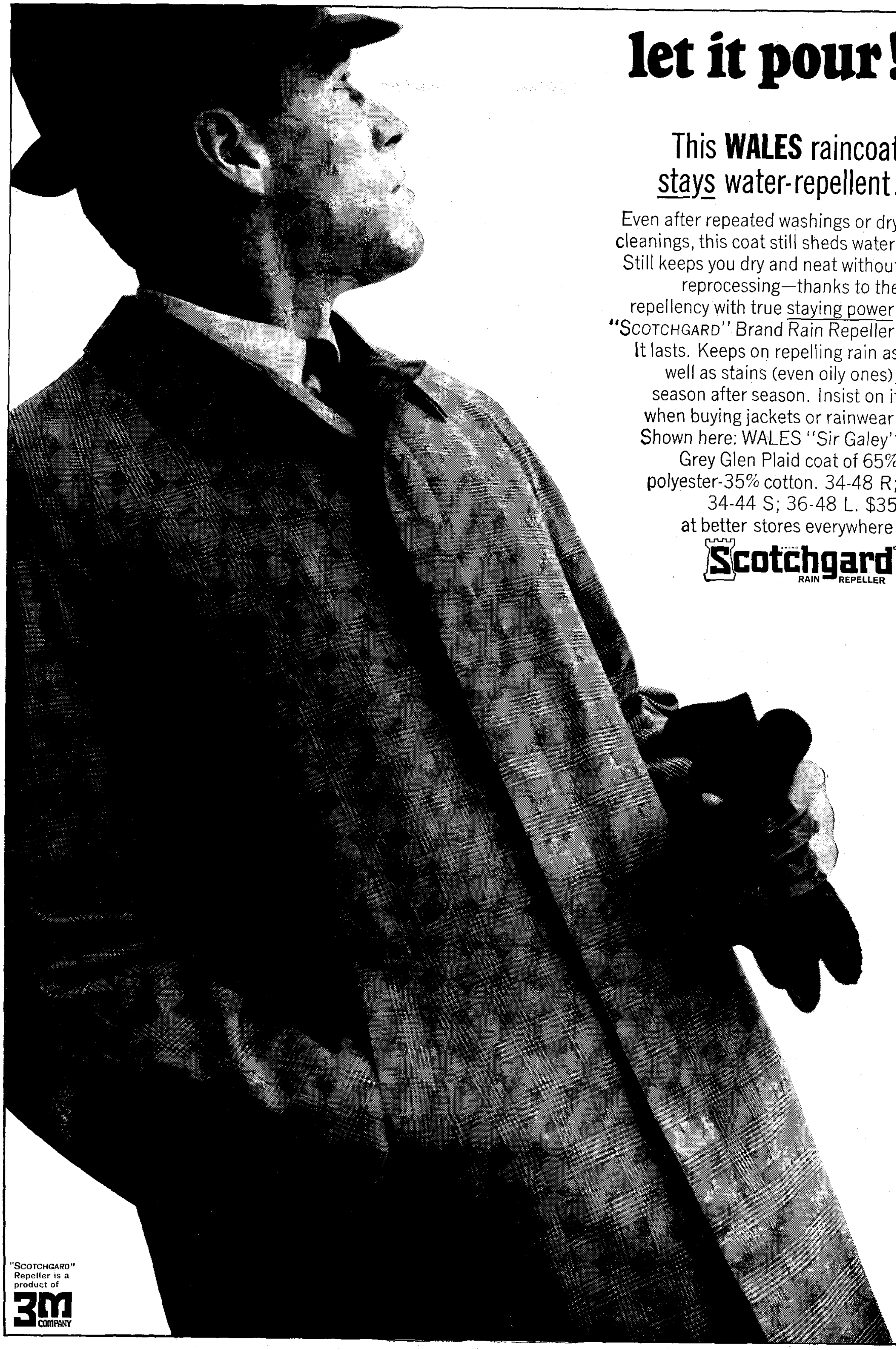
Harvard. Bowie is an alert and vital white-haired man in his fifties. He has been in law practice, in the Army, in military government, on the Harvard law faculty (1946-55), and in the State Department—he was Assistant Secretary of State for Policy Planning just before he came back to Harvard in 1957. He is reputed to be one of the prime architects of America's policy to get Europe unified, and he serves that ideal as devotedly in Cambridge as he did in Washington. He is more of a policy man and perhaps less of a pure scholar than the heads of the regional centers. He is more of a doer than they, and so is his center—it is more interested in masterminding Washington's decisions. Two of Bowie's colleagues—Thomas Schelling and Henry Kissinger—have even been called "militarists" in public print, but the term was used less in the sense of "warmonger" than in that of "professional military adviser," which they both indeed are. Schelling is credited with having thought up the hot line to Moscow, and Kissinger certainly has been one of our ranking thinkers on things military and diplomatic, although at the moment his star appears to be in the descendant. "One trouble is that Secretary McNamara has his own stable of intellectuals—and they are good," a professor told me. "I've heard that they're much better, for instance, than James Webb's intellectuals in NASA. Then, McNamara also has outlets like the RAND Corporation to help with his thinking." The truth is, of course, that high officials are at the mercy of intellectuals these days, and so the smart official will equip himself thoroughly in that regard, if only to stave off intimidation by Cambridge.

THESE four centers are university-wide, or at least are attached to the Faculty of Arts and Sciences, which is Harvard's core. But there are still other centers on the university's periphery, in its various professional schools. The Divinity School has a Center for the Study of World Religions. The Law School has a program of International Legal Studies, which might as well be called a center in the view of Professor Milton Katz, its chief. The School of Education has a Center for Studies in Education and Development. The Business School hopes soon—if a grant can be arranged—to have a Center for Multinational Business. The School of Design—in partnership with M.I.T. and by grace of the Ford Foundation—has a Joint Center for Urban Studies, which



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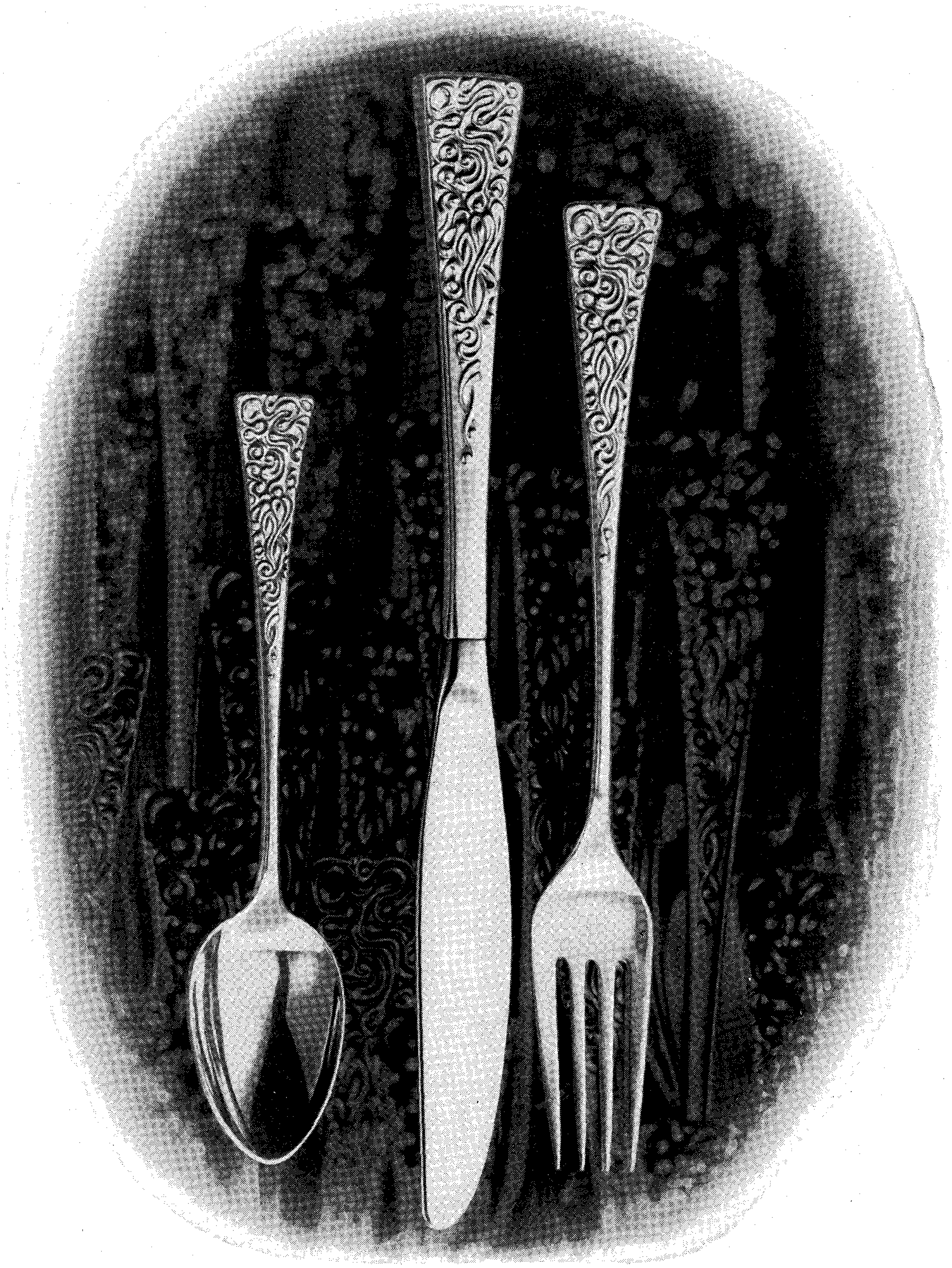
is building a new city in Venezuela. And so on. Centers are the rage.

Of all of them at Harvard, the Center for the Study of World Religions is in some ways the pleasantest. It has a hostel of its own, set in a quiet residential quarter and designed in brick, glass, and concrete by José Luis Sert, dean of Harvard's Faculty of Design. It is derisively called the "holy motel" by some of its Harvard-faculty neighbors, but it seems actually well suited to its purpose, which is to house eighteen religious scholars and give them room for study and devotions. It has eleven simple apartments for married couples and seven for single men (each with a kitchen, so that dietary rules may be observed), and a penthouse contains a meditation chapel with whitewashed brick walls and sparse furniture—plain cushioned benches and a table that can be used as an altar. (Both Christian and Jewish services are held regularly in the room.) Last year, at least half a dozen religions or sects were represented by scholars at the center—Buddhism (both Mahayana and Theravada), Christianity (Catholic and Protestant), Hinduism, Judaism, Mohammedanism, and the Parsi, or Zoroastrian, faith. Most of the scholars were attached to the Harvard Divinity School, but one was studying at the Middle Eastern center. Every Wednesday evening, the scholars had an intramural discussion, presided over by the center's chief, Dr. Robert Slater—an elderly Canadian Anglican priest, with a round pink face, blue eyes, and a fringe of silvery hair, who suggests G. K. Chesterton's Father Brown. At these sessions, all were encouraged to talk frankly about their beliefs, personal contact among different faiths—as opposed to the more usual documentary contact—being uppermost among the center's aims. This was also the aim, says Dr. Slater, of the anonymous benefactors whose money set the place up; it is one of the few new institutions of its kind at Harvard whose main support comes from endowments rather than from foundation grants.

Just about the youngest of Harvard's centers is the Center for Studies in Education and Development, which dates only from 1962. It was founded on a grant from the Carnegie Corporation, and it hopes to get added support from others, including Ford, as time goes on. Its director is Dr. Adam Curle, an Englishman who has worked in Asia and Africa, and its staff—an interdisciplinary one, drawn from the fields of economics, anthropology, statistics, education, linguistics, and psychology—is doing re-



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search on education and social change in developing nations. Dr. Curle's center has just joined the Middle Eastern center and the School of Public Health in a huge survey aimed at pinning down the relationship between education and economic development in Tunisia. It is also setting up a comprehensive high school in Nigeria, using funds from the United States Agency for International Development, and it has started a doctoral program for Peace Corps graduates, among others, who wish to serve in more advanced overseas work. Indeed, the center is still in a formative period; it seems unsure where its ideas, and its foundation support, may lead it.

Not so the International Legal Studies program, whose director, Professor Milton Katz—a man of firm jaw and piercing eye—has definite views on the needs he can fulfill. His program was started in 1954 and has already done many global things. It has published a series of books on the tax systems of other countries. It has launched a study, from the legal viewpoint, of urban land problems (in Mexico City, as it happens)—of what to do, that is, about squatters and other current city ills. And, most important, it has set out to reform the legal curricula of all Latin America. Professor Katz chose Latin America for this field of improvement because it has Western languages and a self-consciousness expressed in literature. ("You can't read native books about Nigeria," the Professor says, "because there practically aren't any.") He thinks that law is influential, and sometimes decisive, in social change. "Unless we know the law," he says, "we can't possibly move in with innovations." Almost half the government posts in some Latin-American countries are held by lawyers who, according to him, have had five years—in their late teens and early twenties—of legal-mixed-with-general education. In the Katz view, this is not enough, and in 1961 he toured five Latin-American countries to study what could be done about it. He worked out a program for full-time teachers in the law schools (instead of the part-time lawyer-teachers they are using now), together with libraries, schoolbooks, scholarships, and smaller classrooms for more intimate instruction. Then he got two universities—Chile and São Paulo, in Brazil—to agree to the program. Their governments presumably will pay for some of the reforms if Katz can get money from the foundations to cover the rest. If he can't get the money, he maintains, the Alliance for Progress will

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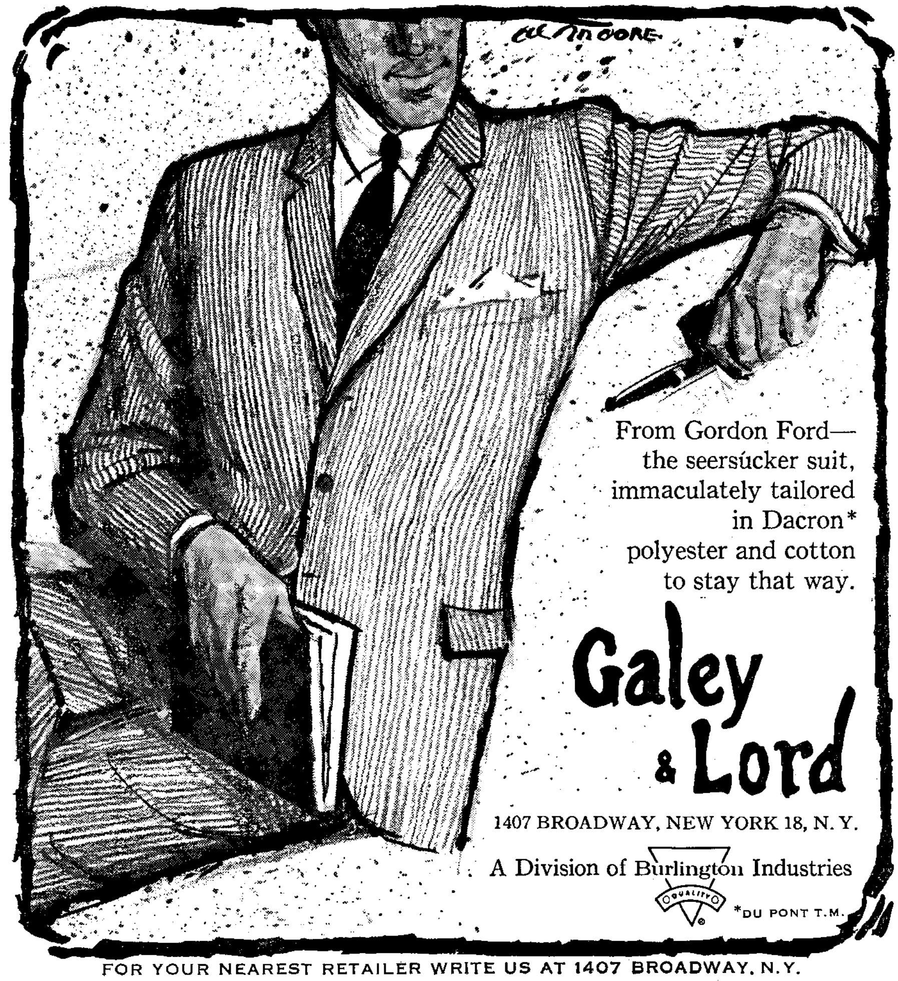

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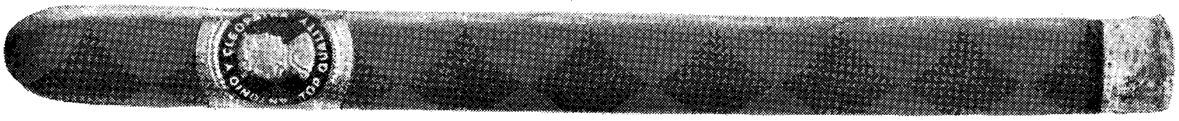

ANTONIO Y CLEOPATRA

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be damaged. If he can, he expects the reforms to spread through all the Latin-American universities.

Empire-building on this scale is not found everywhere in Harvard, yet there are other globalizers at the university whose dreams approach it. The Business School has its share of them, and recently I talked with a few. The school is across the Charles from most of Harvard, and is different in its atmosphere. "The river is a mile wide here," one of its faculty told me. Physically, the school tries to out-Harvard the Harvard Yard—being a collection of brick Georgian buildings placed around quadrangles—but in procedure it has a crisp efficiency in keeping with the walk of life it serves. To get launched there, I merely called up a Mr. John Chapman, on the staff of the *Harvard Business Review*, who doubles as a public-relations man. He suggested half a dozen people I might talk with, and I chose three, and in no time was having satisfactory interviews—a feat that across the Charles might have taken days of exploration.

The first man I saw was Professor Harry L. Hansen, main planner of the proposed Center for Multinational Business, who may well head it if it comes into being. He is youngish, suave, and diplomatic—an easy talker—and he told me about a number of foreign operations that the Business School had taken on in the past decade. "New demands are being made on us all the time," he said. "Take the Dominican Republic. Trujillo owned fifty per cent of the industry there, so his men held about fifty per cent of the managerial posts. When he left, they left, too. That made a big vacuum, and the Business School has been asked to train replacements. Or take Pakistan. The Pakistanis are developing an institute to make economic-feasibility studies—studies to learn whether certain industries and enterprises should be started in their country—and they have asked us for people to help them. That's another drain. Often we must say no to requests because we are so involved in our current missions. The only way out is to expand our missions and expand our staff. We hope that a center will take care of this, and, incidentally, we are making appeals to American businessmen who might find time to work with us—on leave, say, or after an early retirement—because the need is so great for experienced manpower. There is also the problem of compartmentalization. Economists are often thought to be the best people for development work,

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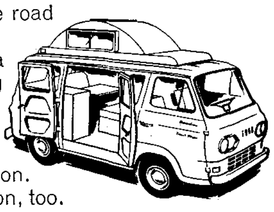

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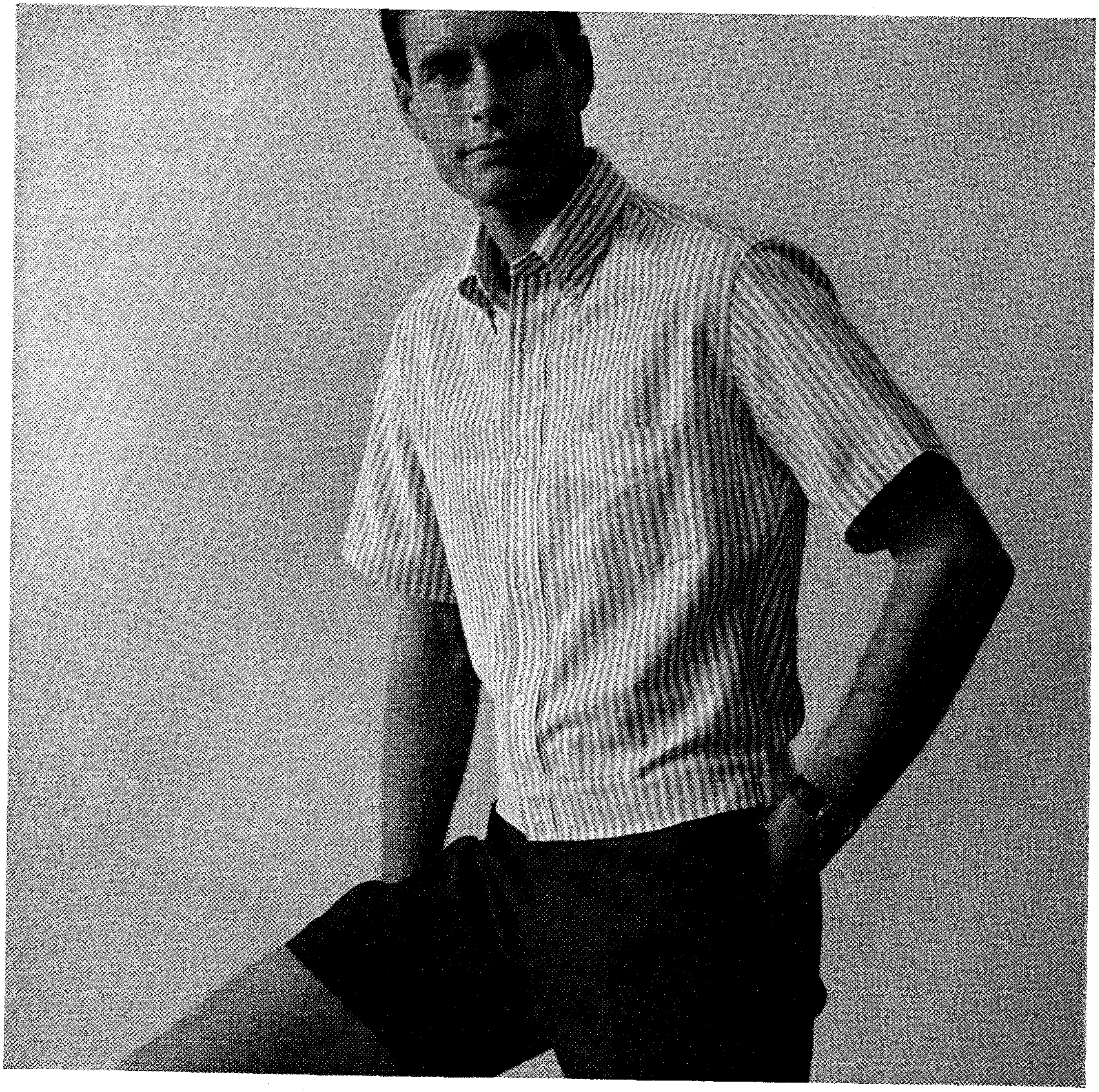

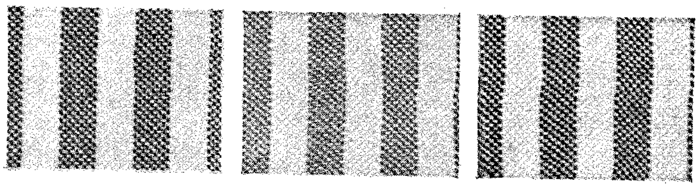

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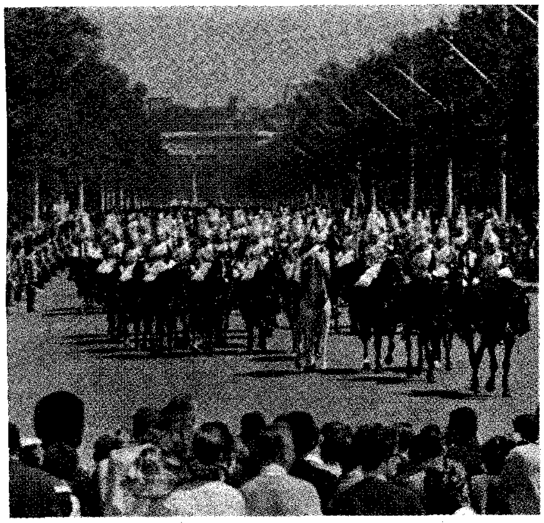
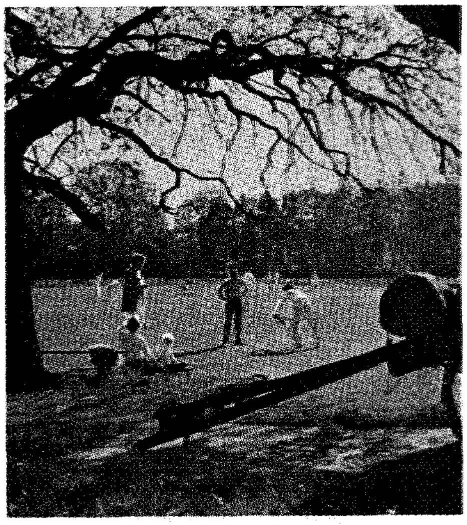
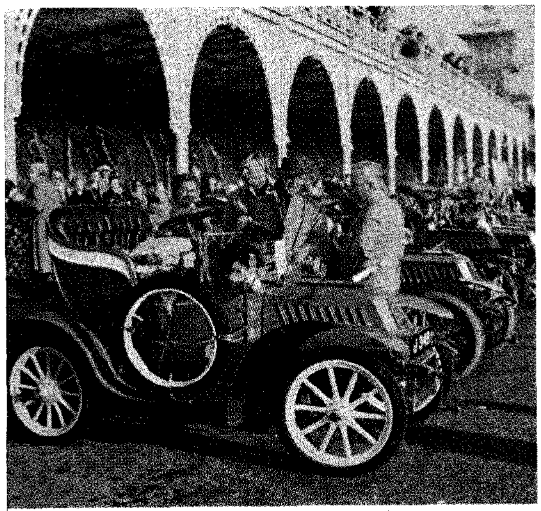


**TROOPING THE COLOUR.** This glorious parade is held in London on June 13. You can watch the Household Cavalry ride up The Mall to Horse Guard's Parade. London rejoices.



**VILLAGE CRICKET.** Here's a delightful way to relax on a busy tour. Just find a shady tree, sit on the grass and *watch*. Any Saturday and Sunday, May through September, all over England.

**CHANGING THE GUARD.** You can see this ancient ceremony any morning at Windsor Castle, Horse Guard's Parade, the Tower of London or Buckingham Palace (above).

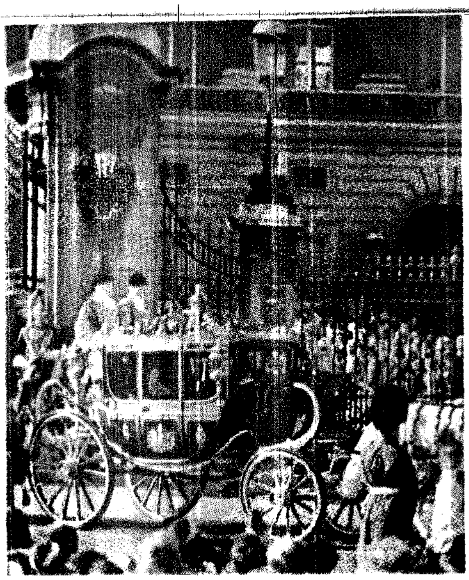


**VETERAN CAR RUN.** These horseless carriages are resting up on the seafront at Brighton, after a 55-mile trip from London. The event takes place every year, on a Sunday early in November.

**REGATTAS.** Rivers are rippling with "eights" as early as March. Henley (above) is probably England's favorite regatta—even when Harvard wins. A 4-day meeting, from July 1 through 4.

**FOLK FESTIVALS.** These merry dancers are whooping it up in a village in Wales. You'll find lively festivals and fairs everywhere you go in Britain—January through December.

**MUSEUMS.** Most of Britain's museums and art galleries are free. These two visitors to the British Museum have discovered one of the pleasures of touring Britain: *no language barrier.*

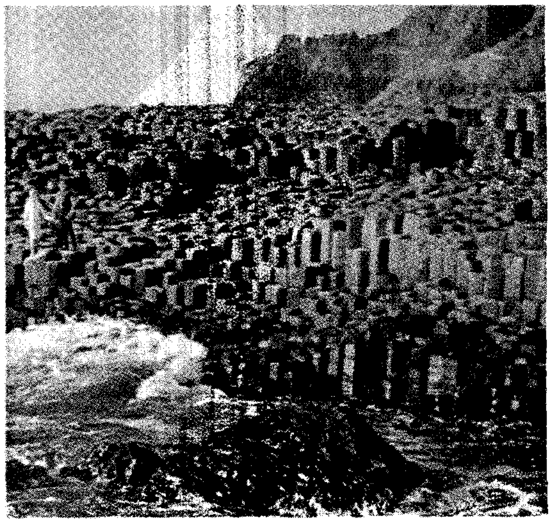


**STATE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT.** Another dazzling *fall* event. You can see the Queen ride in her State Coach from Buckingham Palace to the House of Lords. October or early November.

**PUB GAMES.** Friendly idea for meeting the British: ask the local champions to explain shove-ha'penny and darts. But you'll probably find it easier to hold your own at skittles (above).

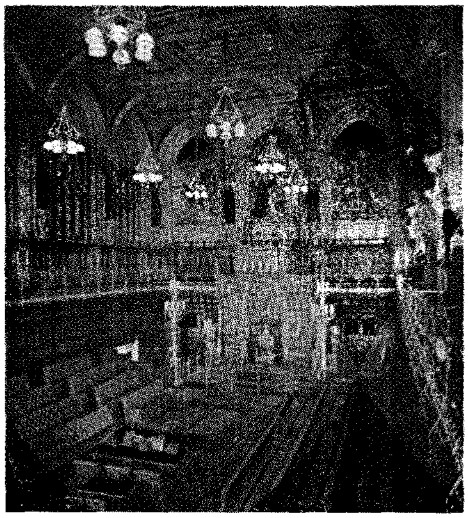
**CATHEDRALS.** This is the nave of York Minster. There are more than fifty cathedrals in Britain. Visit them at Evensong to hear their thundering organs and mellifluous choirboys.

**THE LORD MAYOR'S SHOW.** Here, his State Coach arrives at London's Law Courts. Note escort of pikemen. The mile-long procession has bands and elaborate tableaux. November 14.

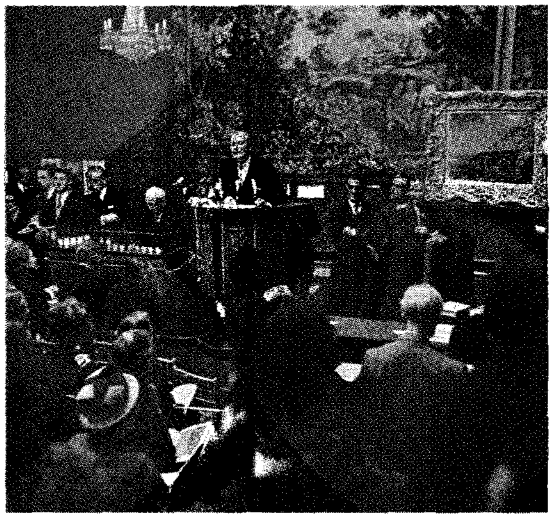


**GIANT'S CAUSEWAY.** Legend says that a giant, Finn McCoul, hurled these stepping stones into the sea off Northern Ireland. He planned to walk over them to Fingal's Cave in Scotland.

**WAYFARER'S DOLE.** For 800 years, St. Cross's Hospital in Winchester has refreshed weary travelers with free bread and ale. Drop in here after you've visited Winchester's cathedral and castle.



**HOUSE OF LORDS.** Sit in the Strangers' Gallery here and listen to peers and peeresses in wise and witty debate. To visit the Commons, next door, apply at your Embassy in London.



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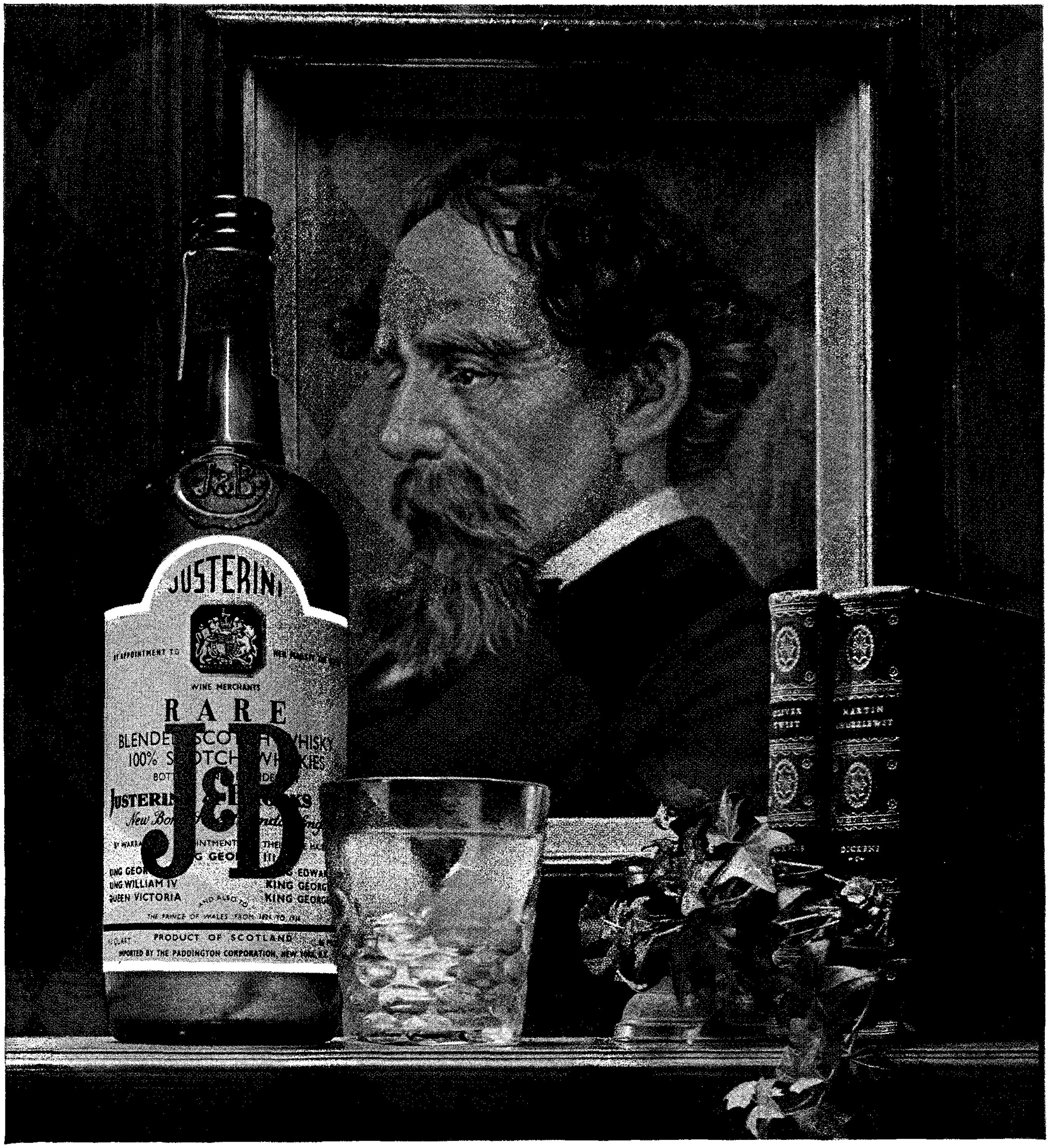
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but actually a task-force approach, with different talents included, can be better. The Business School has begun a ten-year project—underwritten by the Ford Foundation, the Indian government, the Indian business community, and the government of Gujarat State, above Bombay—to set up an All-India Institute of Management at Ahmadabad. Now, it happens that Indian management is very autocratic—the lower-downs don't get much chance to participate and contribute ideas—and if we are going to change that, we must understand the social and psychological background. We must have a total approach, and that's what a center can give us."

The next professor I saw was General Georges Doriot, an elderly man of French birth who teaches industrial management at the Business School, and who has founded a similar school at Fontainebleau, called INSEAD (for Institut Européen d'Administration des Affaires). He is also president of the American Research & Development Corporation, which has supplied capital for many research-and-development companies on Route 128 and elsewhere. Indeed, it was at the A. R. & D. office, on the twenty-third floor of a Boston skyscraper, that I saw Doriot. He is a thin, gray-haired, fragile-looking man with an aquiline face and a marked French accent, and he treated me—and his office staff, whenever one of them came into the room—with great courtesy. I asked him about INSEAD, and found that it was a matter close to his heart.

"Six or seven years ago, I felt we must manufacture Europeans if we hoped to see Europe rebuilt," he said. "To do that we needed a factory. Europe had no graduate school of business, so I set out to start one. I went over there whenever I could and rang doorbells. I felt the school should be independent, for if a university there took it over, the teaching would be too much by lawyers and economists—too theoretical. So I got businessmen's support—from some industrialists and from the Paris Chamber of Commerce. And the Ford Foundation helped. Then I got premises at Fontainebleau from the French government; it's a good location, close to Orly Airport and the Central European Command. INSEAD is *the* global graduate school of business. Students come there from twenty-seven, twenty-eight nations. Recently, an international oil company wanted to hire fifteen members of our graduating class and station them in different coun-

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tries, the idea being that since they knew one another they could work well together. That was impossible, but it will give you the idea. Our Harvard Business School should send its good students over to INSEAD every year for a short period, so they could learn the European view. All the teaching there is in the frame of what goes on in Europe. INSEAD is beyond the Common Market, even, since it has British students. The only trouble is that it has no money, because European firms are not used to giving much for such ventures. American firms doing business in Europe should help. The school teaches appreciation of free enterprise, you see—of what America has done, of what America *can* do. It's better than any propaganda, because it turns out leaders who sincerely appreciate us."

The General seemed idealistic as he spoke. On his office walls were three separate reproductions of Michelangelo's "Creation of Man"—of the Divine finger extending the spark of life to Adam—and I asked about them. The General, it turned out, felt that they symbolized the creative function of his company, American Research & Development. It had been founded in 1946, he said, by Ralph Flanders—later the Senator from Vermont—together with Karl Compton, then M.I.T.'s president, and some farsighted Boston financiers, and its purpose was to steer capital into risky but desirable undertakings. "We create, and our companies are like children to us," he said. "We don't sacrifice them if they are near death—we try to bring them back. When your child is sick, or is disappointing you, you don't sell it over the counter, do you? Nor do we. We are used to adversity, and that's why people come to us."

My third Business School professor, Raymond Vernon, turned out to be small, energetic, and articulate, and distinguished by the complexity of his global affiliations at Harvard. "There is a nexus between the foreign activities here, and I move about in it," he said. "I am, to begin with, Professor of International Trade and Investment at the Business School. Theoretically, I spend half my time on that, and it pays half my salary. The other half is paid by the Center for International Affairs—the Bowie shop—where I run a fantastic operation that I'll tell you about presently. But that isn't all. I am wholly away from the campus for about three months of the year, generally in Asia or Latin America. I used to be in the State Department, and I have a book coming out

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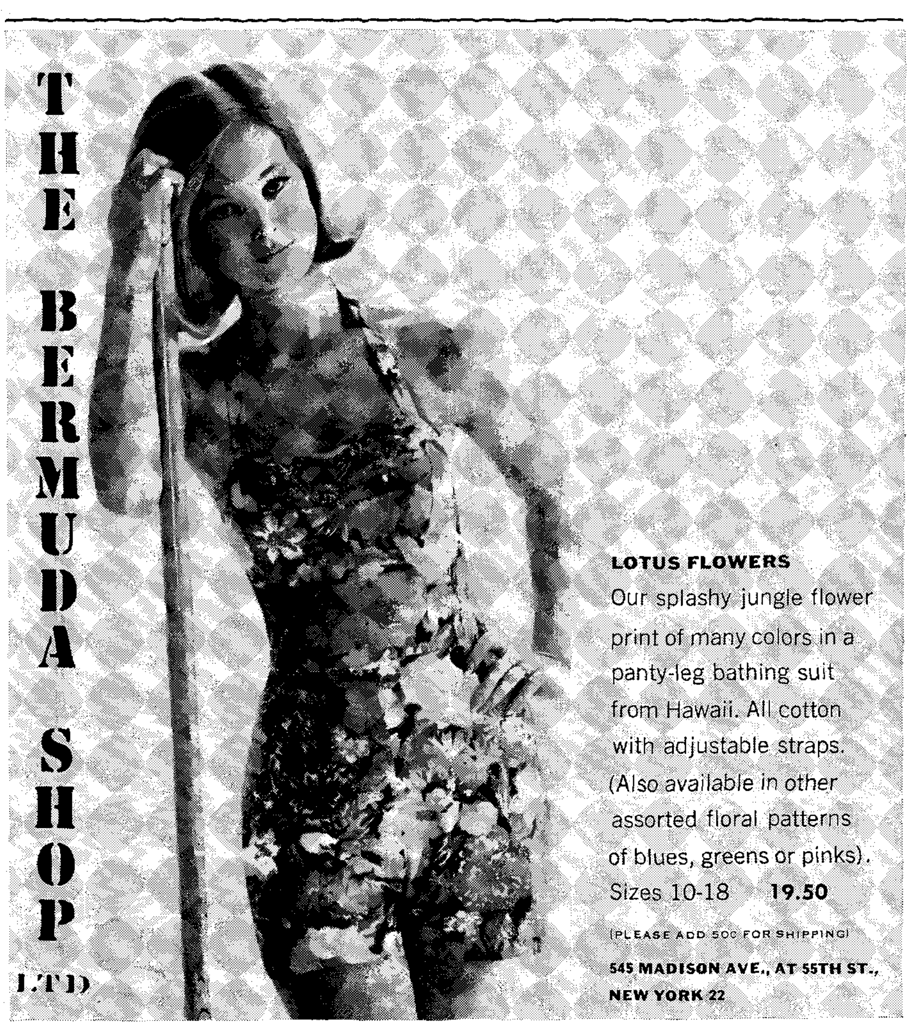

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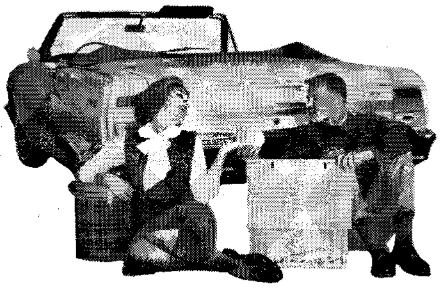

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soon on Mexican economics. Then, I have close ties with the International Legal Studies program, run by Milton Katz, and with the Joint Center for Urban Studies. Until recently, in fact, I was a director of the Joint Center, and this week I am booked for two lunches there. Next week, I have a lunch date with Katz, to hear about his trip to Mexico and to interest him, if I can, in an interdisciplinary study of the multinational corporation. He *will* be interested, I know—that goes without saying—but I still want to talk to him about it."

"Exactly what is the multinational corporation?" I asked.

"The multinational corporation looks on the world as the Rothschilds once looked on Europe," he said. "It works in all countries, and it seldom knows which one it belongs to. For instance, there is the Such-and-Such Company"—he named a big American manufacturing company—"which also exists in Canada, and which may sell pumps and motors to Red China from there. The company may go against our government's trading-with-the-enemy act, and our antitrust laws, and so on. If you discuss the matter with somebody in it, you don't know who it is you're talking to—an American or a Canadian or what. You should really ask the company psychiatrist. All in all, I think, the phenomenon is ripe for a study."

I nodded, and Dr. Vernon went on to explain the "fantastic operation" that he runs at the Center for International Affairs.

"It's a development advisory service with a staff of twenty-two people in foreign countries," he said. "Development isn't really understood by social scientists, so the center is offering advisers to serve with developing countries in order to expose itself to the process. Some of the advisers are being periodically rotated back to Harvard, where they do research or teaching, or both, to spread their knowledge and explore the subject further. We are trying to set up a third class of career here, you see—a class of people whose work is neither academic nor administrative primarily. That is, people who, to a large degree, are operators."

The advisory service has thirteen workers now in Pakistan—inherited from a Harvard planning group that has been there for a decade—the Professor told me, and it has sent three others to Argentina, three to Colombia, and two to Indonesia. The full staff of twenty-two field people costs over a million dollars annually, at fifty thousand dollars

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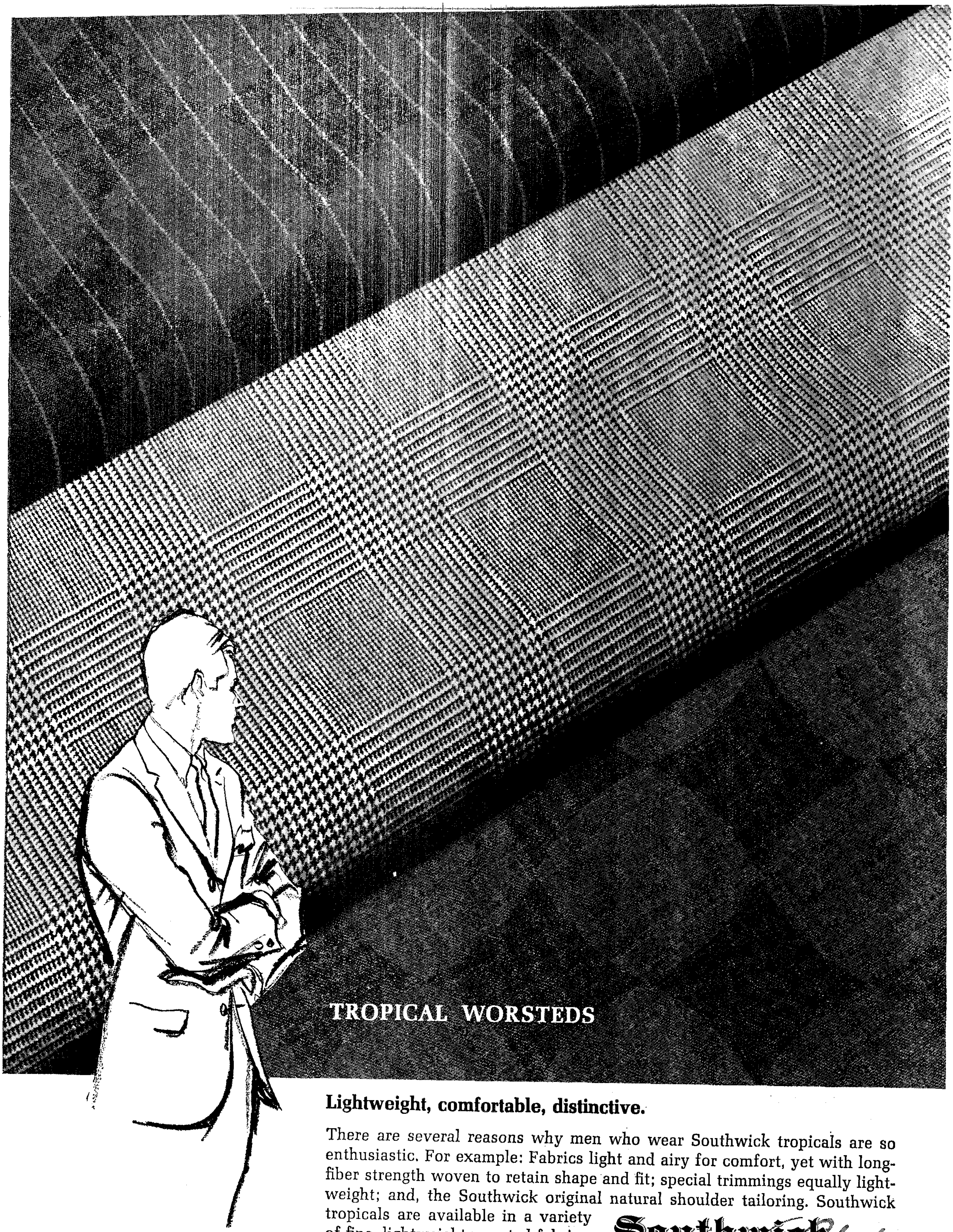

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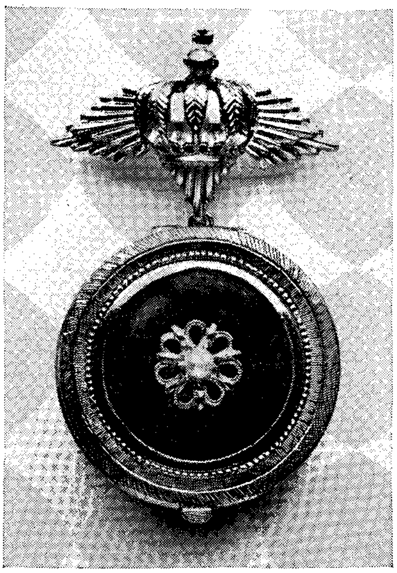

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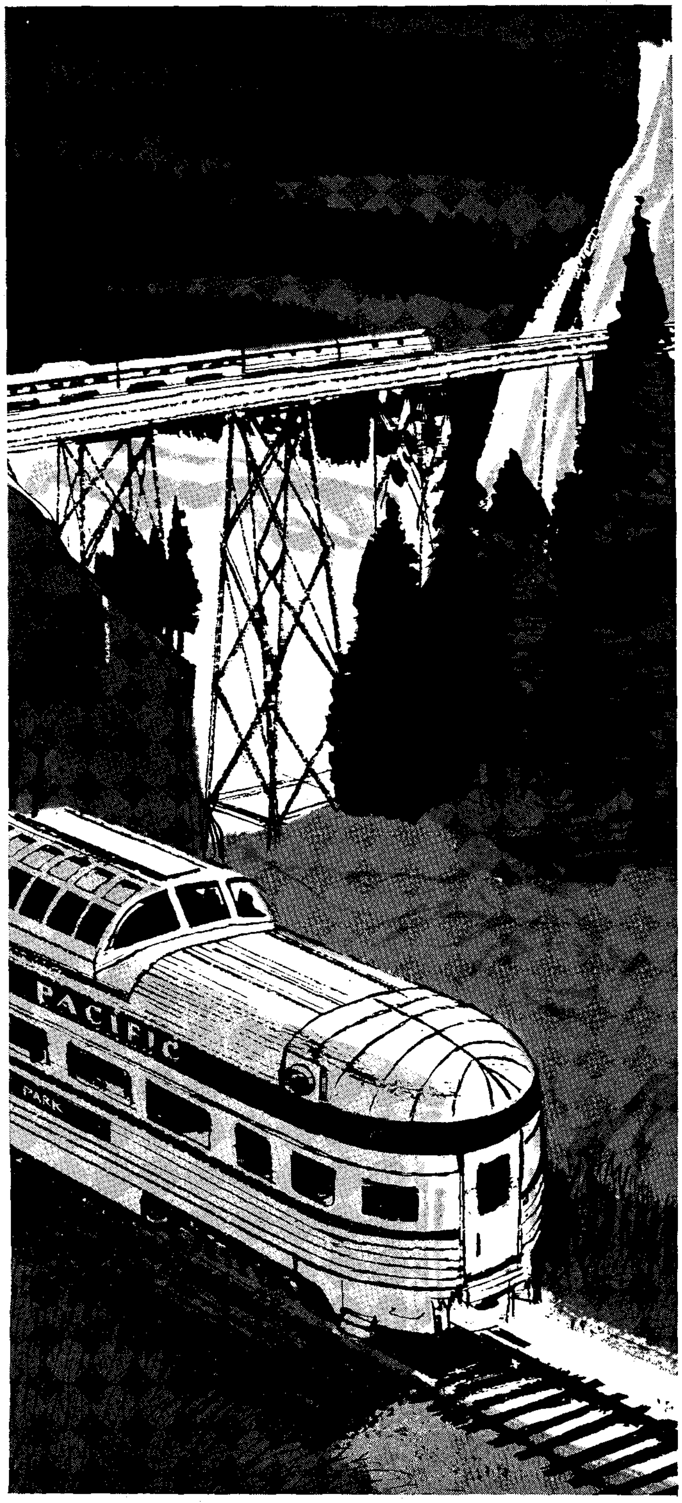
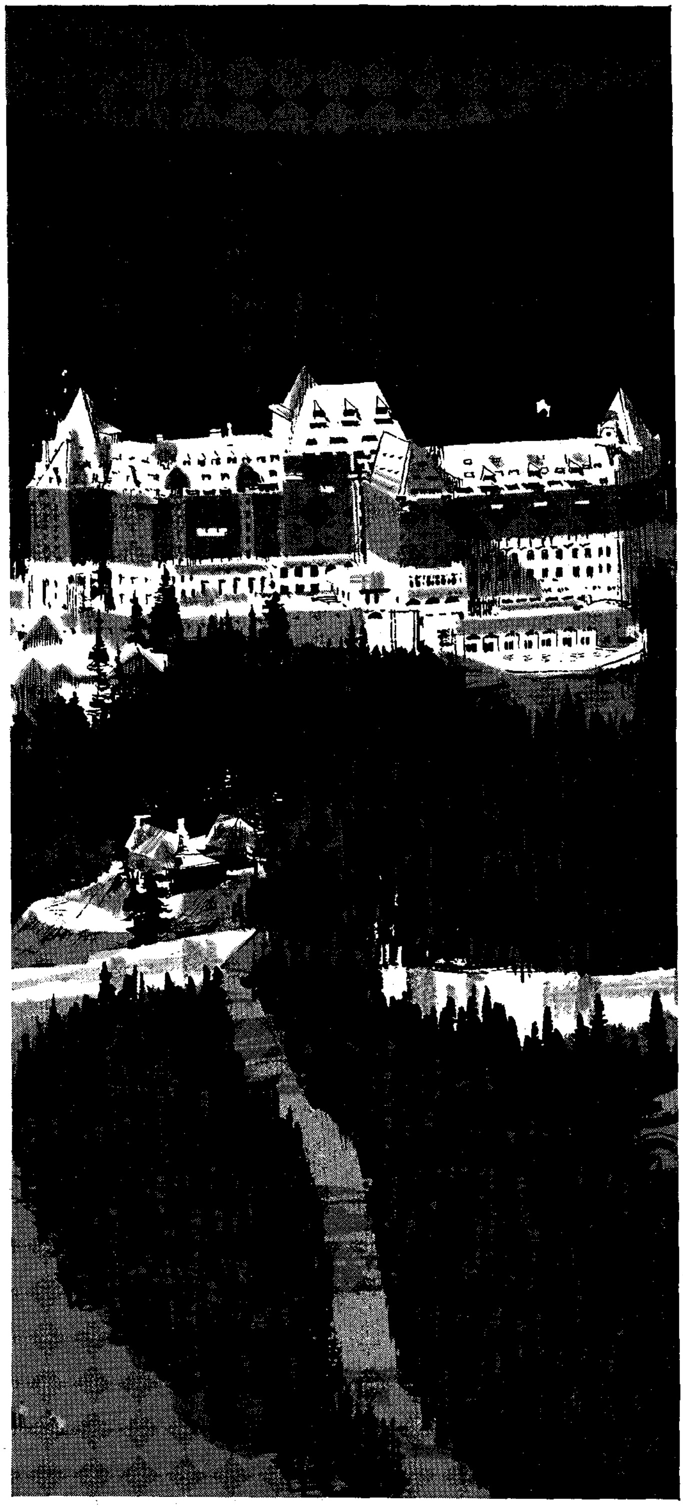
per man per year. The Ford Foundation is the chief angel, but it is sharing the cost of the Pakistani program with U.S.A.I.D., and the Argentine program is being backed entirely by the Inter-American Bank.

WITH the rest of the Cambridge academic world, things are much the same. The Fletcher School, at Tufts, founded in 1933, is still going strong. Brandeis University, though a newcomer, is getting well launched in foreign affairs. It already has a program—financed by Lawrence A. Wien, a New York philanthropist—that supports some sixty-five foreign students on its campus every year. It is sending thirty American students—juniors—to Israel each year for six months of study (including eight weeks in an intensive Hebrew-language school). It is also working up a close relationship with at least one Latin-American university—the University of the Andes, at Bogotá. And for the past two summers it has run a seminar on the United States for overseas communications specialists brought to this country by the State Department. The Brandeis globalism is embryonic, but it is developing along familiar lines—more foreign students, more foreign study, and more foreign operations, all supported by the foundations, the government, and private philanthropy.

Boston University's chief distinction globally is its African center. Of late, it has been doing contract work for the U.S.A.I.D. program—briefing A.I.D. personnel about to leave for Africa, "debriefing" them on return, and getting up reading matter for them. Besides this, it reinforces the B.U. curriculum, provides an African library, and attracts scholars to Cambridge. The university has a good share of foreign students and is also engaged in at least one foreign operation—a team of five B.U. scholars is trying, with U.S.A.I.D. support, to revive a school of public administration in Guinea. This school was started by the French when Guinea was in their empire, but it was abandoned when the Guineans chose, on being freed, to stay out of the French Union of Africa and Madagascar. Since then, it has languished through the various Guinean ups and downs—including the phase of Russian dominance there—but now the B.U. team hopes to get it going again.

As for M.I.T., its nature as a technical school, dealing in "applied" knowledge, shows up in its international work, too. The foreign-study centers at Harvard get much support from their uni-





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versity, but M.I.T.'s Center for International Studies, by virtue of foundation grants and government contracts, comes close to paying its own way. To that end, it does "classified" research—which Harvard, in general, will not touch—and this alone gives its premises a special atmosphere. Entry to the Harvard centers is as free as the wind; one may drift in and out of them at will. Parts of M.I.T.'s center, on the other hand, are guarded by a railed-off limbo of the kind found in our embassies and foreign military installations. The visitor must stop there, state his business, and wait until the man he is to see, or the man's secretary, comes to escort him farther. Then, after his talk—which in itself may differ little from a talk with a Harvard savant—he must be escorted out again, departing under the eye of a security guard. In its research, too, the M.I.T. center puts more stress than Harvard does on technological means and technological interests. Harvard's social scientists try hard to justify the label of "scientists," but where political science is concerned they are not radical about it; in their teaching, the Harvard political scientists still emphasize the reading of constitutions and of writers like Plato and John Stuart Mill. But their colleagues at M.I.T. incline more to a "behavioral" study of modern trends, with the help of statistical analysis and electronic computers. Mathematics is a prerequisite for graduate study in political science at the Institute and probably nowhere else in the world. The idea is strong there that science is about to enter politics and bring on a new dawn. In line with this, the M.I.T. center just finished an appraisal of Russian research and development in the arms industry. It is currently studying the development of backward areas, where our ability to transfer technology is thought to be the key issue. And it is doing much work on "communications"—a word that at M.I.T. more than anywhere else, perhaps, now covers everything from the stringing of telephone wires to the art of persuasion.

M.I.T.'s branching out into social studies is a recent occurrence, and it has been sped by the individual, subjective interests of leading men there—scientists like Jerrold R. Zacharias, who made his mark in physics and then moved into teaching reform, and Jerome Wiesner, currently the dean of the School of Science at M.I.T. The Center for International Studies, which dates back to 1951, came into being because Wiesner took a broad view of a communications problem; he had been asked, as an electrical engineer, to stop

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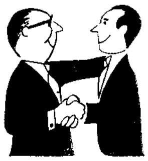

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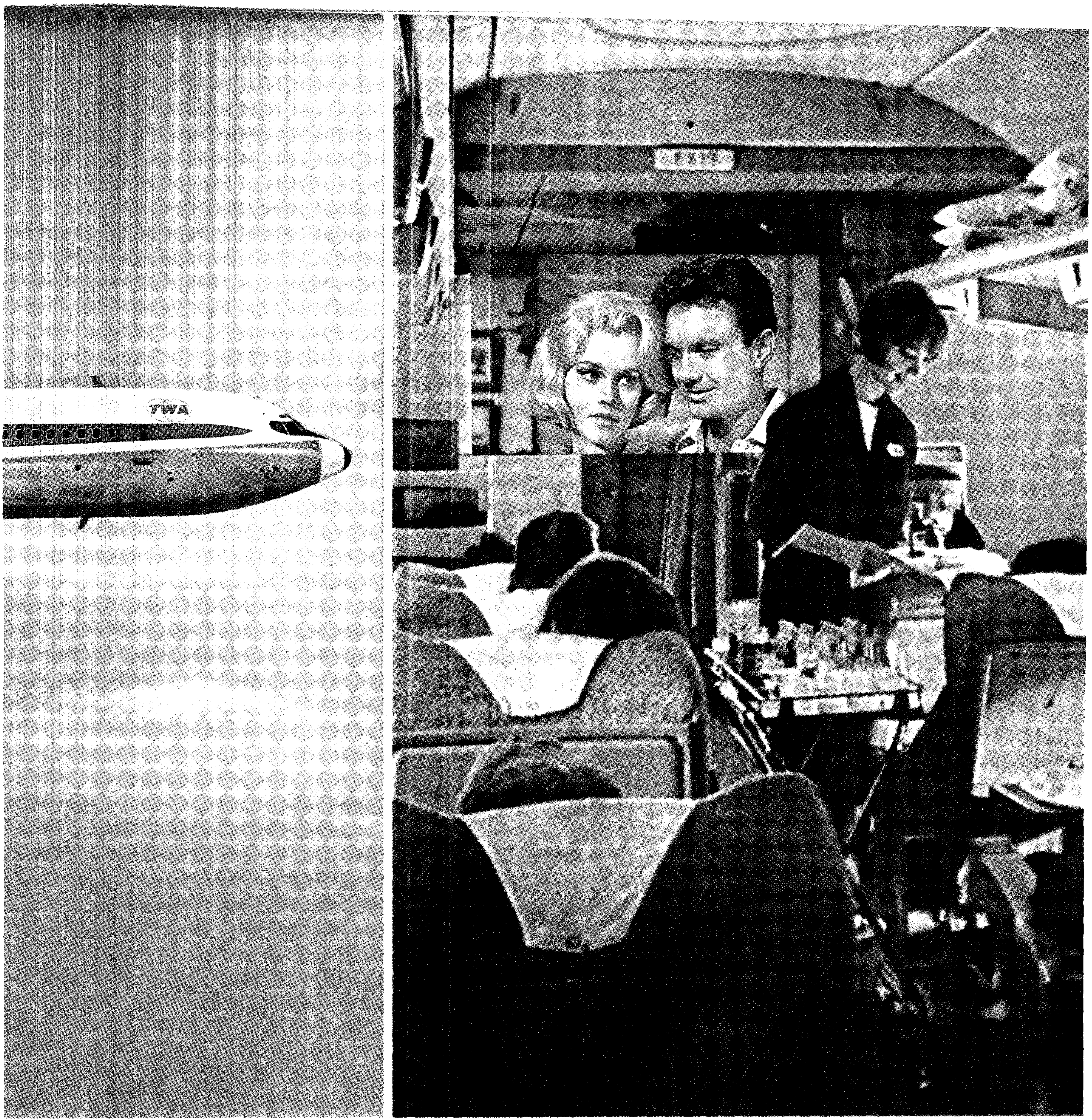

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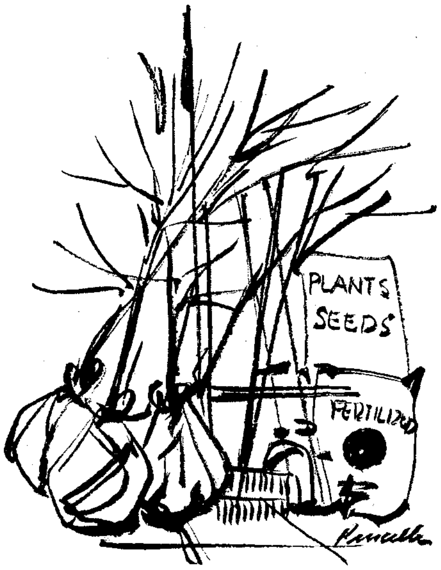
the jamming of American broadcasts to Russia, and he insisted on first learning more about the broadcasts' contents and potential audiences. The center was put together to help supply that knowledge. "From the beginning, we felt the pressure of the scientific community," I was told by Professor Max Millikan, the center's quiet, logical chief, who is an economist and also the son of the late Robert A. Millikan, the great physicist and president of Cal Tech. "Some scientists had got absorbed in applied weapons problems—designing things like nuclear explosives and supersonic planes—and dissatisfaction with the results was working in them. It burst out in the form of a great interest in disarmament and arms control—notably among Wiesner, Zacharias, and their Harvard colleagues Edward Purcell and Paul Doty. All those men had earlier been involved in arms development. They were strongly concerned about the results, but they didn't share the old simple revulsion against war—the feeling that had moved the atomic scientists in the forties. They wanted, rather, to study the how of war, and what to do about it. So five years ago Wiesner and Zacharias started a small seminar on the subject. They took in Bowie and Kissinger, from Harvard, and Ithiel de Sola Pool, of our center here, and me. We met casually at first on Sunday mornings; then we decided to formalize our seminar, and got a small Rockefeller grant. Now the seminar meets one evening a month and has thirty-five people in it, from both Harvard and here and from many different disciplines."

Almost simultaneously with this interest in arms control, an urge grew up among the scientists at M.I.T. to help advance the backward areas. "Until re-



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cently, M.I.T. did very little overseas," a dean at the Institute told me. "In the middle fifties, we had a contract with the Economic Coöperation Administration—now the A.I.D.—to work with the University of Rangoon, but nothing came of it. In those days, the problems of underdeveloped countries were of interest to very few people here. The scientists and engineers didn't care much—they were busy with the new technology in America. But as the fifties wore on, they began changing. One year, one engineer would drop in on Max Millikan and ask what could be done about development; the next year two would drop in; and so on. Before long, there was a great deal of feeling all through the Institute about these problems, and that feeling is behind the overseas work we are doing now."

M.I.T.'s development as a global influence has been different from Harvard's in that it began almost from scratch. Harvard's globalism has increased tremendously since the early fifties, and much enthusiasm has gone into it, but the movement has been led by a corps of professionals—men who decided in the thirties, or even the twenties, that they would be internationalists, and who systematically trained for it. M.I.T., on the other hand, has had to convert amateurs or import professionals from elsewhere. Millikan and his noted colleague Walt W. Rostow (who is on leave now and serving as chairman of the State Department Policy Planning Council, a job once held—under Eisenhower and Dulles—by Robert Bowie, of *Harvard's* international center) came to M.I.T. only in the late forties, and most of their associates joined them in the fifties. And the M.I.T. library has yet to catch up with the center's activities—the center is still dependent on the Widener Library at Harvard, from which it borrows in a wholesale way. As a result of all this, the emphasis of the M.I.T. center is on the present. For instance, a company that had invented a new pump came and asked M.I.T. whether it would be popular in Indian villages. The center is a natural for "techno-economic" inquiries like this. "We are interested in the contemporary world," Professor Millikan explained to me. "We have studied India a good deal, but that doesn't mean we have gone into Sanskrit much, or Indian religions." Here, again, the M.I.T. bent differs somewhat from that of Harvard; Harvard's East Asian Research Center has published several works on nineteenth-century China, and at least one on

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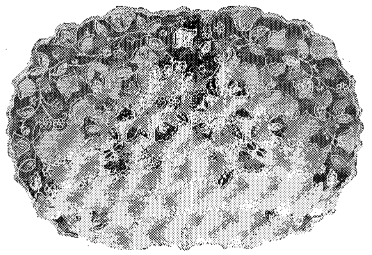

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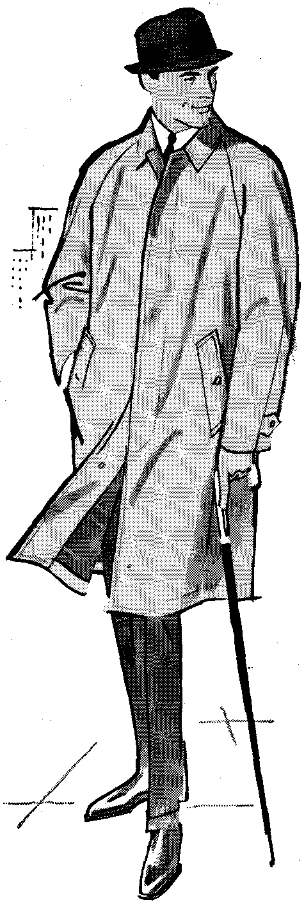

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eleventh-century developments under the Sung Dynasty.

The work that the Center for International Studies does on Soviet research and development is carried out by Alexander Korol, a White Russian who was a businessman, not a professional scholar, in the years before he joined M.I.T. I had lunch with him one day at the Institute's Faculty Club, which is on the sixth floor of its Alfred P. Sloan Building. (The club resembles a businessmen's lunch club much more than it does the Harvard Faculty Club, a gabled brick-and-ivy structure just outside the Yard.) Mr. Korol is a tall, charming, strong-looking, gray-haired man who is so wrapped up in his subject that I found myself learning more about *it* than about his methods.

Russian research and development, Mr. Korol said, is in flux now, because it is undergoing reorganization. It is being centralized again after an attempt at decentralization in 1957, when research was theoretically parcelled out among a hundred-odd regional offices. This didn't work, because the stronger central Ministries hung on to their research anyway, and because few scientists or engineers could be induced to leave Moscow and Leningrad for the sticks. The government changed its tack, therefore, and in 1961 and 1962 announced *re*centralization measures. It is still too early to tell about their success, Mr. Korol said, but he predicted that certain problems would arise. For one, there would be difficulty in horizontal communication between plants at the lowest, or regional, level; one plant would need parts made by another plant a few miles away but would be unable to get them without tedious application to Moscow. For another, the central supervision of the regional plants would be weak, so the plants would be tempted to cut corners—by making things out of inferior materials, for example, or by making them too heavy. "Weight is one criterion for a production quota, and by making heavier objects some managers try to cover up for making fewer of them," Mr. Korol said. "*Krokodil*, the Russian satirical magazine, had a cartoon recently of some men loading a gigantic screw onto a truck—it took up the whole cargo space—and remarking that their year's quota was now filled. But abuses like that rarely happen in the vital defense industries. These are like capitalist monopolies—they can get whatever they need, regardless of cost."

I asked further about the reluctance of the Russian technologists to leave Moscow and Leningrad—it seemed so

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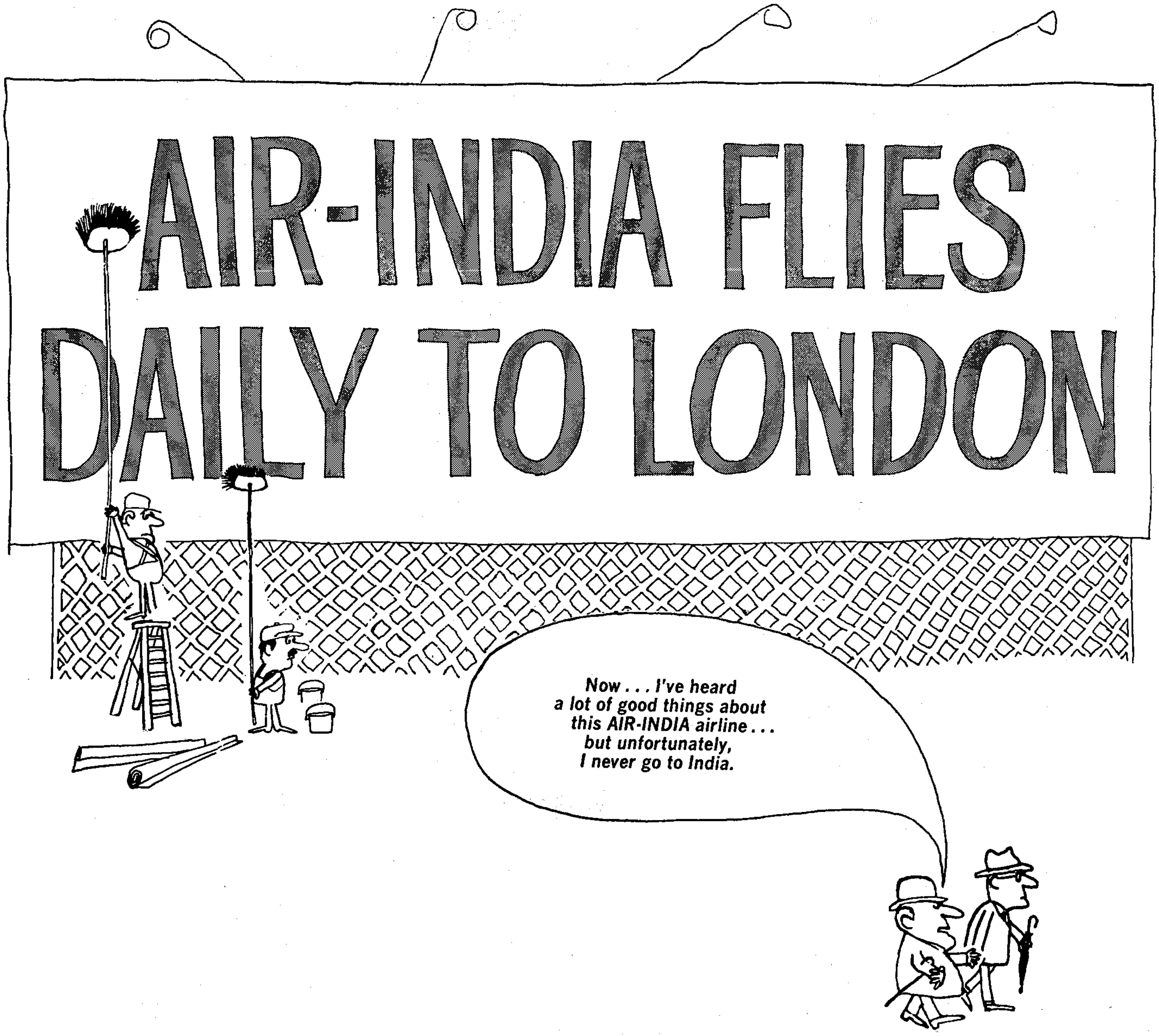
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like the tendency of American technologists to cluster around Cambridge—and Mr. Korol said it was a real problem.

"More than half of Russia's scientific workers are in Moscow and Leningrad," he told me. "Before 1957, Leningrad had three hundred and seventy-five r.-and-d. organizations, and only forty-two of them went away in the supposed decentralization. The concentration seems impossible to stop, but the authorities are trying. For some time now, the enrollment in Moscow and Leningrad technical schools has been frozen. No new research institutions are allowed in those cities, either, without explicit top-level approval." He went on to say that if the Russians achieve greater personal freedom, there is a good chance that the climate for long-term research may become better there than here, because of our traditional pragmatic preference for applied, rather than basic, science. However, he granted that there are some advantages to our preference. "We are better at getting the results of basic research into applied science," he said. "This is a great problem for the Russians—the translating or diffusing of laboratory findings to the factories. They call the process *vnedreniye*, and they are far from mastering it. One of their troubles is a division between research and teaching. Most scientific workers do one or the other, not both." Russia has no close equivalent, I gathered, to the academic-industrial partnership that exists between Cambridge and Route 128.

ANOTHER man I saw at the Center for International Studies was Dr. Lincoln Bloomfield, a specialist in arms control, space diplomacy, and the United Nations. Professor Bloomfield is a short young man, alert and voluble, and he is a tenacious middle-of-the-roader in the arms-control field. "I am called a peacemonger by the warmongers and a warmonger by the peacemongers," he said. In the middle fifties, he was working in the State Department as a special assistant to the Assistant Secretary of State for International Organization Affairs but resigned that job in order to join the staff at M.I.T. One of his first undertakings was an over-all review of United States policy in the United Nations—a job that he had never really had time to do in Washington—and his survey was adopted as a guide by the government. Altogether, he says, his transfer to Cambridge—and to the status of a contract worker instead

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of a salaried one—gave him more influence in Washington, and this is characteristic of the new relationship of Academe to officialdom. Often, the same man will have more face in the government if he sits by the Charles than if he sits by the Potomac.

My curiosity about Bloomfield had been aroused by hearing it said of him that three times within the past year he had "put on games for the U.S. government." I had vaguely connected this with the theory of games, which I had heard of as an intellectual element in our policymaking, but when I saw Bloomfield, he told me I was confusing two different things. The theory of games is a mathematical activity, developed in the nineteen-forties, that seeks to put certain types of conflict, such as games, commercial bargaining, and military rivalry, into formulas that can be explored and manipulated in an abstract way. It is popular with some advisers to our government and is carried on to a certain extent in Cambridge—by, among others, Professor Thomas Schelling, of Harvard—but it differs from *playing* games in the Bloomfield manner. This, too, is increasingly popular as a guide to policy. It resembles our traditional war games, for it consists of putting hypothetical diplomatic problems before opposing groups of experts, who then fight them out according to agreed-upon rules, in the hope of finding what might happen in the real world under similar conditions. Professor Bloomfield puts on his games for the Institute for Defense Analyses, a nonprofit organization linked with the Defense Department. A recent series dealt with problems arising in four projected phases of disarmament, and he staged them at Endicott House, a baronial mansion in Dedham that has come into M.I.T.'s possession. In each one he used a couple of dozen experts—from various universities, from the State Department, and from the armed services—divided into teams representing the United States, Russia, the United Nations, and other groups.

"You can't find a disarmed world, but last week we created such a world for three days," Bloomfield told me after one of these games. "We made it very real, too—you have to make it real if you invite senior officers from the Pentagon and want them to play. You have to be accurate about your tables of organization and order of battle, and in your calculations of airlift and sealift. It was very complicated this time. Our problem concerned a crisis in Latin America in 1972, and we assumed an

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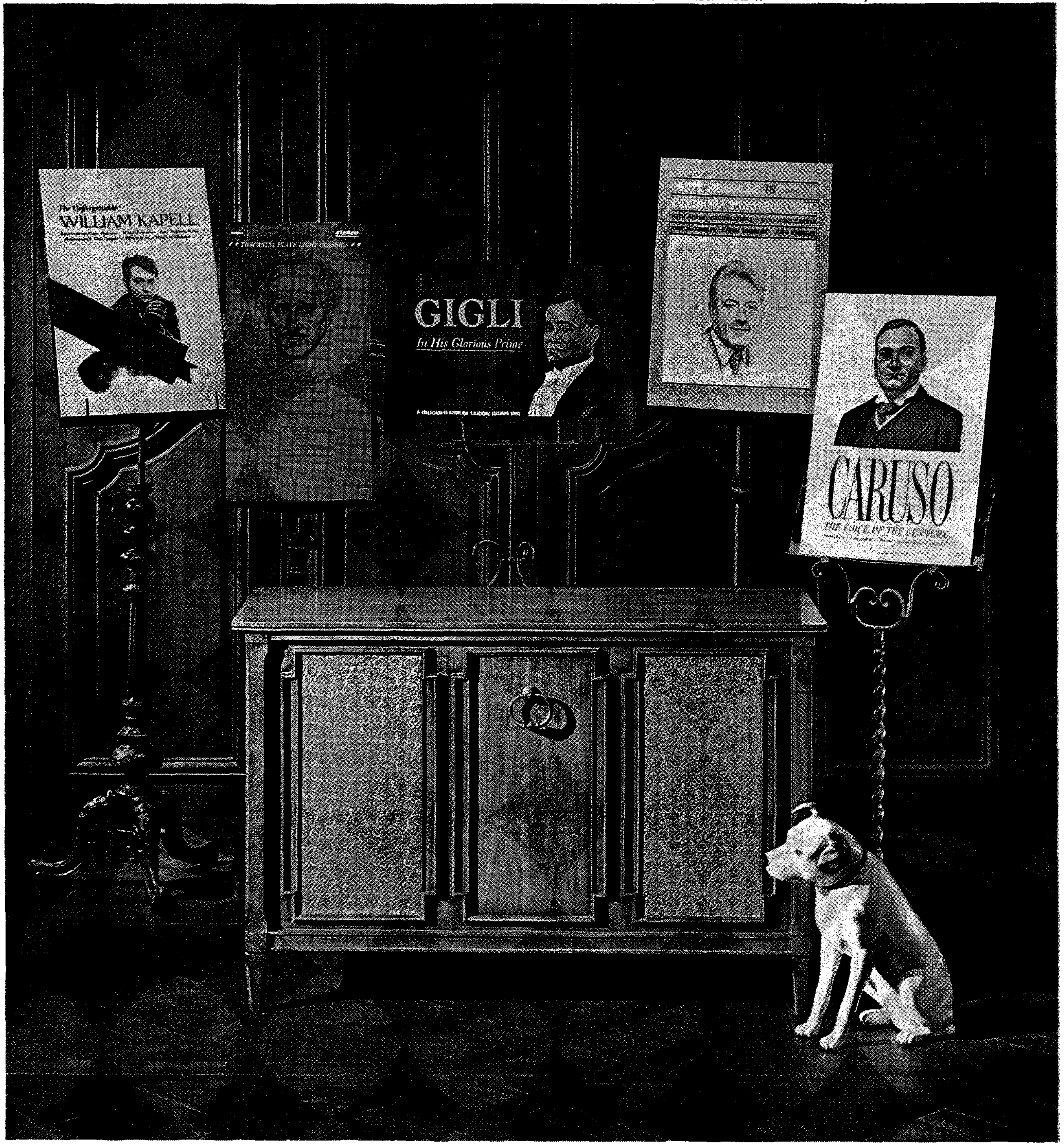

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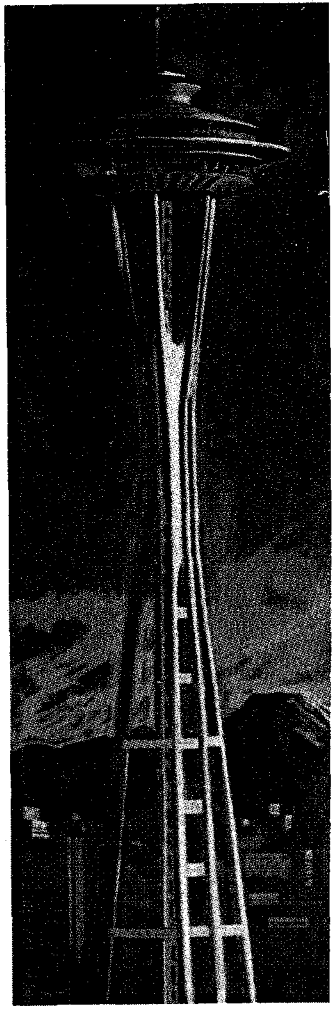
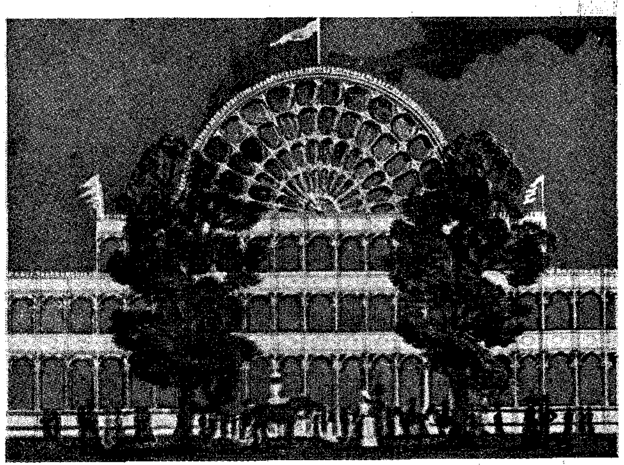
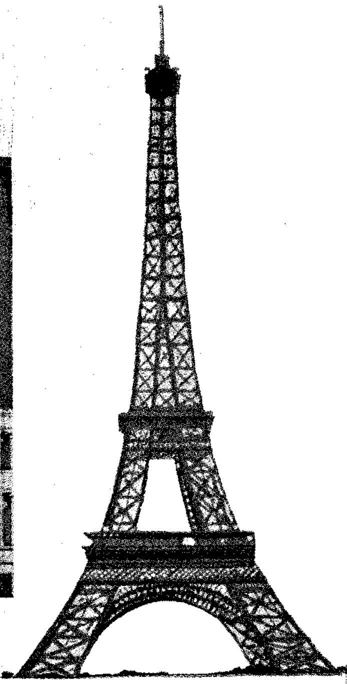


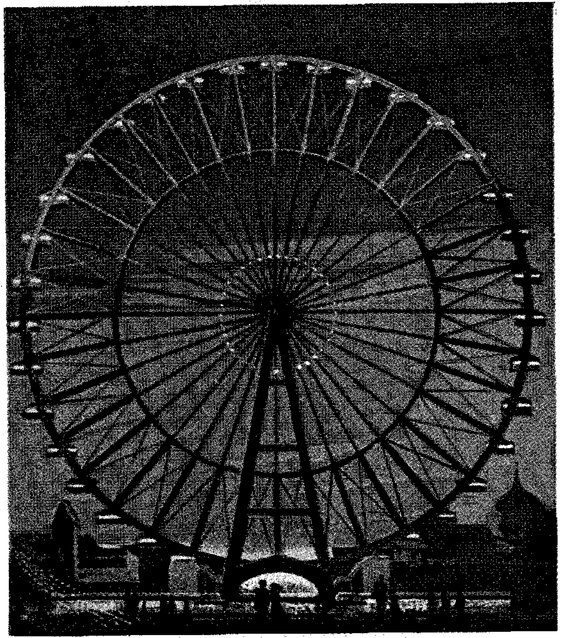
Space Needle—Century 21 Exposition, Seattle 1962



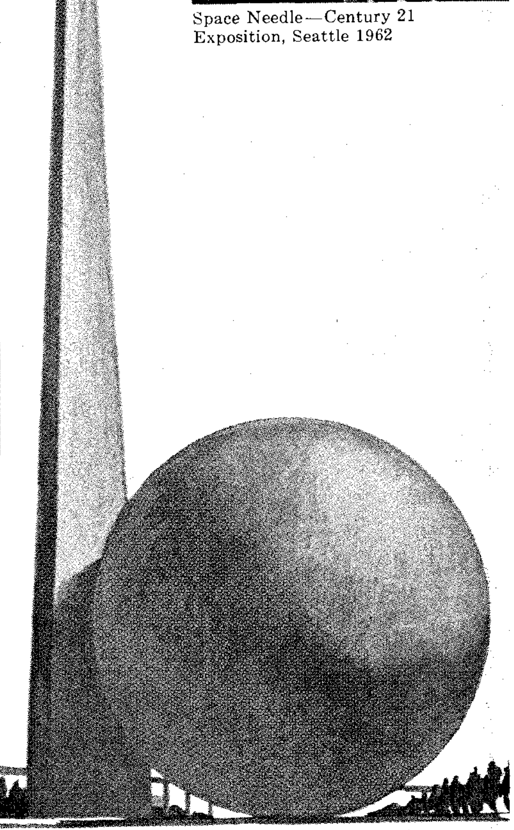
Crystal Palace—Great Exhibition, London 1851



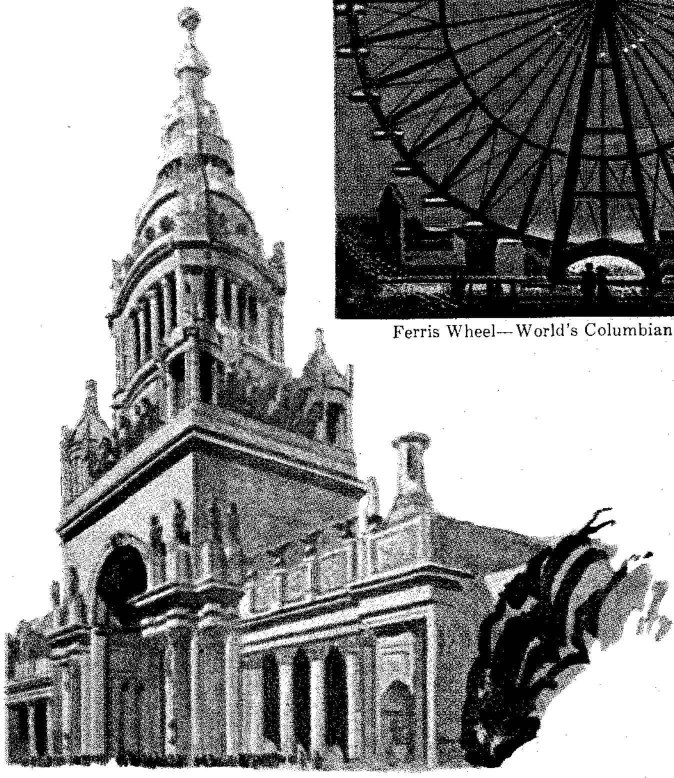
Eiffel Tower—Universal Exposition, Paris 1889



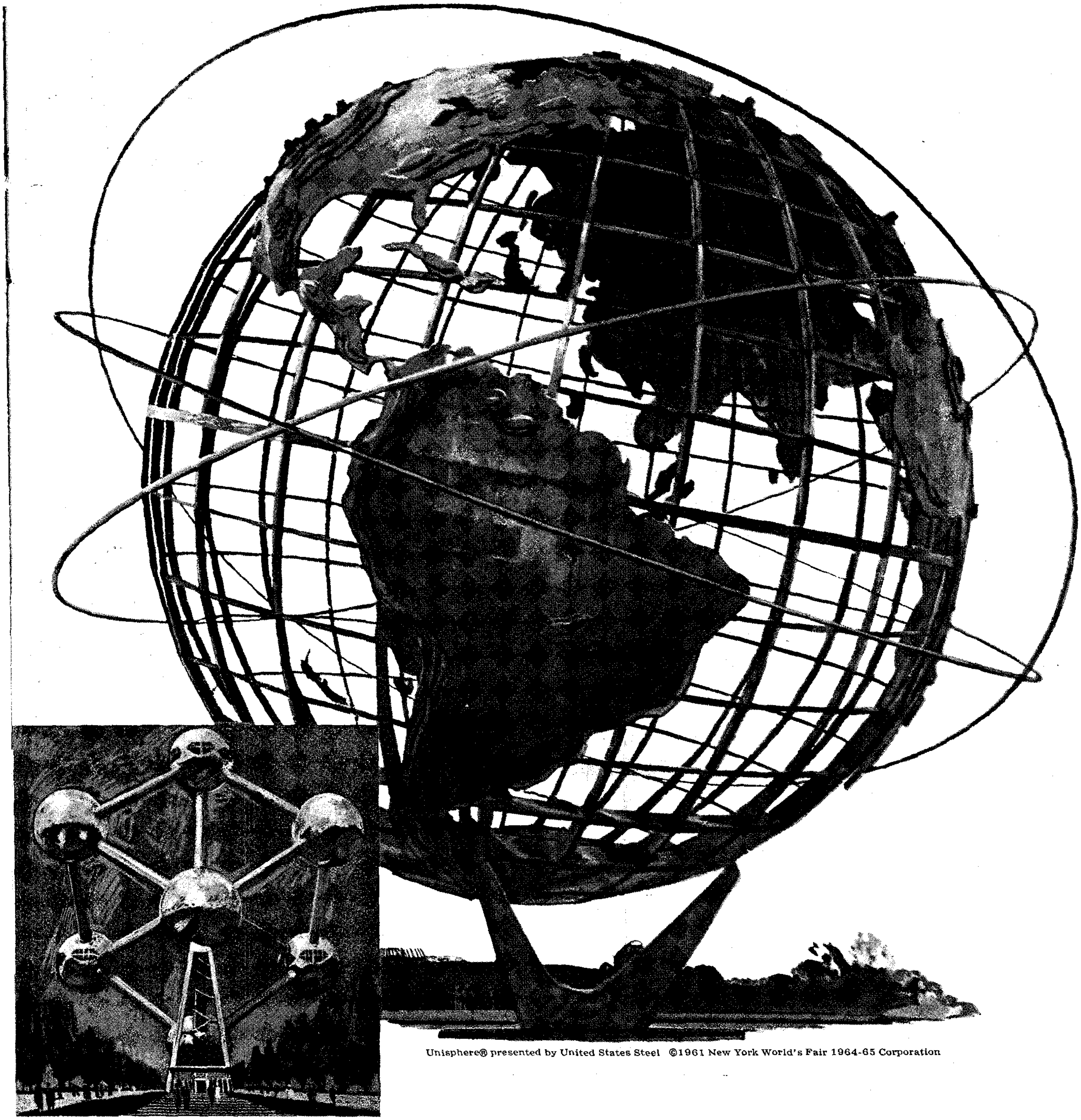
Ferris Wheel—World's Columbian Exposition, Chicago 1893



Trylon & Perisphere—New York World's Fair 1939-40



Tower of Jewels—Panama-Pacific International Exposition, San Francisco 1915



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Atomium—World's Fair, Brussels 1958

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# A short people-story of how Ballantine's becomes the true and good-tasting Scotch.

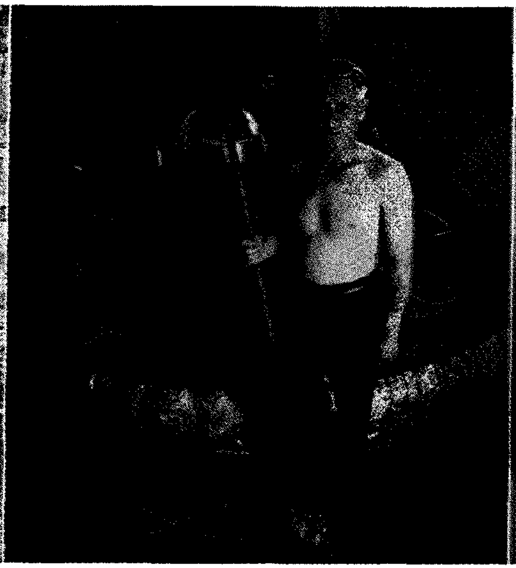
**Photographed at Elgin, Scotland**

Willie Turner, maltman. He constantly turns and works the wetted barley during the malting process.

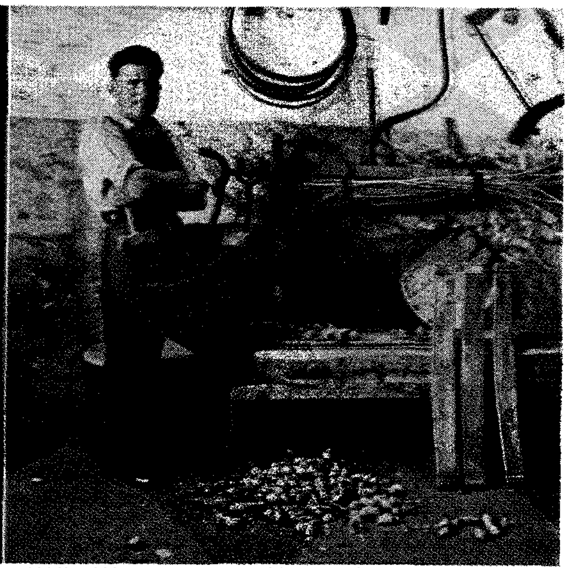
John Masson, peatcutter. He cuts the rich peat that is burned to dry Ballantine's malted barley.

Sandy Allen, kilnman. He tends the kiln fires which lend flavor and character to the final Scotch spirits.

Jack Grant, mashman. He adds the soft spring water to the malt, stirs the mash to the right consistency.

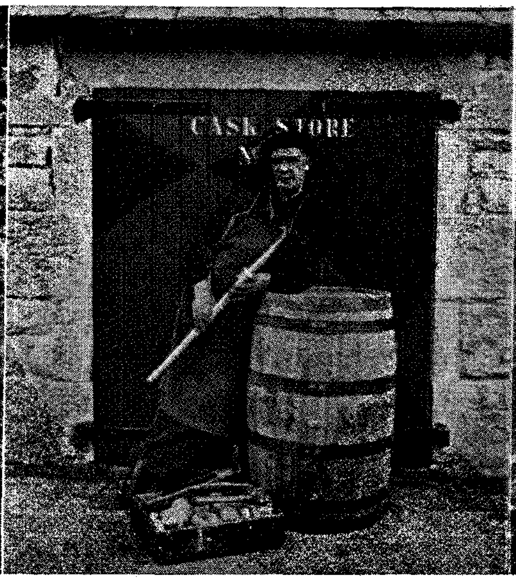


Alex Grant, stillman. He minds the old pot stills, brings off Ballantine's spirits at the proper moment.



Willie Watson, cooper. He mends and refurbishes the aging barrels with ancient tools handed down through the years.

M. T. Borrell, customs man. He represents the Crown, locking warehouses, keeping track of Scotch gallonage.



George Geddes, warehouseman. He barrels the new whisky for aging, rotates the older casks for smoother mellowing.

Ballantine's

Ballantine's Scotch Whisky. Never heavy. Never limply-light. Always the true and good-tasting Scotch.

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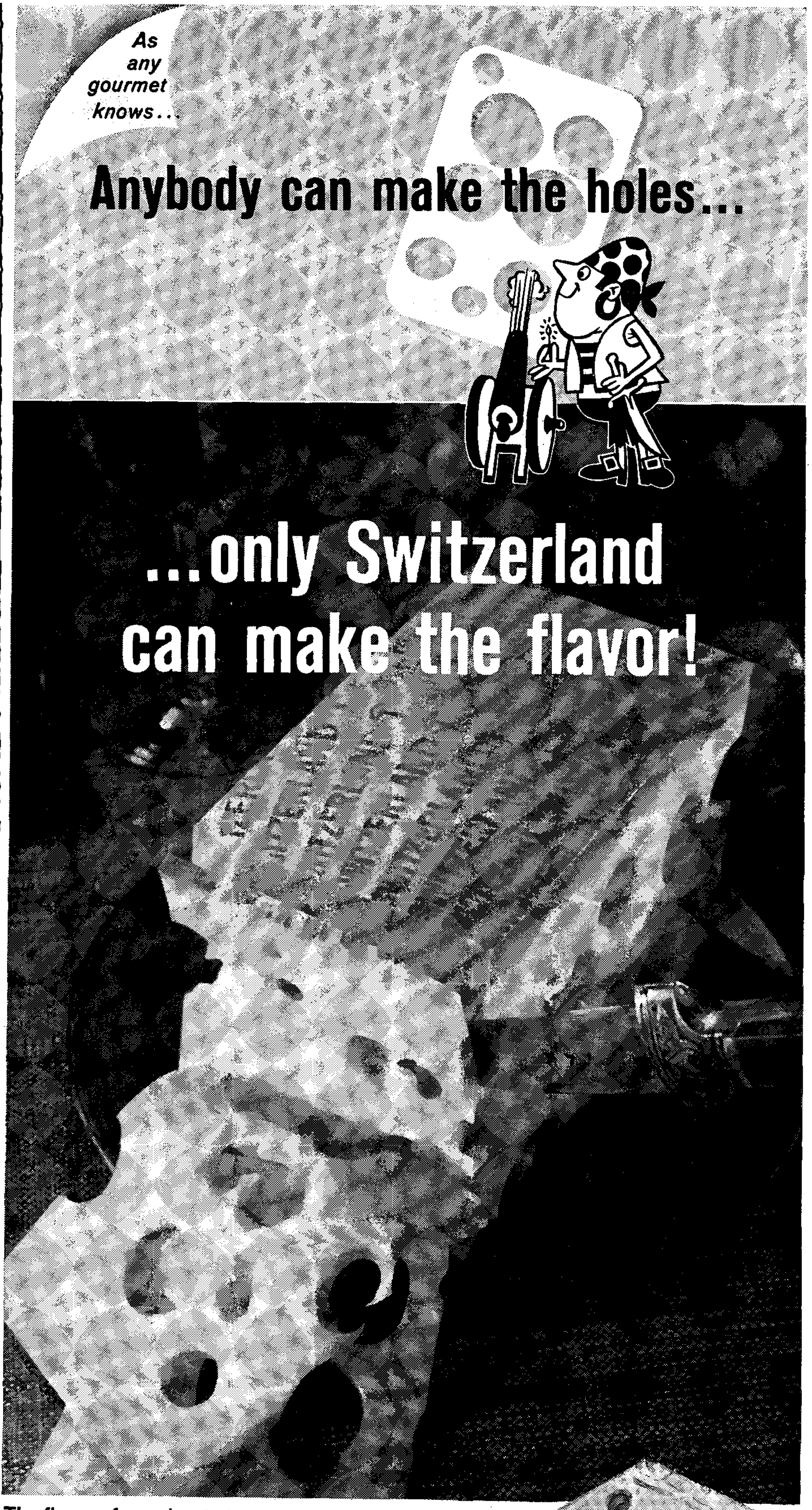
international police force of fifteen thousand men stationed in Bizerte." He went on to tell how he had worked out the movement of the force with experts in the Defense Department. "It's hard to persuade the military that disarmament will ever be a reality, you know," he said. "You have to make it plausible—you have to tell them, for instance, that some weapons went off by mistake and frightened the powers into arms control. Then you tell them what kind of world exists at the time of the problem—what the economic and technological conditions are. Then they're turned loose to make their moves as Russians, Americans, or whatever. They learn things in a way they never learned them before. One of the interesting things has been to take Russian experts and make them live with their predictions; I've known such experts to be surprised when they saw, for instance, how much the strategic interests of Russia and China held together in a crisis. Games are a good way of teaching, as well as of finding things out by experiment. And also of bringing out minority opinions. There is a pressure for conformity around an ordinary conference table, but it doesn't exist in a game."

The games are really a minor activity of Dr. Bloomfield's. His main work is a more conventional study of arms control, though while pursuing that (and teaching two or three courses) he also keeps up with U.N. affairs and with space politics. The aim of his arms-control research, which was launched with a twenty-five-thousand-dollar grant from the Rockefeller Foundation, is to relate arms control to our foreign policy, especially in view of the development of international police forces. As an aid to this, in 1962 Bloomfield visited the Gaza Strip and the Congo, where such forces were in use. Since then, the bill for his work has been picked up by the United States Arms Control and Disarmament Agency, which has negotiated two contracts with M.I.T. for his services. One (carrying a fee of sixty-five thousand dollars) calls for a study of the Soviet Union and arms control. The other (carrying a fee of a hundred and forty-five thousand) calls for a study of *regional* arms control in relation to the developing countries—of how our diplomatic problems in Asia, Africa, and Latin America may change with changes in the global arms setup. Dr. Bloomfield has subcontracted certain parts of this latter study to the Harvard Middle Eastern center, the Boston University African center, and the Columbia University Institute of War and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Peace Studies. Meanwhile, he has enlarged his own staff at the M.I.T. center and is a very busy man. He has finished his arms-control games for the Institute for Defense Analyses (fee, thirty thousand dollars), but he is running another series, on nuclear deterrence, for the Navy.

BECAUSE of M.I.T.'s standing as a school of technology—the finest, without much doubt, in the world—it has served as a model for several foreign ventures. NATO is out to create a European M.I.T., directly patterned on the Institute, and James R. Killian, Jr., the chairman of M.I.T.'s board of directors, along with some of his professors, is helping personally in the effort. Then, an Indian Institute of Technology has already been started. The Indian government asked M.I.T. to be the sole foreign adviser on the project, but the Institute declined, through fear of spreading its resources too thin. It got up a consortium of nine American universities to do the job. M.I.T.'s preliminary study for the I.I.T. was paid for by the Ford Foundation, but the angel now is the U.S.A.I.D., which has also set up a second consortium to undertake an educational job at Kabul, in Afghanistan. And the M.I.T. Sloan School of Management is building up a business school in Calcutta that will be comparable to the *Harvard* business school at Ahmadabad. And so on. The simple truth is that M.I.T., like Harvard, has gone cosmopolitan.

Harvard and M.I.T. are not the only outfits in and around Cambridge that deal in such "soft" sciences as games, games theory, and political studies. A few of the research-and-development firms on Route 128 do so, too, as a sideline to their job of making, say, electronic parts for missiles. The two kinds of work are, in a strange way, related; in each case the firm maintains a group of scholars and sells their output to a bureau in Washington. There is simply a difference in the kind of scholar maintained. Instead of physicists or engineers, the teams are composed of economists, sociologists, and regional experts. In academic circles, these "soft" scientists on Route 128 are generally rated as lower in quality than the "hard" ones there. There is less of a career for the first group; the engineers and physicists have more status and a better future. A social scientist working full time on Route 128 is deprived of many normal academic rewards—he has no tenure, no students, and, if he is doing classified work, little chance to

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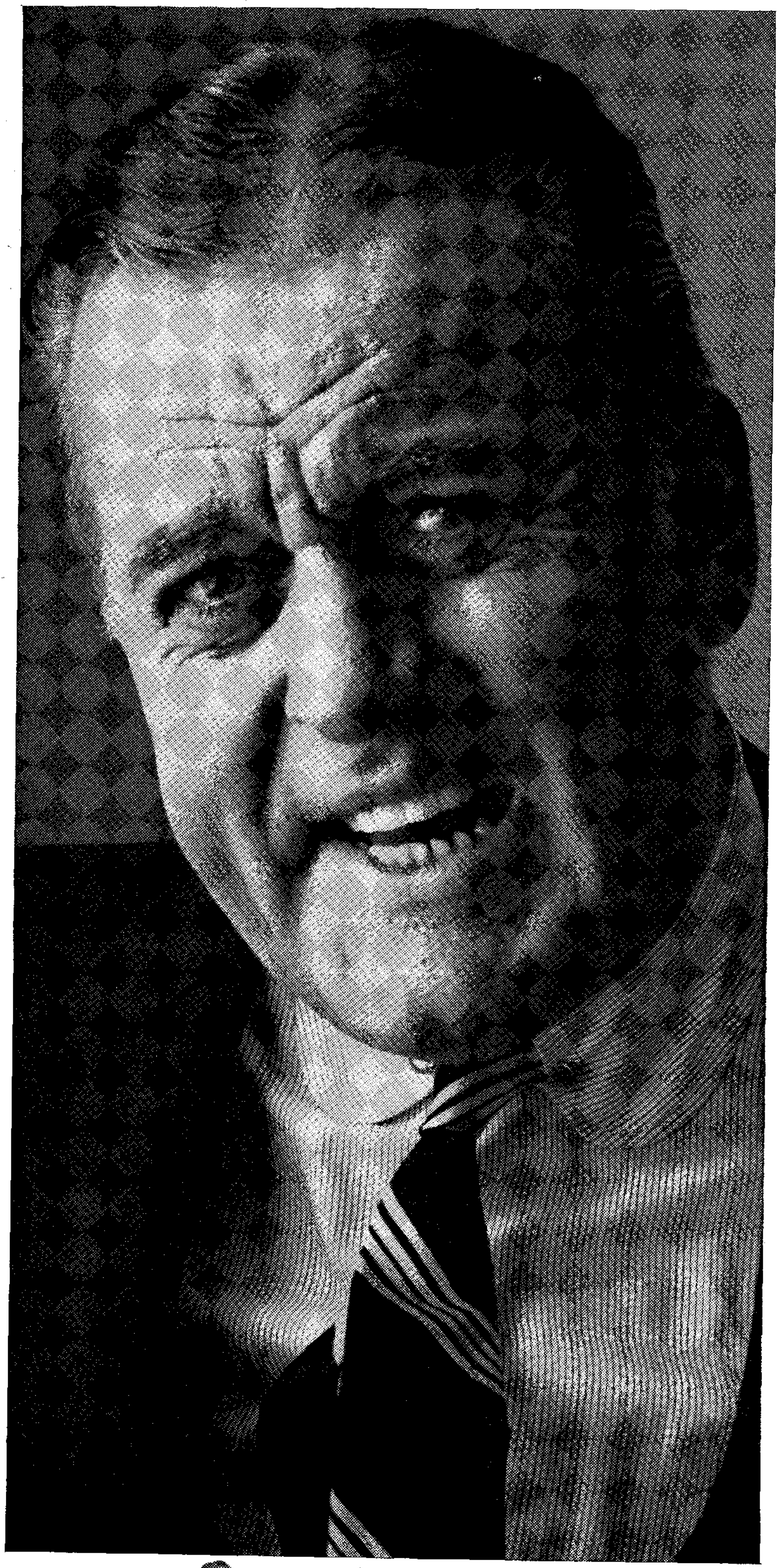

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publish his findings. "Not publishing is very bad for a scholar," one M.I.T. professor told me. "So is not teaching. Some people in these industrial organizations go to great lengths to teach *a* course somewhere. There is a conflict in their motivation, you see. They didn't get their Ph.D.s in a social science in order to work in a factory. The industrial organizations pay more—some may pay double the M.I.T. scale—but few here are interested." In the soft sciences, as a consequence, Route 128—with many exceptions, of course—draws on the marginal scholars.

There is, however, at least one organized way for the Cambridge soft scientists to find employment. I know of an agency near Harvard Square—and there may well be others—that hires them to work on contract studies for American business firms and government departments. It is called Associates for International Research, Inc., which shortens nicely into AIRINC and thus satisfies the rules of modern Cambridge nomenclature. Its chief is a tall young man named James Boyce—a graduate of Tufts' Fletcher School who has worked for the government in Southeast Asia—and among its directors is Max Millikan. AIRINC was founded a decade ago, mainly with government studies in mind, but now most of its work is done for private business firms. "Cambridge is especially good for us because of the high quality of graduate-school labor here," Boyce told me. "On the research-assistant level, that is. The use of professors is a little on the wane now. A decade ago, the professors here were hungry, but now they've been getting extended grants and fellowships, and they're in general demand as consultants. So they tend to overprice themselves. They're hard to hire for long periods of time, though they are still good for part-time employment. Often, their main contribution is in ideas, for which you don't need full time. Cambridge is still good for that sort of thing, and it's just superlative for graduate assistants—the kind you can hire for two and a half or three dollars an hour. We have six or seven on our payroll now who are aiming at Ph.D.s. They like the chance to work on real problems—our only true competition is from paper-grading jobs in the universities. We have the pick of students in the Harvard Russian center, and we take them from the Social Relations Department and the Business School as well."

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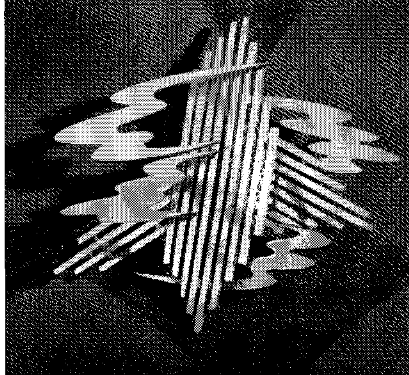

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by Peter Griffith

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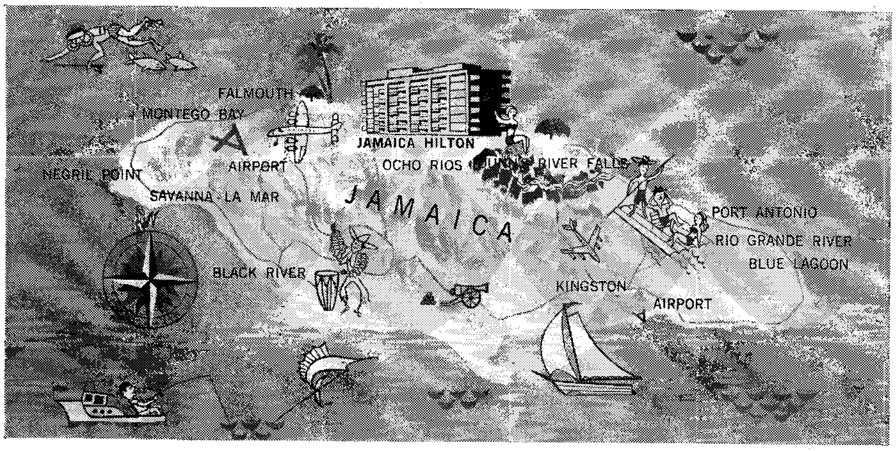

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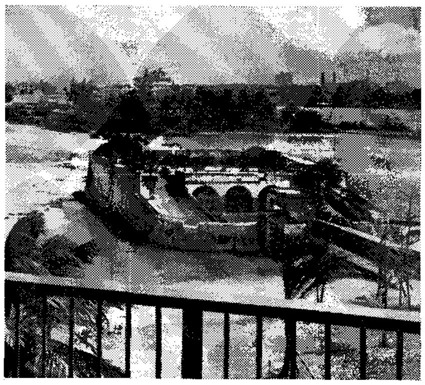

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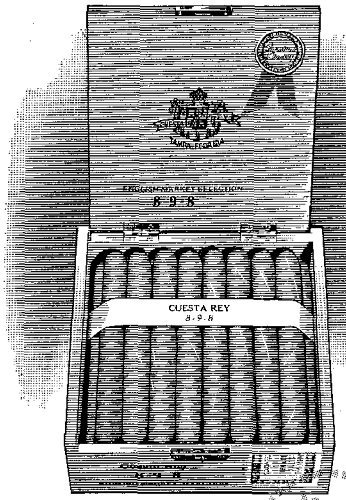

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I was working on an evaluation of the salary difference that a company should pay when transferring an employee from Hong Kong to Tokyo," Boyce said. "And this afternoon I hope to send off material to Brussels on another compensation question. Meanwhile, I'm getting ready to fly down to Bogotá the day after tomorrow to study the Colombian inflation for a Chicago firm. I expect to be there a week—it's much easier to go there myself than to try and do the job by mail."

The number of Cambridge academics doing government work on their own is large. A story in the Boston *Globe* last winter—not seriously contradicted that I know of—estimated that from eight hundred to a thousand of Harvard's fifty-six hundred faculty members held government jobs of one kind or another. The writer noted some indications of the number's vastness—the fact, for instance, that a minor train accident in 1956 had revealed the presence of thirty-eight Harvard professors en route to the Eisenhower Inaugural—but he granted that exact figures could not be had. Even the Harvard administration disclaims knowledge of them, saying, as usual, that what a professor does with his own time is his own business. Presumably, M.I.T., which says that a professor may spend one day a week on private affairs, is at least as lenient. If one counts in Brandeis, Boston University, and the others, one gets a total of close to two thousand senior Cambridge scholars on the federal rolls. And, of course, the foundations put uncounted others on the road. The Ford Foundation, especially, is legendary in Cambridge now. Not long ago, a professor telling me of a colleague's global operations said, "So he dashed off to the Ford Foundation and got some money"—rather as an earlier raconteur might have said, "So he dashed off to the stable and got a horse." Thus it is that today the sky is full of academics with their briefcases.

THERE is another side, of course, to all this orbiting. In the fifties, I was working as a journalist in a number of the underdeveloped countries, and I remember that I often dreaded the appearance of airborne scholars. I felt that many of them really knew little, and perhaps cared little, about the lands I was studying so fondly—that they simply came in order to fit them into preconceived hypotheses. More recently, while living in Cambridge, I have found my view changing. In their home habitat, the professors have seemed so ur-

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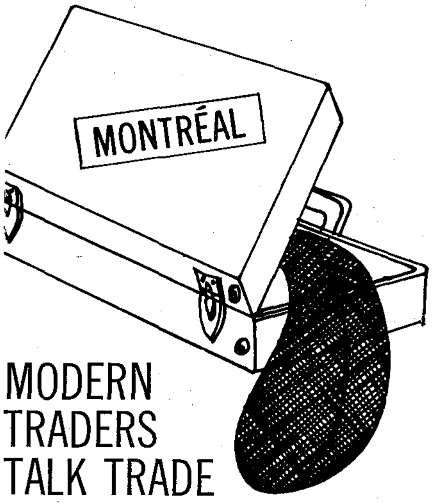

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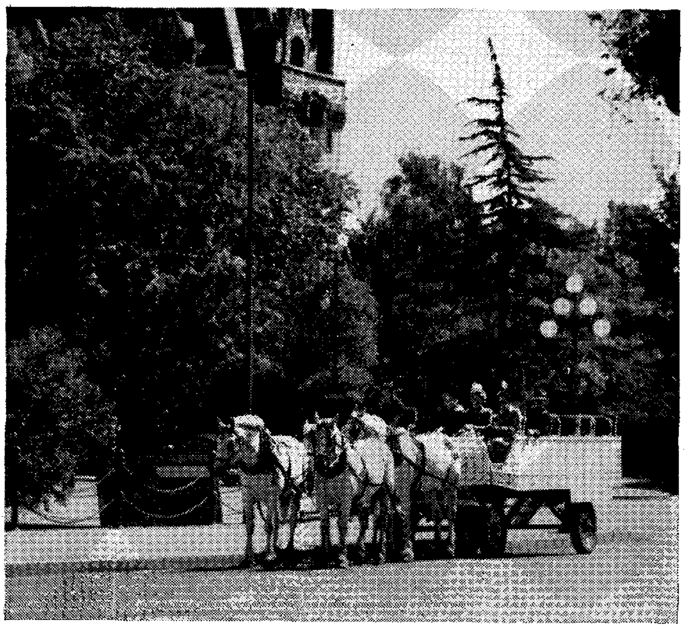

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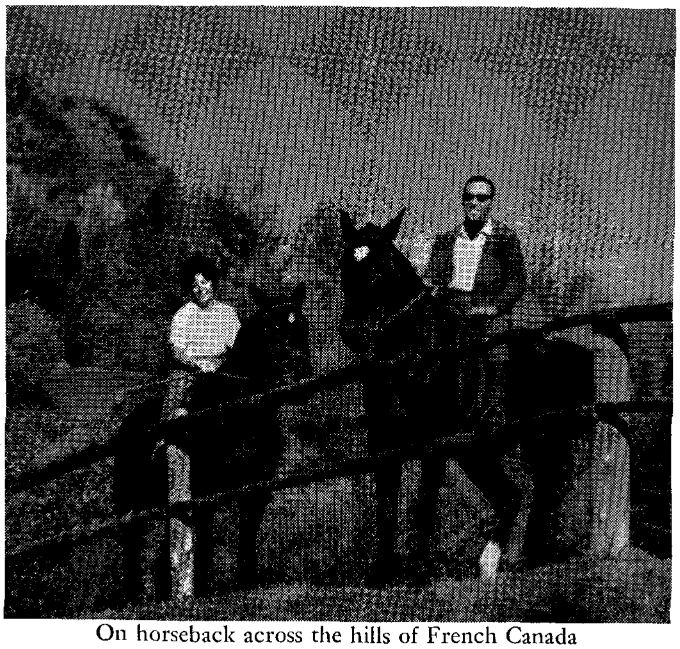

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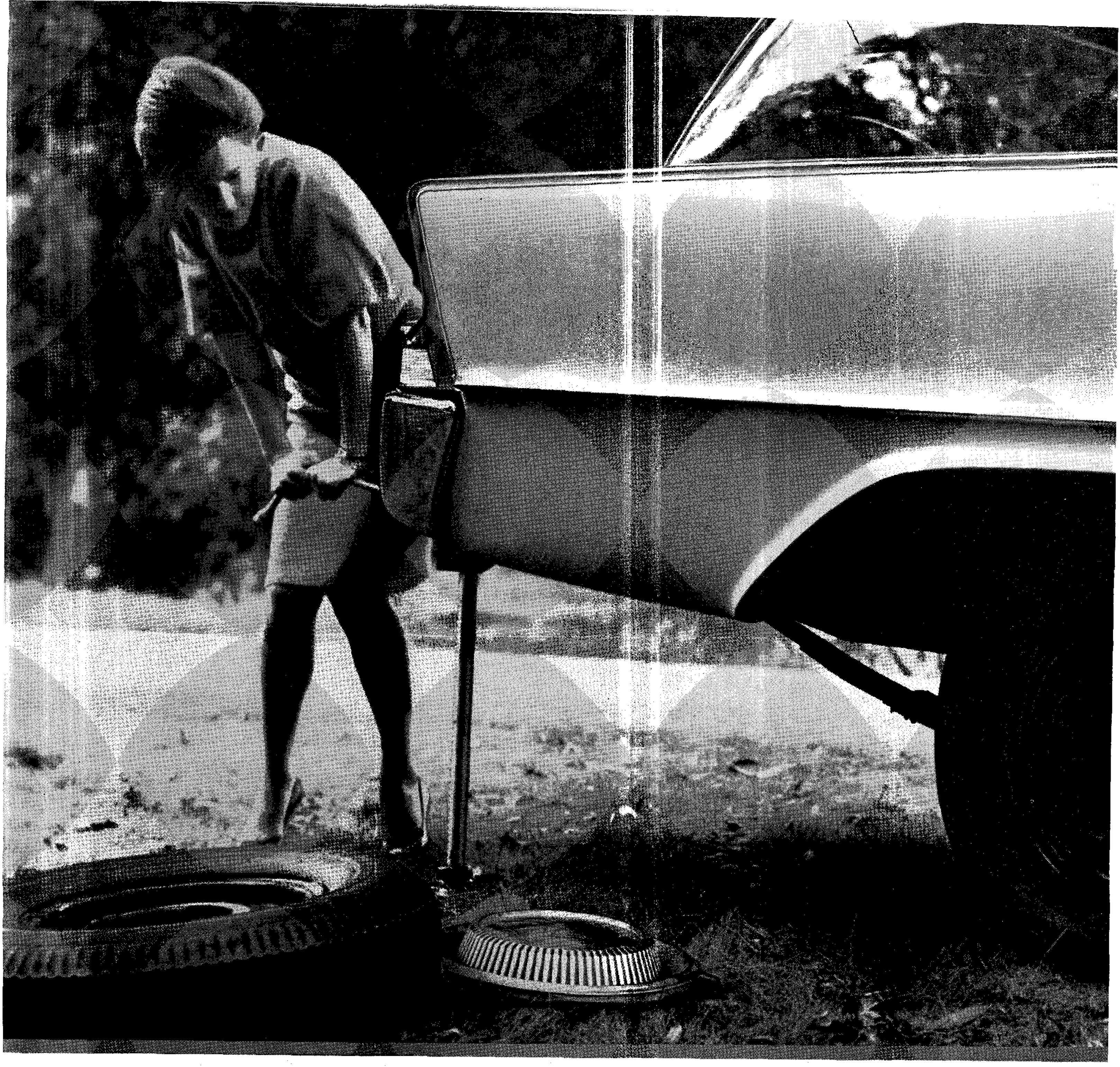

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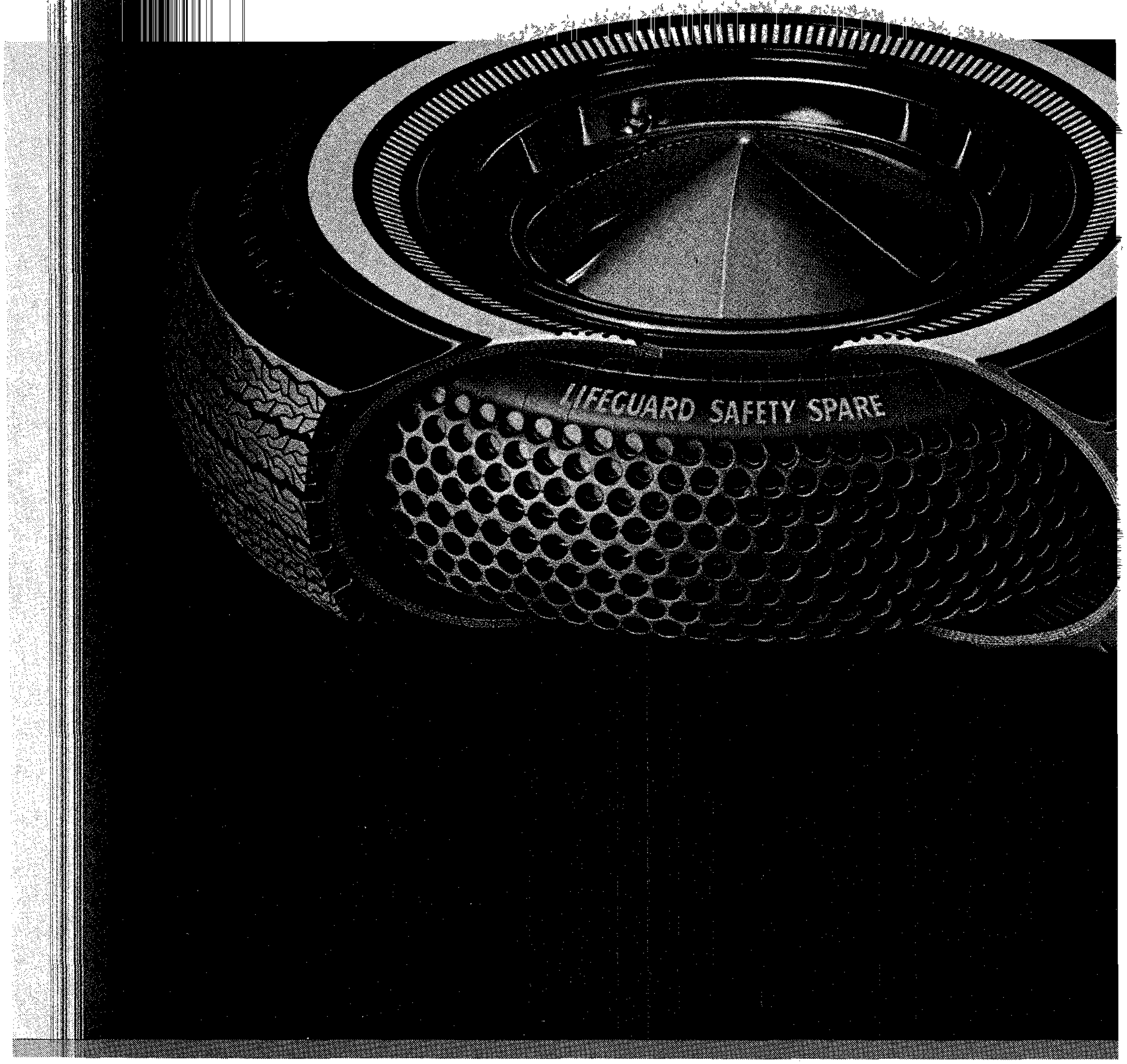

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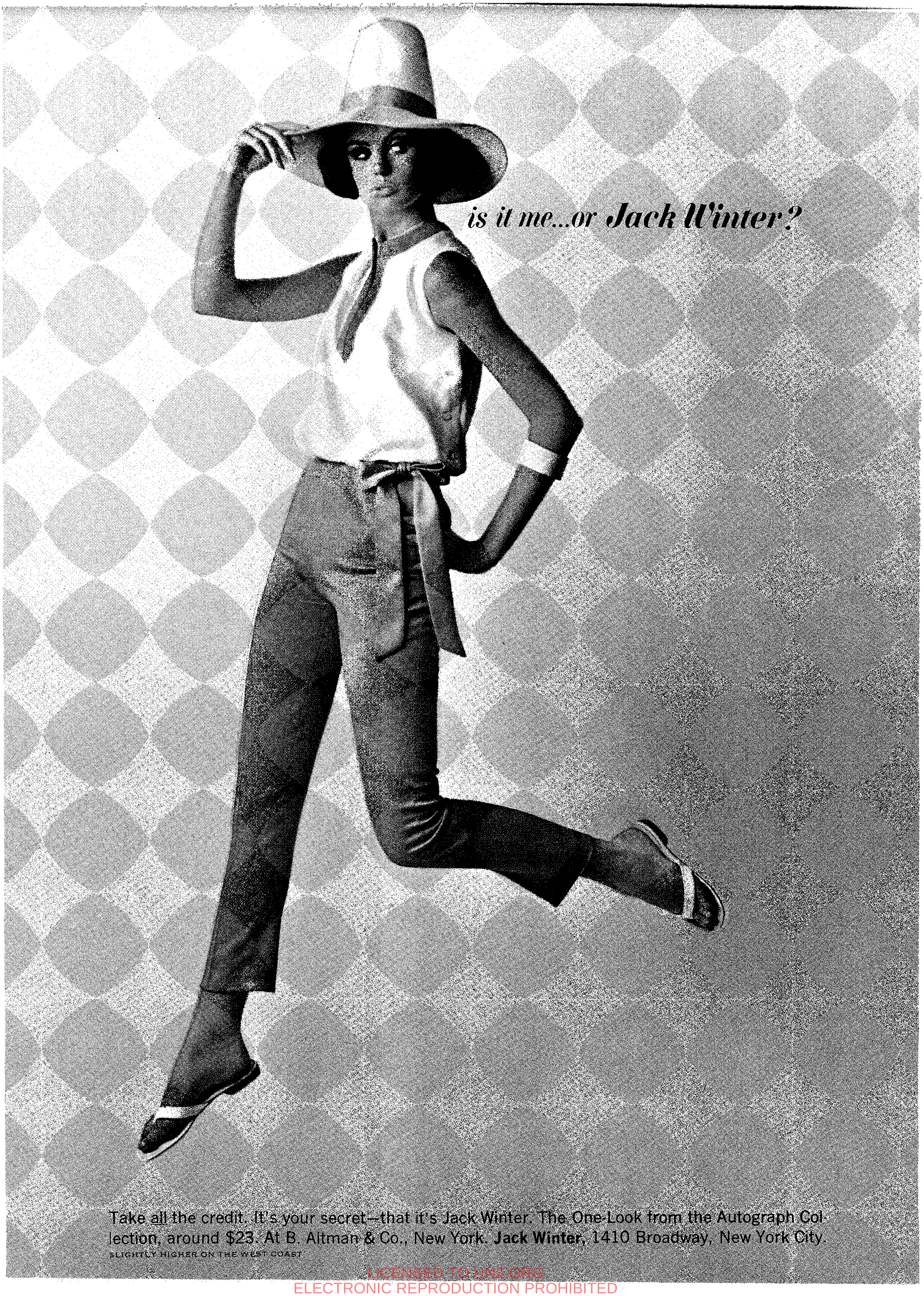
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bane—so cultivated, so intelligent—that I have begun doubting my doubts of them. Not long ago, an old friend—an American reporter who does a great deal of his work at the grass-roots level in Southeast Asia—came through Cambridge on a trip. His thoughts, I suspected, would be much like mine if I had stayed in Asia, so I asked him to bring me up to date.

"Tell me," I said. "We used to view with horror the arrival of scholars flying in on planes. Do you still do that?"

"Horror has changed to amusement," he said. "But often the complaint is much the same—that the scholars are lost in a verbal wonderland. Sometimes I think this is the greatest trap now facing American civilization. We create a verbal scheme of the world as we think it is; then we go out and look for evidence to fit our scheme. You remember how it is in Asia—the truth is the last thing that people there will tell you. They will tell it only when they trust you, when they know you so intimately that they can stake their careers on your discretion. And that kind of relationship is never built up on this fly-by-night basis." My friend poured himself a drink. "In many ways, the airplane has been a step backward," he observed. "Before Pearl Harbor, when someone went to the Far East he had to stay long enough to get the feel of the place. Now he just drops in and maybe flies out again in thirty-six hours. You know, a lot of these people are intellectual freeloaders. They've got a grant to make a summer trip around the world—for the government or a university or a foundation—and they want to bring home something fresh. So they pick up whatever pieces they can find that go with their verbal schemes, without really checking on the realities. I think many of our troubles in Asia come from this process."

No doubt my friend put it too strong-

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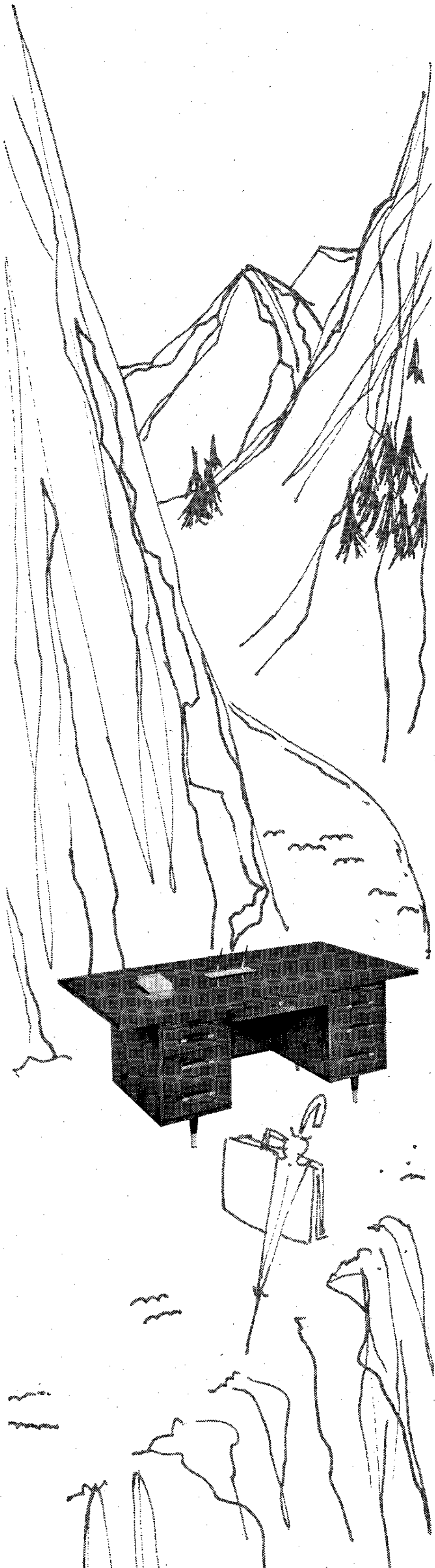

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ly. No doubt he suffers from a weakness—the parochialism of the Old China Hand—that is complementary to the professors' own weakness. Nevertheless, his words rang a bell with me. While in Asia, I had developed my own thoughts, parallel to his, about the overtheoretical nature of the American view. I had come to feel that our view of Asians was particularly *abstract*, and I had linked this with our bias toward technology. Perhaps because we spend our childhood—in fact, all our lives—in close association with machines, we are led to regard foreigners, or foreign social groups, essentially as mechanisms that can be dealt with in a logical way—according, one might say, to a machine manual. No doubt my analysis has flaws, but it does help explain some obvious facts, like the prominence of the social sciences in our approach to life. We *are* abstract in our view of other peoples, especially of underdeveloped peoples. This, in my experience, is true of our nation as a whole, and truer still of our academics, to whom words on paper, after all—in books, in libraries, in Ph.D. theses—are the very stuff of life.

To put it another way, the Cambridge globalists are subjective in their outlook, however much they may claim objectivity. They see things from the "liberal" intellectual viewpoint. They have the scholar's mentality and are bound by the scholar's ethics. By and large, they are men who long ago—say, in their teens—chose to be thinkers, not doers. In middle age, thanks to this Cambridge renaissance, they may take a belated flyer at doing, as scholar-entrepreneurs, or government advisers, or Point Four field workers. But only if the conditions are right—a proviso that is all-important. I was in Cambridge when the phrase "Point Four" was first given currency in President Truman's Second Inaugural Address, in January of 1949. Truman was ticking off a list of projects, and Point Four was about using our technology to advance the backward areas. The administration was in no great hurry to set up a Point Four office in Washington, but in Cambridge the President's words were instantly hailed as a new dispensation. Academe went wild over the idea, and it still is. Point Four to a Cambridge globalist is like catnip to a cat, and I have spent much time wondering why. Is it because the globalists of 1949 were especially frustrated—what with our China policy going against them, with McCarthyism in the offing, and so on—and wanted a safe line to work in? It's

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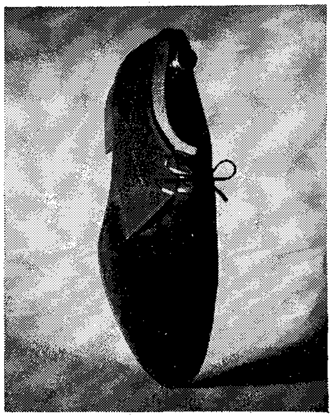

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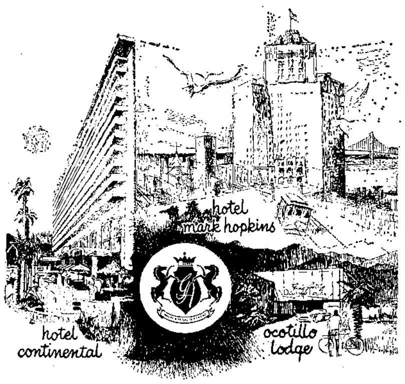
hard to say. Not long ago, I was discussing Cambridge globalism in general with a professor, and I mentioned the rage I had noticed for Point Four. "I feel somehow that Point Four's attraction here doesn't lie in its usefulness alone," I said. "Development work may be of crucial importance or it may not, but I feel that the scholars would be keen on it anyway. Their keenness seems to be subjective, almost tribal."

The professor smiled. "Perhaps they see an opportunity in it," he said. "Intellectuals respond to opportunities, too, you know—not just to challenges and duties."

"You mean opportunities to travel?" I asked. "Opportunities to get grants?"

"Opportunities to work on something intellectualizable," he answered. "If a national problem can be intellectualized, the scholars will respond to it. They responded to the Hoover Commission, for instance, which was studying ways to reorganize the government; they were enthusiastic about that. And they are responding to our defense problems now for the same reason—those problems are intellectualizable. The development problem is, too. Historically, you know, the government always attracts more academic intellectuals when it is stressing welfare. The Wilson administration attracted a great many—especially where foreign affairs were concerned—when it was working out the peace and the postwar world."

Academic ethics are tricky. One hears Harvard professors dignifying their government jobs with talk of duty—of "when the nation needs us we can't refuse"—but this doesn't give the whole picture. A better idea can be had, perhaps, from a story I was told by a Harvard law professor. "After Kennedy's election in 1960," he said, "there was a strong feeling in the Law School here against Bobby Kennedy's being made Attorney General. The Law School is influential in Washington, as you know, and a move was begun here to get up a petition signed by an imposing segment of the Law School faculty. Various men were approached, and most of them, it turned out, were for the petition. But some of the leading ones were reluctant to sign it. They were hoping, you see, that the new lightning down in Washington would strike *them*, and they didn't want to queer their chances. In the end, the petition had to be dropped, for lack of truly first-class support." Many Harvard professors, including some of the best, are really avid for Washington, yet one can hardly suspect them of being avid for business ca-



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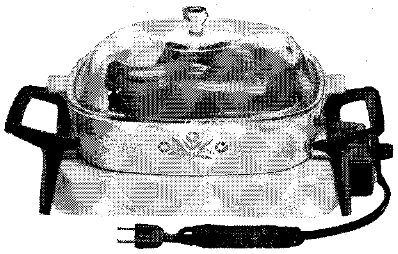

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reers. Their group mentality is against that. This mentality has been much influenced by the many Harvard professors—past and present, and mainly in the humanities—who have subscribed to the European ideal of the secluded, aristocratic scholarly life. To be in trade does not fit those ideals. On the other hand, such men are but a small minority at M.I.T. They do exist there, and criticisms of M.I.T.'s warm embrace of business—often couched in terms of "conflict of interest"—are heard nowadays around the Institute. But the criticisms don't prevail, and "trade" is sanctioned by M.I.T.'s over-all ethical scheme. That scheme, like Harvard's, is established by a consensus of the community and, once established, is more or less binding on the members.

The ethics of making arms is another matter on which the consensus—of Harvard, of M.I.T., of Cambridge as a whole—is important these days. The arms business on Route 128, and Cambridge's involvement in it, has been criticized here on many grounds—that there is graft and laxity in the letting of government contracts, that the new money is distorting academic values, that Cambridge talents are being wasted in "technological leaf-raking" on Route 128, and so on. But the worst sin, by academic standards, is that Cambridge scholars are engaged in the munitions trade—an activity that a mere quarter of a century ago, on the eve of the Second World War, was regarded as heinous by our intellectuals almost to a man. In those days, Schneider-Creusot and Sir Basil Zaharoff were the great devils; now the devil is more apt to be the Pentagon, for the image of America's coming under the domination of military men and militarism is a real one to many thoughtful people here. They would like to struggle against this domination, yet they see themselves, or their institutions, implicated in it—they see their community compromised right and left by military patronage. Some academics bow to the new situation; some continue to fight it stubbornly, a leading battler being David Riesman, now a professor of social sciences at Harvard. Various Cambridge scientists have also attended the Pugwash Conferences, aimed at relaxing the Cold War, in the past few years. And student peace movements are encouraged here by Riesman and others. Last year, I attended a peace conference at Boston University where several Cambridge professors held forth and where one *non*-Cambridge professor pointed in M.I.T.'s direction and complained about the amount of fed-

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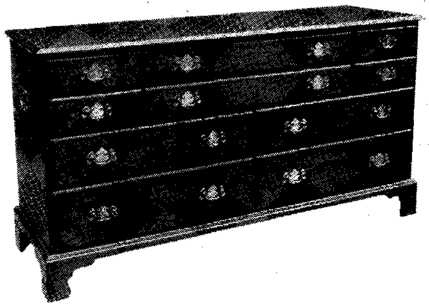

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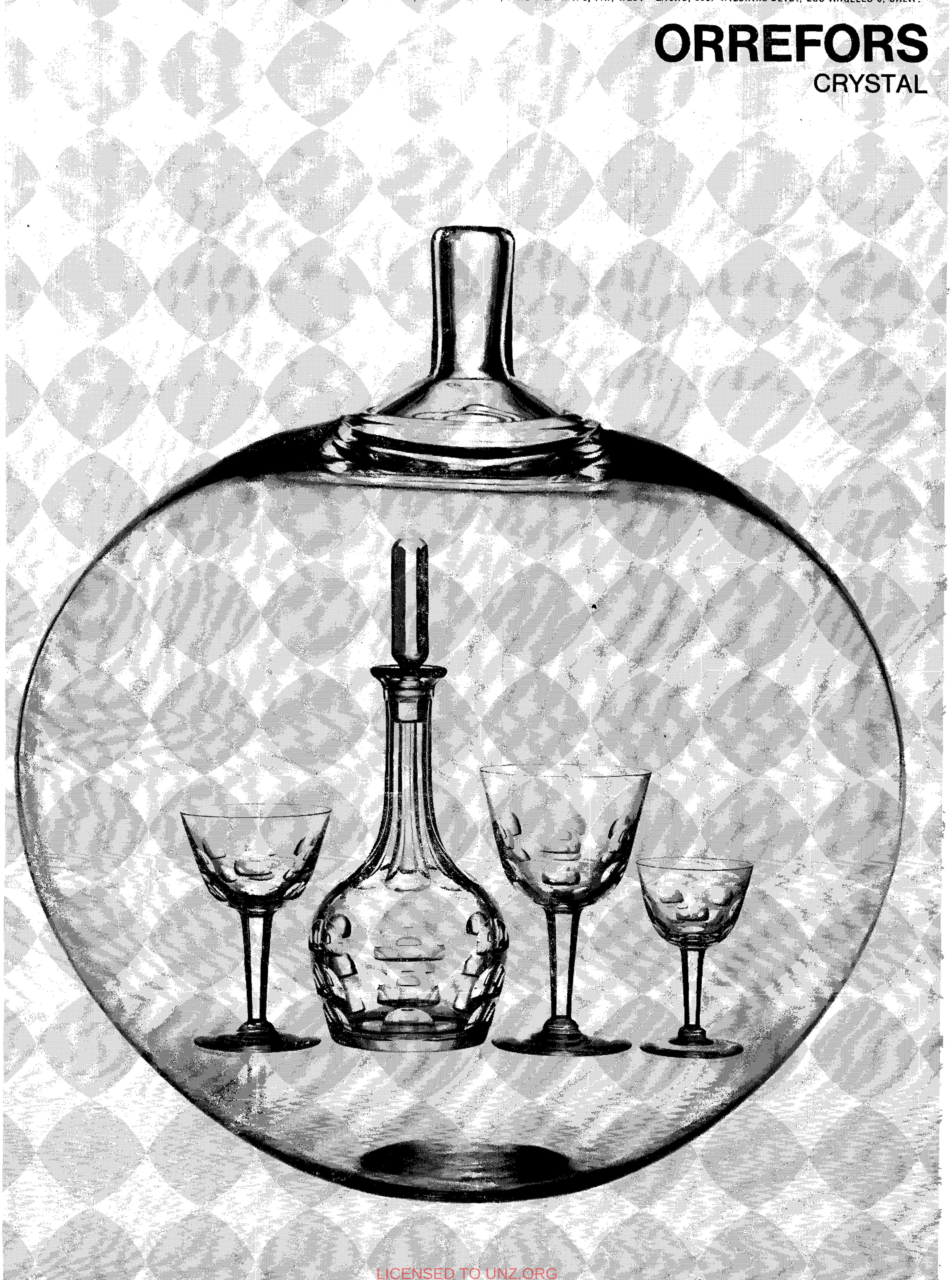
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eral money that the Institute is accepting. These gestures may not alter the situation, but they do express a restlessness in the academic psyche.

Such restlessness is plentiful now, much of it engendered by Cambridge's new power in the world. A young Harvard scholar was discussing it all with me the other day. "Look how acquisitive the universities here are," he said. "Look how they collect things. Harvard's library is the third-largest in America, and its Chinese-Japanese library is the largest outside the Far East. But still they keep on growing. Look at the university presses and the journals and the paper that comes out of this community—the fantastic ribbon of paper between here and other institutions, spreading influence. Look at all the learned societies, with their annual meetings here and there. Look at the tug of war between administration and teaching now. All this growth in Cambridge means more administration. How big is Harvard's bureaucracy now? How big is its maintenance staff? Does anybody know? I wonder."

Much is being said now—in this and other veins—against the new activities. But none of what is being said is apt to change things, for the new élite, with all its peculiarities, is well established. It can be seen as a new caste, not unlike the Brahmin caste of India. Metaphorically, the Brahmins are supposed to form the head of the Indian community, while the Kshatriyas, or warrior caste, form its body, the workers form its legs, and so on. In the old tradition, the Brahmins and the Kshatriyas have been complementary, unable to get along without each other. The Kshatriyas, men of action, have made good rulers, but only if they have had Brahmins to instruct them. And so it is today with the Johnsons and McNamaras, not to mention the Khrushchevs; without their Brahmins they are helpless. To be sure, the old Indian Brahmins have often been bad people—parasitic, hypocritical, intellectually negative, and so on. But this hasn't harmed them greatly; they have run India for thousands of years, and not even the centuries of Buddhist dominance could get them out. Our own new élite may have its faults, but so far it seems really less deplorable than the old Brahmins were; some would call our élite automatically better because it is recruited by competition, not by birth. In this it is like—to change our model—the Chinese mandarinate, another durable group, which was always replenished through scholarly examinations. It attracted opportunists more often than

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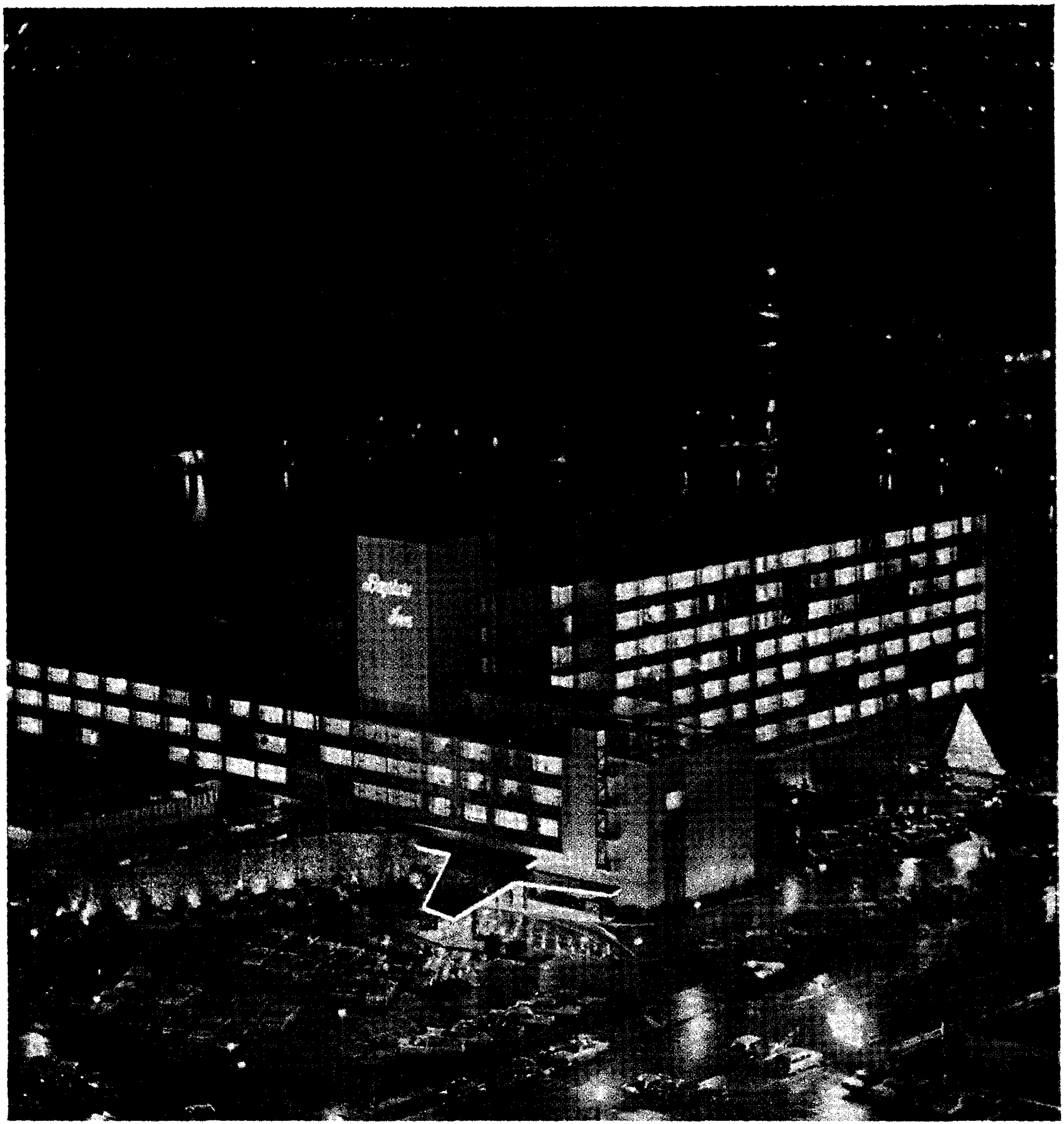

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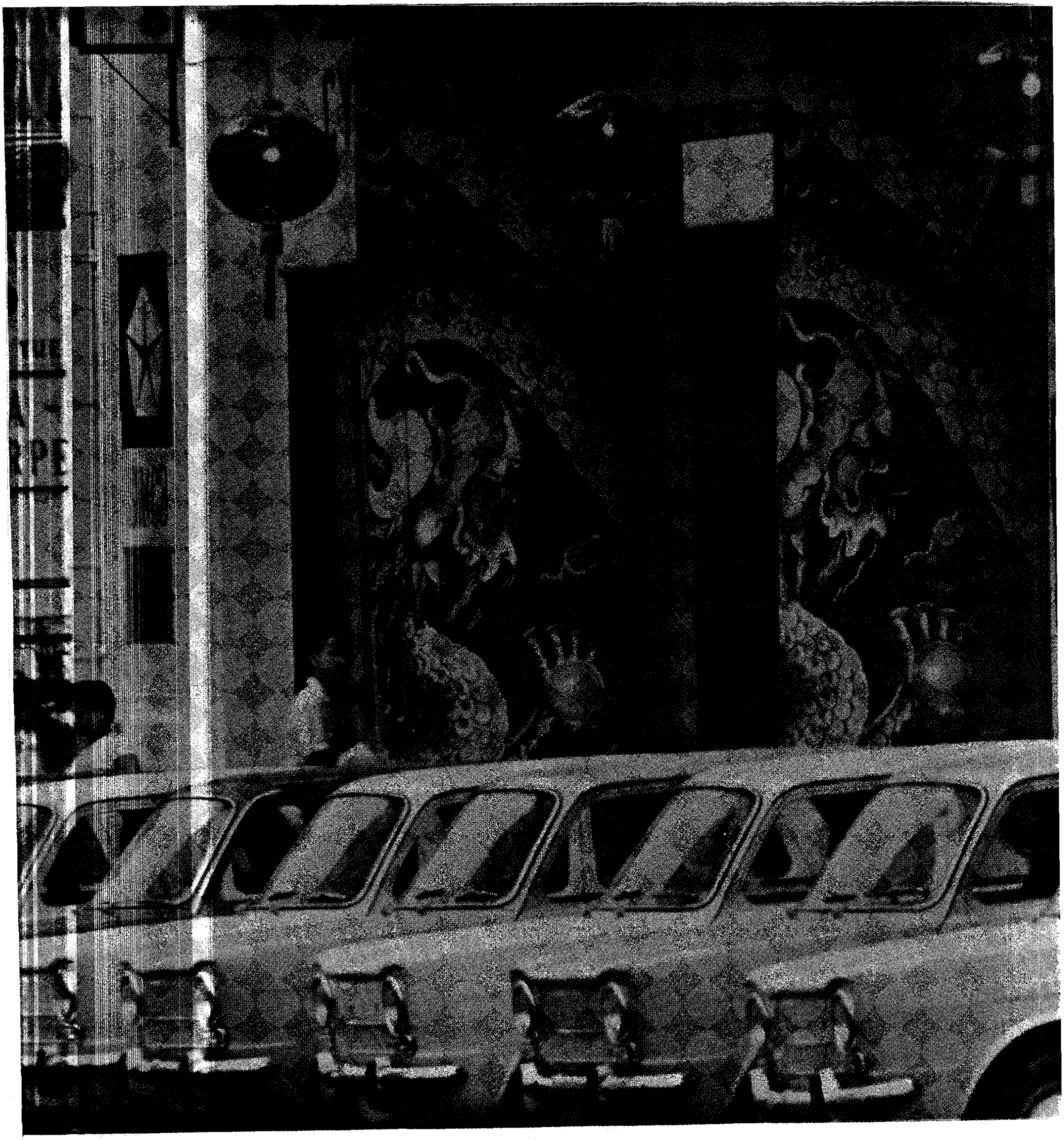

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—CHRISTOPHER RAND

(*This is the last of a series of three articles.*)

•

*Something Wild* (based upon Alex Karmel's novel, *Mary Ann*), tells the story of a college student, Mary Ann Gates (Carroll Baker), who is raped one evening by an unidentified vagrant in a park near her home. The film opens with this episode, after a series of stunning title designs of New York City by Saul Bass, and then proceeds to describe, with scrupulous detail, Mary Ann's psychological turmoil, and her dazed flight from the middle-class reality and security of her home, ruled over by indifferent parents to whom she could not possibly reveal the assault. Garfein's approach to Mary Ann's journey toward self-rehabilitation in the New York slums is in the story-documentary tradition. Mary Ann works briefly in a five-and-ten-cent store, but flees when she cannot control a neurotic sense of physical withdrawal which causes a group of jealous shopgirls to attack her in the locker room. In a state of exhaustion and self-disgust, Mary Ann attempts to leap from a bridge, but is prevented from doing so by a truck driver, Mike (Ralph Meeker). Mike takes the girl to his neat, tiny basement apartment, where she peacefully sleeps and shyly accepts some food from him. They are separated from each other emotionally because of inner fears: Mary Ann, because of her fear of men, and Mike, because he is afraid that any ungentlemanly move toward this strange, beautiful girl, suddenly thrust into his loneliness by chance, might cause her to just as suddenly run away and destroy herself. As a result, he keeps her locked in the apartment while he is at work during the day. One evening, he comes home drunk, and while trying to persuade Mary Ann not to fear him, she accidentally kicks out one of his eyes in a moment of panic. . . . —*Film Quarterly.*

People want something going on every minute.

•

An individual can eat too much of any single food . . . or simply too much food. But two eggs for breakfast every morning, for an individual of proper weight, good health, and with a wealthy family history, is not necessarily too many.—*Boston Globe.*

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# THE THEATRE

## OLD STUFF

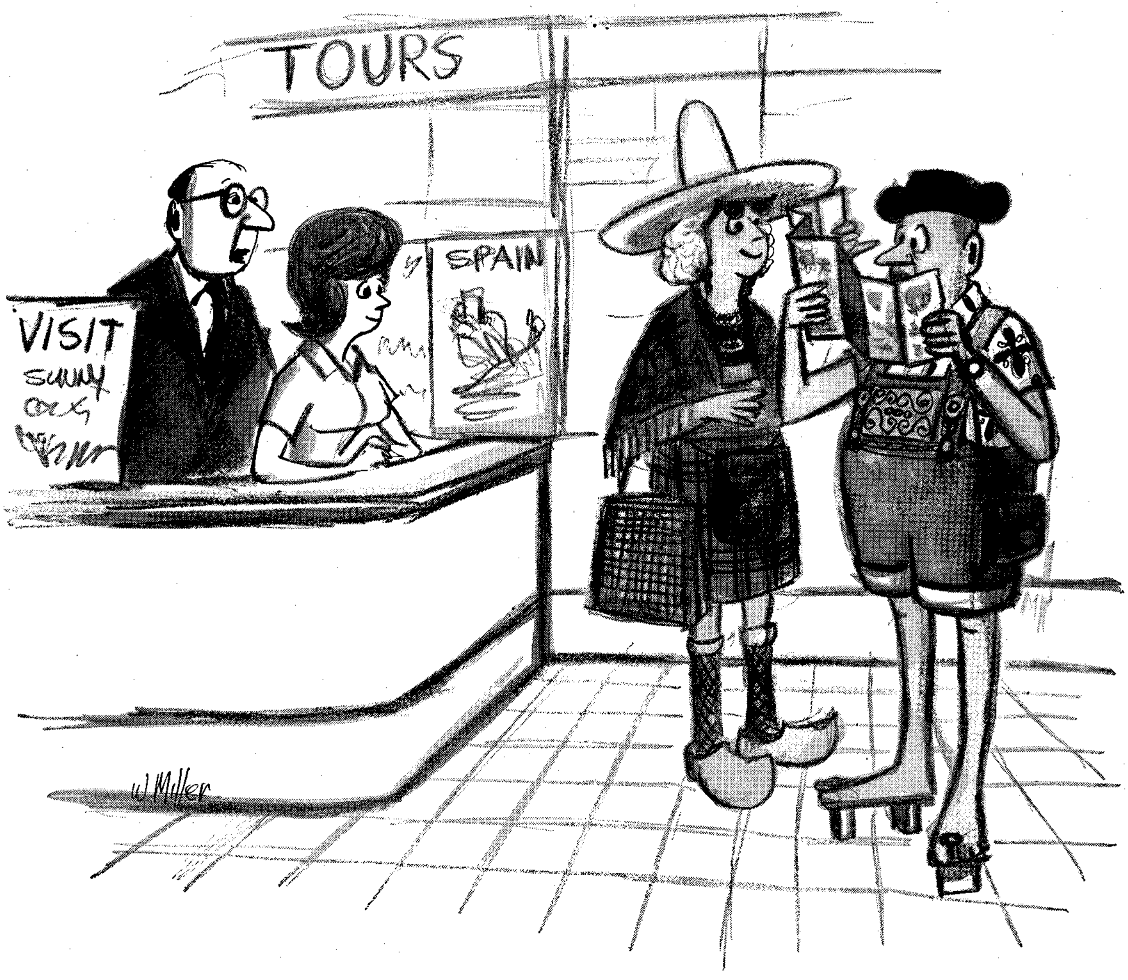
“Café Crown,” which was expiring at the Martin Beck as I began to write these words, was a foolish attempt to bring back the old days on Second Avenue when theatrical dynasties like the Adlers were the toast of the lower East Side. Based on a play that Hy Kraft put together a couple of decades ago, “Café Crown” was full of Yiddish locutions not half as witty as some that I’ve heard, and had a score, by Albert Hague, that contained little to recommend it. The lyrics, by Marty Brill, didn’t contribute much to the proceedings, either. By way of a plot, the musical introduced us to a busboy who owned a restaurant and who liked to expend his profits backing plays as long as they weren’t by Shakespeare. (He had, it seemed, lost a couple of thousand dollars on one of the Bard’s masterworks.) The dialogue ran to such exchanges as “Your commentary is superfluous” . . . “Thank you.” And that will be enough of that. Toward the end of the first act, several girls did a balancing act on rubber balls, which was mildly interesting, and just before the girls took to teetering, Tommy Rall, who was cast as the son of the greatest Second Avenue maestro of them all (Theodore Bikel), did a solo dance that went on interminably but served the purpose of demonstrating that Mr. Rall has energy to burn. I won’t go into all the convolutions of the story line—Buffalo boy dentist meets East Side girl actress, loses girl, and decides to abandon his drill for theatrical investment—but I will say that the dentist in question, Alan Alda, came nearest to turning in an amusing performance. As the busboy, the redoubtable Sam Levene did his level best to infuse a bit of drollery into the affair, but he just couldn’t overcome the handicaps of the book. —John McCarten

## OFF BROADWAY

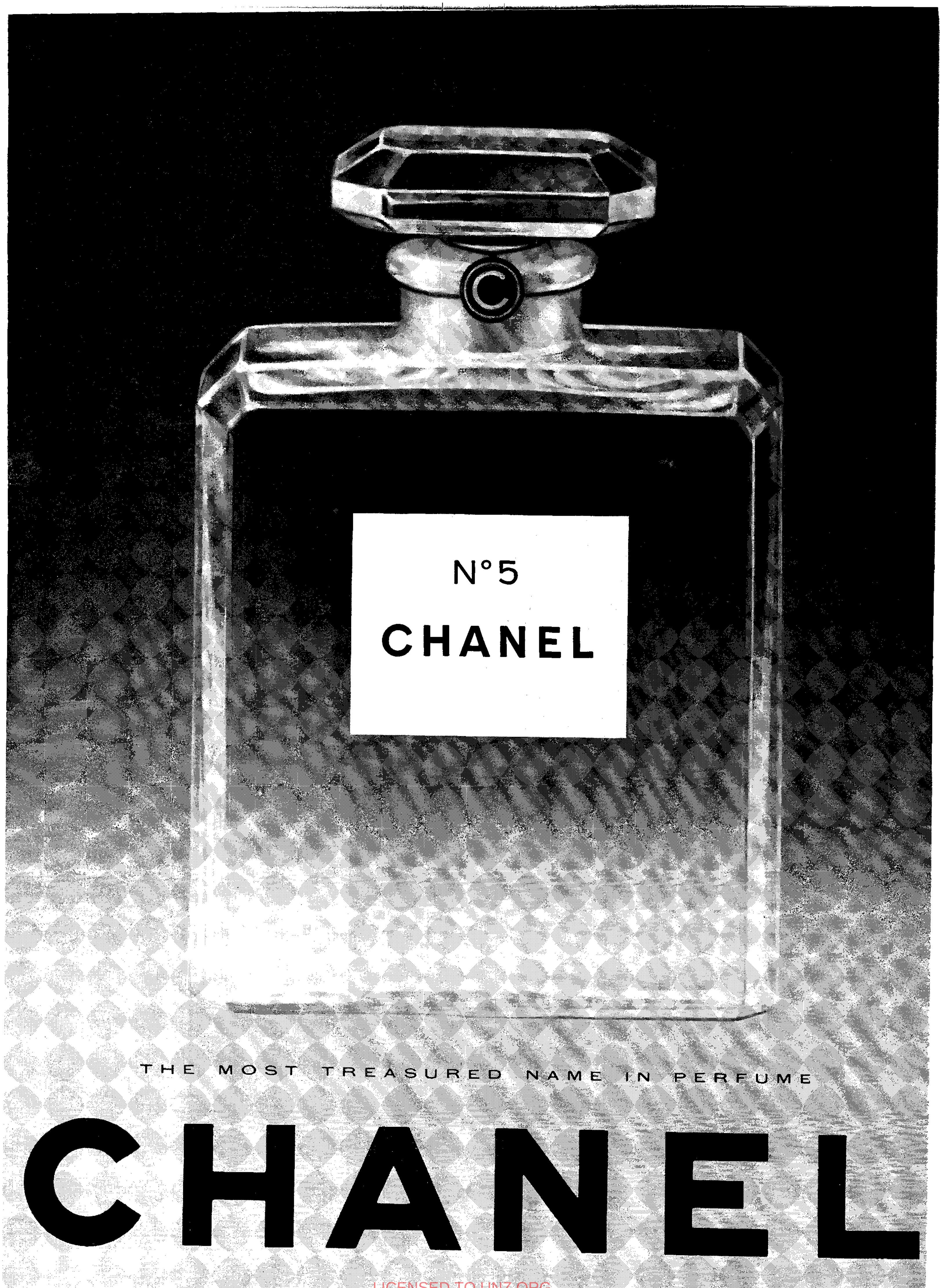
### *Gogol Aloud*

Once one accepts it as a play at all, the adaptation of Gogol’s “Diary of a Madman,” at the Gramercy Arts, with Zack Matalon as its sole performer, is quite absorbing. But the accepting does take time. Even accepting Mr. Matalon, a rather prepossessing and handsome man, as Gogol’s scruffy, penniless, lonely government clerk, with his tattered delusions of gentility, to say nothing of his more clinical delusions, takes some doing. The story, which is made up of his daily entries in his journal, has simply been transposed into a monologue, which sounds strange at first but almost justifies itself as it proceeds. (Why wouldn’t a lunatic prattle out loud in an empty room?) It is not depressing, for what Gogol has recorded is not a descent but an escape into lunacy, and there is no doubt that in the end the poor fellow is better off in an asylum, where he is beaten and doused with cold water but is sure that he is the King of Spain, than he ever was in his miserable furnished room or at his office at the Ministry, without friends or family or love or money or any life of any kind.

Except for the brief last act—in a cell of the asylum—the play is set in the clerk’s bedroom, where a calendar on the back wall records the progression of days. At his first entrance, when he describes with wonder a conversation he has overheard between two dogs, it is clear that he has dropped a mental stitch, but there still appears to be a chance that he can pick it up. (“I must be drunk. But I don’t think I hear things when I drink.”) It is only when he imitates the trumpeting of an acquaintance that one realizes how far he has slid into wildness. Considering how un-Slavic and impressive Mr. Matalon



*“No more for them, Miss Hanlon. They’ve had enough.”*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looks, he does well, I think, at just being plausible in the part. He also has many vivid, comic, and, of course, touching moments. The sly relish with which he describes his outlandish passion for the Minister's daughter; his arrival home after the theatre, marching up and down humming Mozart and utterly transported by what he has seen; his reading of the dog's letters as he sits huddled by his stove in a full-length pink nightgown, with a pink nightcap plopped on his head, and looking for all the world like a demented Daumier cartoon; and his quiet composure when he realizes that he has solved the problem of the Spanish royal succession, and that he himself is King, are all effective. William Hickey, who directed and who plays the part at the early performances on Fridays and Saturdays, has invented some appropriate business, but it is the force of Gogol's imagination and his words, even in translation, that propels the show and holds the attention.

—EDITH OLIVER

•

### SOCIAL AND VEHICULAR NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[*Mt. Vernon correspondent of the Calhoun (Ky.) McLean County News*]

We had fifty-four in Sunday School. The Rev. Charles E. Woodburn is pastor of the church.

I was up to J. T. Broadley's Friday afternoon and a fellow ran into his car close to Poplar Grove. The other fellow was driving on the wrong side of the road and hit head on. It damaged J. T.'s car about four hundred and twenty dollars. He had to get the wrecker to pull his car in. He is selling Watkins products and it threw some of the boxes out of the back seat into the front seat and broke a lot of it. J. T. borrowed a car and went to Owensboro and I went with them to see my sister, Calen Duke. I went Friday afternoon and came home Sunday afternoon. While I was there Mrs. Brooks Stinnett, my sister, Miss Norma Jean Stinnett and Barbara, (the latter two are my nieces) Mr. and Mrs. Hurd came awhile Sunday afternoon to visit awhile with us. Mrs. Hurd is my niece. I had two more nieces come to see me.

•

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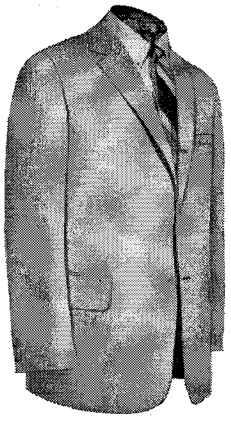

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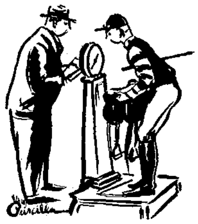
# THE RACE TRACK

## *Square Deal*



LIKE everybody else, I am of two or three minds about the quality of this season's three-year-olds, but I must say that Quadrangle won the Wood Memorial Stakes in fine style at Aqueduct last weekend. Keeping close to the pace for most of the mile and a furlong, he wore Mr. Brick down in the stretch and passed the winning post going away. Roman Brother was third. On the strength of this performance, Quadrangle will be the hope of the East in the Kentucky Derby at Louisville a week from Saturday. Although no winner of the Wood Stakes has gone on to win at Churchill Downs since Assault, in 1946 (and what a horse *he* was!), the Wood is always interesting. This year, it and the weather brought out a crowd of fifty-eight thousand. Incidentally, it was the fourth Saturday in a row that more than five million dollars was bet in the tote.

The warm sunshine of quite the pleasantest afternoon since the season opened showed the nine runners at their best. Quadrangle was one of the early arrivals in the paddock, and I thought he looked particularly good. He'd filled out since I had seen him last, and he was hard and fit and his coat was bright. Mr. Brick was bouncing about, as usual, full of energy, and Roman Brother seemed to be in the pink, despite all the racing he'd had in Florida, but Traffic and Chieftain didn't look as sharp as they'd looked for the Gotham a fortnight before. One runner who did catch my eye was Knightly Manner, a well-knit dark-bay colt, and he surprised me by seeming unable to raise a good gallop. It couldn't have been that he didn't like the track, because in his first start over it this season, a month ago, he gave Quadrangle four pounds and came within a neck of beating him.

There really isn't much to say about the running of the Wood Stakes. Mr. Brick jumped off in front and set a lively, even pace until Hartack made his challenge with Quadrangle, who, it seemed to me, had plenty left at the end. Quadrangle was to have been ridden by Baeza, but early in the week Fred Hooper, to whom Baeza is under contract, got a court order in Miami re-

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straining him from riding anybody else's horses. While I'm not going into the merits of a case that is *sub judice*, I can say that this is the first time I've ever heard of an owner getting out an injunction against a jockey. So now Elliott Burch, who trains Quadrangle, is looking for someone to ride him in the Derby. (Hartack is on Northern Dancer.) I don't imagine he'll have much trouble.

THERE has always been something slightly baffling to me about those "exhibitions," as racecourse managements call them, like the Forerunner Purse at Keeneland last week, in which Hill Rise beat a couple of Class C colts. I never can guess whether the runners are just having a good gallop or are really trying. A man I know, who saw the race, said he wasn't impressed with Hill Rise's effort, even considering that it was his first time under colors since February 29th. Hill Rise's next start will be in the Derby Trial, four days before the main event. Northern Dancer is having his big test in the Blue Grass Stakes at Keeneland, which will be over before you read these notes. Offhand, I'd say that he should win easily. By the way, they have quite a runner at Keeneland in Blue Norther, a filly, unbeaten this season, who Shoemaker says is the best of her sex he's ridden since Cicada.

THE only report I have on the two-year-olds this week is that some of them in several of the stables at Belmont are coughing. I'm told, though, that the epidemic isn't likely to reach the proportions of last year's. This weekend, Aqueduct offers the Grey Lag Handicap, for which Mongo and Gun Bow are among the eligibles. Let's hope both go.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

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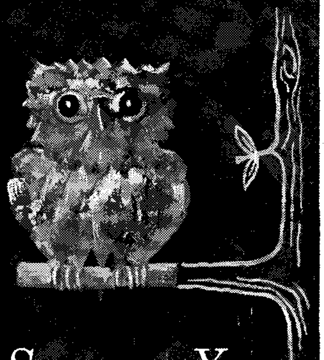

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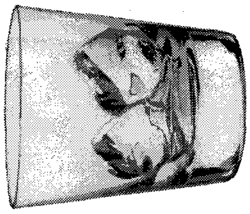
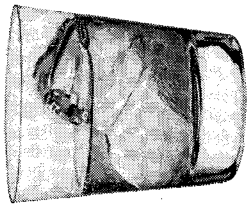
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# PLEASE, DOCTOR

ONCE upon a time, there was no television, and I am not sure that it was not a happier time. Certainly a more innocent one; we knew much less about a number of things, and perhaps we were the better for it. Like the matter of having operations. I had one or two myself, in those days, and I can remember going into the hospital with no more than normal apprehension. If I worried, it was because of what was wrong with *me*, such as the state of my appendix or my tonsils. I didn't worry at all about what might be wrong with the hospital itself. I approached the whole thing with confidence and no more suspicion than a child—less, actually, because most of the children I know are suspicious as hell. However, lately I have been watching various hospital dramas on television, and I have got a whole new picture. For one thing, no one in these hospitals ever seems to *do* anything. Well, they do *some* things—they drink coffee a lot, and they have heart-to-heart talks at the floor desks or in the Administrator's office, but these are mostly about themselves, and small wonder, because the doctors and nurses seem to have so many personal problems that sometimes you feel they ought to stay home and tend to them.

Perhaps I am being unfair. Once in a while, a nurse hovers over a patient and looks compassionate. Once in a while, a student nurse can't reach a doctor (they are probably all drinking coffee somewhere), so, without experience or permission, she gives a transfusion or an injection that she isn't supposed to give but that saves the patient's life.

I admit that the technicalities are not always overlooked. In one of these programs, Sam Jaffe comes up now and then, over the coffee cups, with such terms as "interfractionary tibula of the metatarsal fulcrum." Ben Casey never says anything. He just stands there. Still, none of this gave me any real qualms, except that I couldn't help feeling glad that I didn't know as much about hospitals when I had to be in them as I do now. But then I saw something on television that scared the life out of me, and if I were ordered to a hospital tomorrow, I would scream the place down.

THE story began all right. I missed the first scene, but I gathered that a young interne had come all over queer in the operating room and was saved from throwing up by the head surgical

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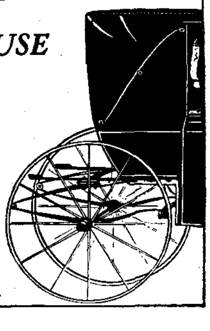

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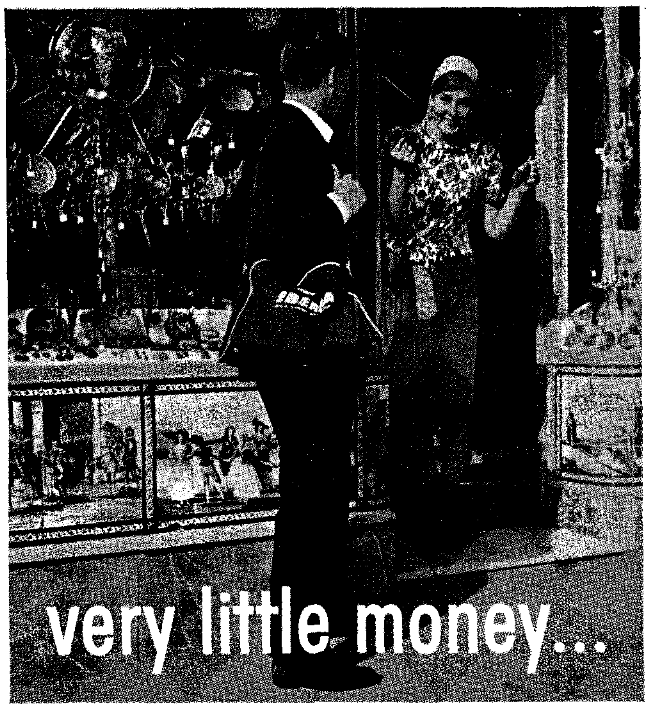
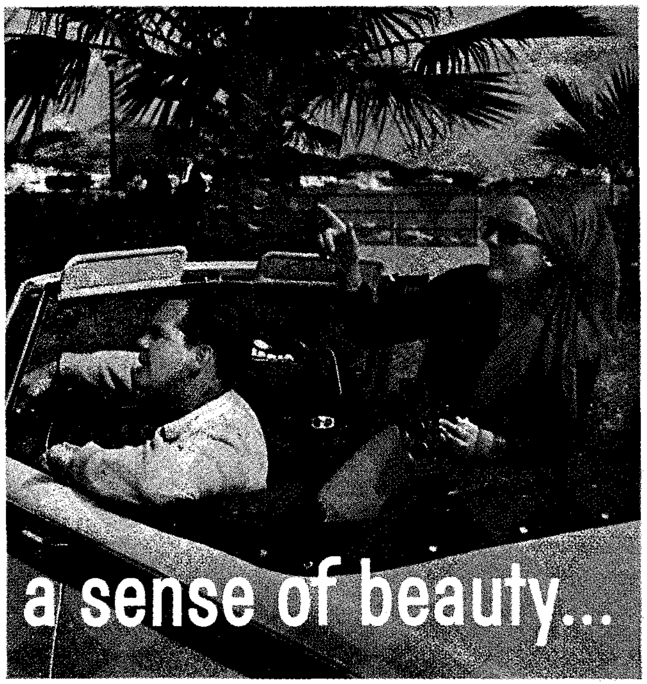
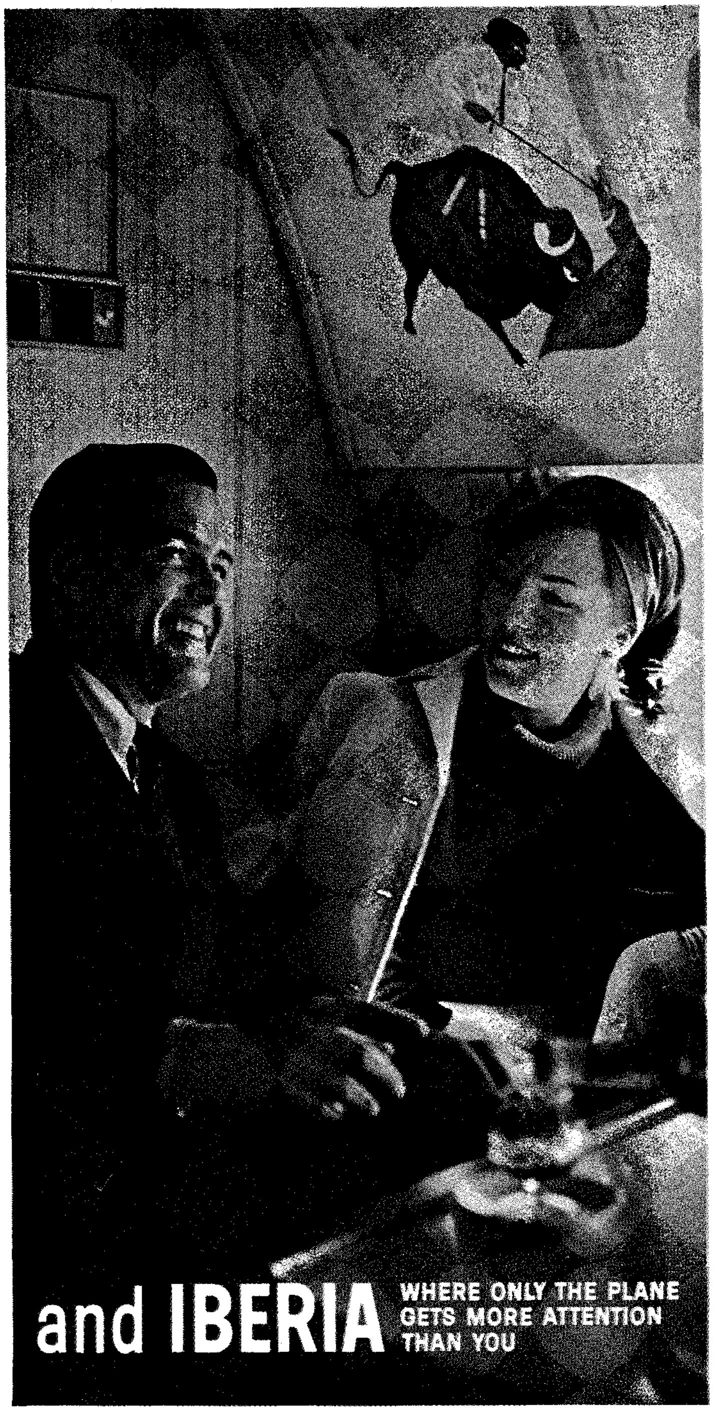

very little money...


a sense of beauty...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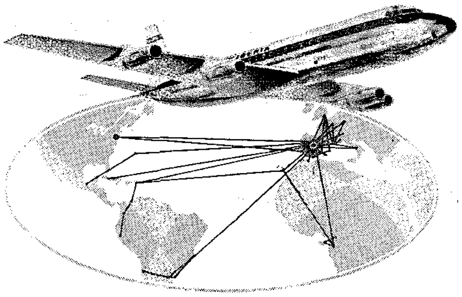

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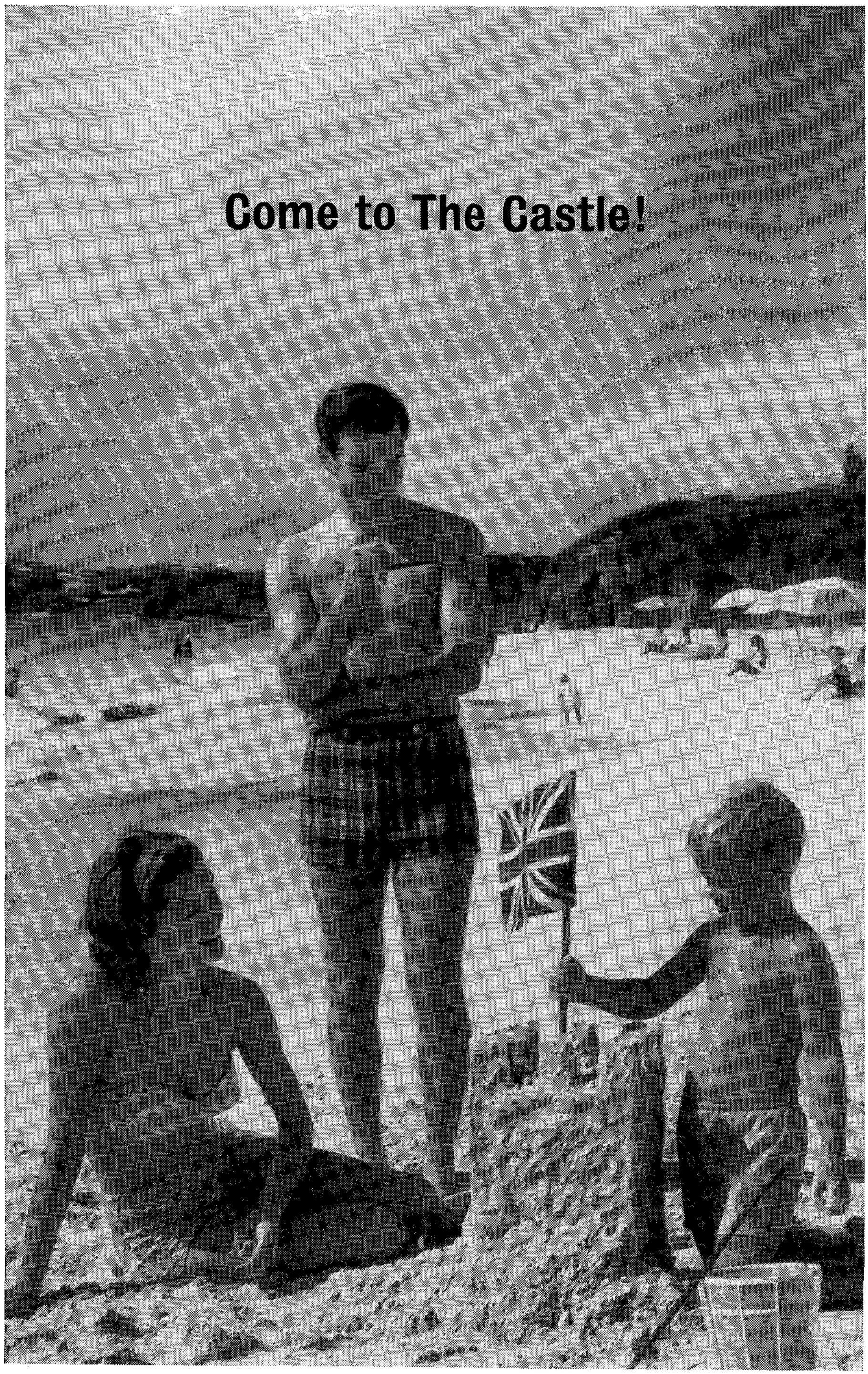
nurse. I'm sorry I missed that, because it was in color, and I'll bet they did a fine job of his turning green under the surgical mask. Well, anyway, when I tuned in he was thanking the nurse, who was more or less saying, "Think nothing of it." That worried me right away. I mean, an interne who had got as far as assisting in surgery ought to be beyond the turning-green stage. I mean, they must have let him see *some* operations when he was training. Also, I thought that a head nurse would have more irritation than pity with such goings on.

I was wrong, though; it seemed she thought it was cute. The next scene was in her apartment, and she was wearing nothing but a silk slip and she was taking pills and drinking, and pretty soon the young interne stopped by to thank her again. She put on a robe, and he came in carrying a single rose, which, he said, he had swiped from a patient. "Have a drink," she said. "I've had several." He said he couldn't drink, because he was on call early, but he didn't appear to wonder how good *she* would be in surgery with a hangover. The hazards of hospitalization were mounting. Then the nurse suggested that the interne stick around, because he reminded her of her young brother, but she didn't act awfully sisterly, and personally I thought it was all for the best that he left.

Well, the next morning he found that she had recommended him to assist the head surgeon. "I'm due in Room 4," he said, but the nurse said to get right up to surgery. (Nobody ever said what happened to Room 4, or if *anyone* ever got there.) There was a good deal of headshaking among the rest of the staff over the interne's assisting, but the head surgeon was guided by this nurse. There again I was shaken. It had never occurred to me that surgeons ever listened to nurses. Any time *my* surgeons visited me, the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nurses stood at attention with their traps shut. I didn't think surgeons even spoke to nurses except to say "scalpel," and very little of that. I was getting more and more food for thought, with practically no appetite for it.

Then came the operation itself. There was the table, and on it was the anesthetized patient, at the mercy of a hungover and sexually thwarted nurse and a surgeon who, so help me, started operating while singing, "Oh dem golden slippers . . ." Between incisions and snatches of song to emphasize them—"Oh . . . [incision] . . . dem golden . . . [incision] . . . slippers"—he cast whimsical glances at the nurse and the interne over his mask, while the nurse, over hers, sent not-so-whimsical glances to the interne. And then, right in the middle of the most difficult part of the operation, right in the *middle* of it, the head surgeon, with a Santa Claus twinkle, signalled to the interne to take over. That's where I had to get *me* a drink.

I don't really want to remember the rest of it, but it stays with me. To everyone's surprise but mine, the nurse turned out to be a pathological case. Frustrated by lack of interest on the part of the interne, she wrongly accused him of carelessness and made a scene in the scrubbing-up room that I would have thought called for a straitjacket or instant dismissal. But no. All that happened was that she was gently reprimanded. She needed a rest, the hospital thought, and she was given a choice of floor duty or a vacation. Cut to the quick by the idea of floor duty, she went out and got *really* drunk. She sat at a bar and got mixed up with strange men, and she recited poetry, and the young interne—who again had to work very early the next morning—came by to rescue her and got beaten up by the strange men, who must have wanted to hear her go on reciting poetry.

IT ended happily. Although the nurse was out cold that night, she showed up at the hospital the next morning and reported to a psychiatrist, and the interne showed up with a badly painted-on bruise but ready to go to work. The final scene showed the interne scrubbing up and then the head supervisor (female) coming in with a single rose from the pathologic nurse. Since the interne was scrubbed up, he couldn't take it, so the supervisor stuck it between his teeth and left him there, all scrubbed up, holding the rose between his teeth and calling for someone to help him get rid of it.

I suppose it was sort of a darling fin-

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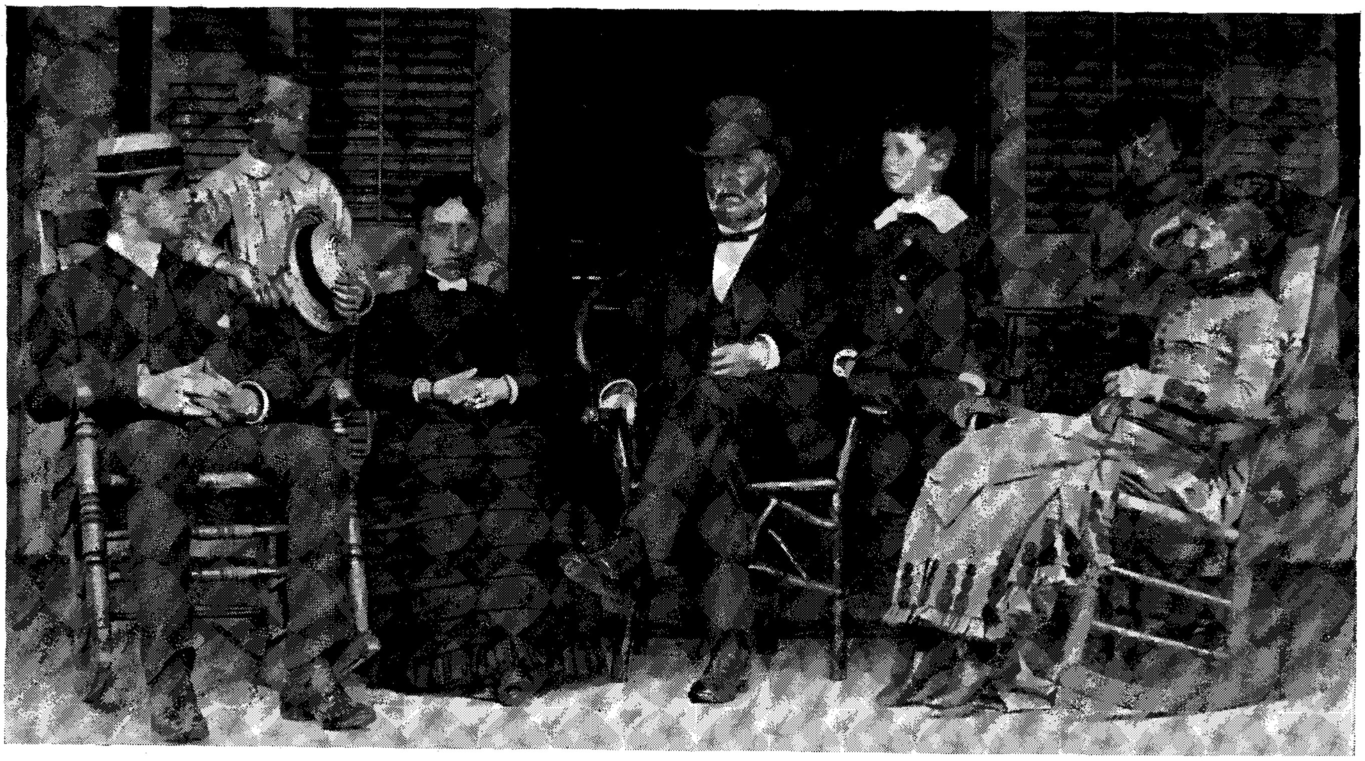

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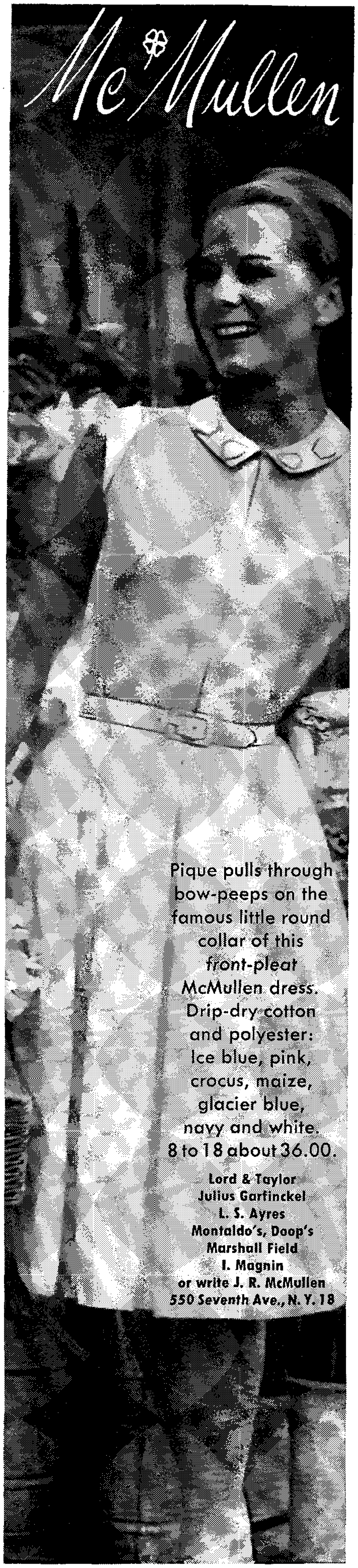
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ish, but considering what had preceded it I was in no mood to relish it. I could only think that if he had been so badly beaten up the night before, and had had no sleep as well, having sat up with the passed-out nurse, he shouldn't even be scrubbing up, let alone getting ready to operate, and I also found myself wondering what it would be like to be a patient in a hospital that was crawling with singing surgeons, dipsomaniac nurses, and internes who get to operate as a cure for nausea.

At the moment, I am not facing surgery, but should I be in the future, I feel that I will have only one thing to say, and that, so help me, is again garnered from television: "PLEASE, Doctor, I want to do it MYSELF!"

—PATRICIA COLLINGE

•

Jennifer Lynn Connary, new baby daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Larry Connary, happily snoozing in her bassinet, will lose no sleep over the fact in checking her genealogy again it has been determined that only by marriage can she lay claim to being related to the first family of Lancaster. It seems that Ruth Stockwell married Oliver Hutchins, and her daughter, Ruth Stockwell Hutchins was David Greenleaf's fourth wife and Phoebe was a daughter of his first wife, a Bedel. This makes Ruth S. Hutchins Jennifer's great, great, great, great, great step grandmother instead of grandmother. It was her great, great, great, great half aunt, Eunice Greenleaf, that married Appheus and another half aunt that married Ephrim Stockwell, Sally Greenleaf by David's second wife.

Jennifer's great grandmother, Hattie C. Bond, wants this clarified as she feels the mistake in checking the genealogy was hers.—*Lancaster (N. H.) Coos County Democrat.*

Noted. And try not to wake Jennifer!

•

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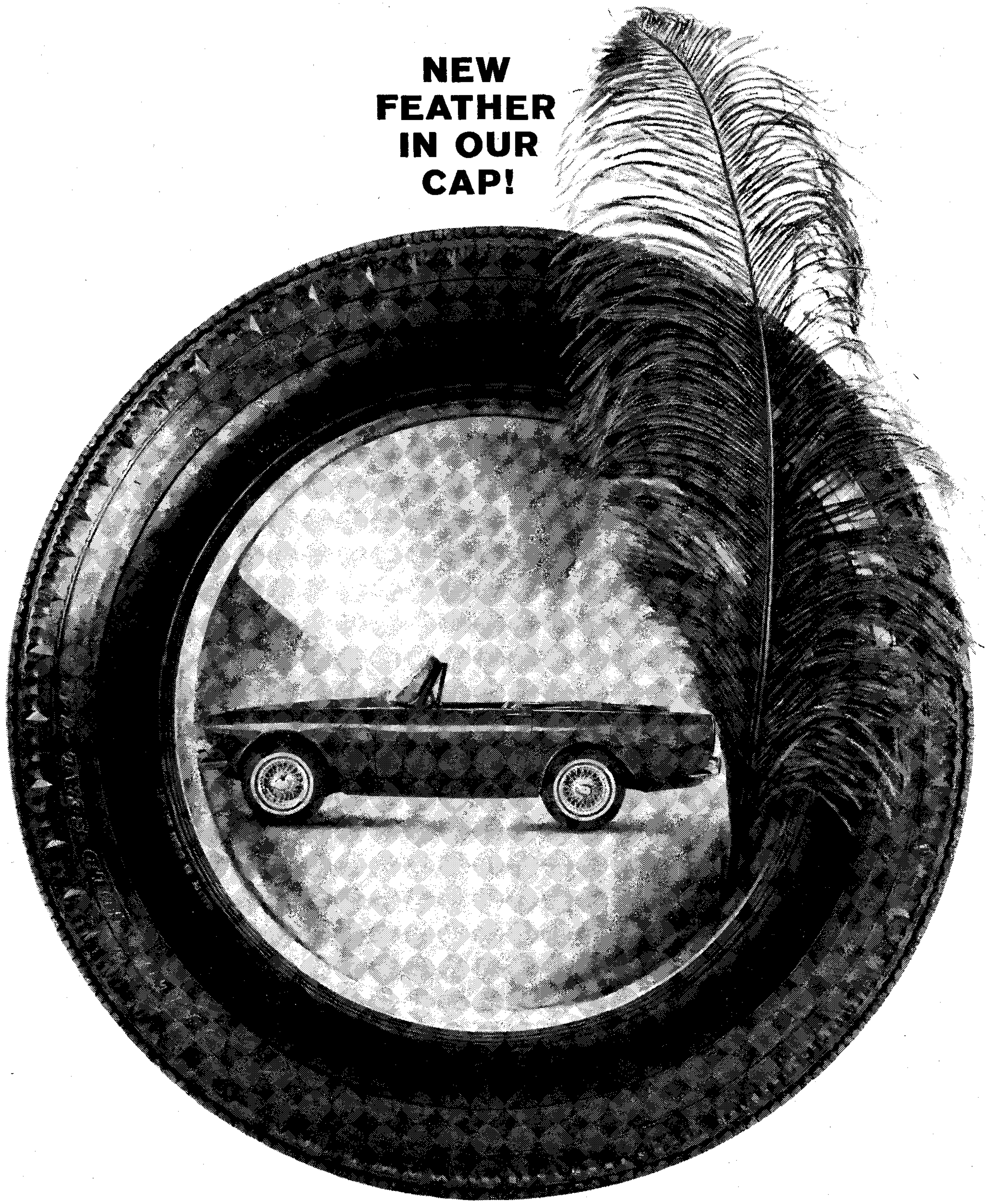

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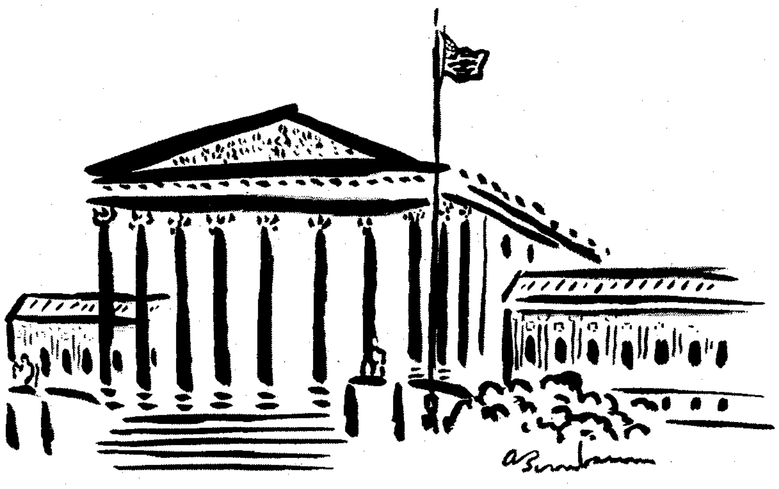
# ANNALS OF LAW

## THE GIDEON CASE—I



IN the morning mail of January 8, 1962, the Supreme Court of the United States received a large manila envelope bearing the return address "Clarence Earl Gideon, Prisoner No. 003826, Florida State Prison, P.O. Box 221, Raiford, Florida." Like all correspondence addressed simply to the Court, it was routed to a room just off the entrance hall of the Supreme Court Building, where a secretary opened it and found that, as the return address suggested, it contained a petition from a prisoner asking the Court to get him out of jail. The secretary put the petition on the desk of an assistant clerk of the Supreme Court, Michael Rodak, Jr., who concerns himself with, among other things, the Court's Miscellaneous Docket. This is made up mostly of cases brought by persons who are too poor to have their court papers printed, as other petitioners must, or to pay the usual fee of a hundred dollars for the docketing of a case in the Supreme Court. A federal statute permits a litigant to proceed in any federal court *in forma pauperis* (in the manner of a pauper) if he "makes affidavit that he is unable to pay such costs or give security therefor." In 1948, the Supreme Court construed the statute to mean that a poor litigant need not be destitute. "We think an affidavit is sufficient which states that one cannot because of his poverty 'pay or give security for the costs . . . and still be able to provide' himself and dependents 'with the necessities of life,' " said Justice Hugo L. Black, speaking for the Court and here and there quoting the statute. An impoverished man, Justice Black went on, should not have to choose between his family and his cause—between going on relief, perhaps, and deciding to "abandon what may be a meritorious claim." As a practical matter, the Supreme Court seldom questions a petitioner's declaration of poverty in an *in-forma-pauperis* affidavit. Moreover, the Court makes "due allowance" for technical errors in the papers of an *in-forma-pauperis* petitioner as long as there is substantial compliance with the rules (one man in the Clerk's Office says that "substantial compliance is stretched as far as it can be"), and although it prefers that *in-forma-pauperis* applications be typewritten, handwritten ones will do.

Gideon had used a pencil. His papers were written in carefully formed block letters, like a schoolboy's, on lined sheets provided by the Florida prison. Printed at the top of each sheet was a set of prison regulations ("Only 2 letters each week . . . written on one side only . . . must be written in English") and the warning "MAIL WILL NOT BE DELIVERED WHICH DOES NOT CONFORM TO THESE RULES." Gideon's punctuation and spelling were full of surprises, but he seemed fairly practiced in legal jargon, such as "Comes now the petitioner . . ." The most likely explanation of this was that he had a copy of the Supreme Court rules. (Assistant clerk Rodak did not remember this, but Gideon had previously submitted a petition unaccompanied by a pauper's affidavit, so it had been returned, along with a copy of the rules and a sample affidavit.) A quick check suggested that he had indeed substantially complied with the rules. He appeared, for example, to have met the requirement that a petition concerned with a criminal matter be brought to the Supreme Court within ninety days of the lower court's decision, for he had enclosed a copy of an order of the Florida Supreme Court denying a petition he had made for release by writ of habeas corpus, and the order was dated October 30, 1961—seventy days before his envelope arrived at the Supreme Court Building. Mr. Rodak stamped Gideon's papers and gave them a number—"890 Miscellaneous," which meant that the case was the eight-hundred-and-ninetieth entered on the Miscellaneous Docket during that Court term. (Court terms start on the first Monday in October and usually run on till the following June.) On a green file card he typed the number and the formal title of the case: "Clarence Earl Gideon, Petitioner, vs. H. G. Cochran, Jr., Director, Division of Corrections, State of Florida, Respondent." Then the papers were put in a large red folder (red is the color for Miscellaneous Docket cases; regular Appellate Docket matters go into blue folders) and tied with a string, and after some more paperwork the folder was dispatched to the file room, one floor down, by electric dumbwaiter.

Gideon's red folder contained two documents that he had prepared himself. One—a two-page affair headed "Motion for leave to proceed in Forma Pauperis"—included the affidavit, duly notarized. The other, five pages long, was entitled "Petition for a Writ of Certiorari Directed to the Supreme Court, State of Florida." A writ of certiorari is a formal device to bring a case from a lower court up to a higher one. In plain terms, Gideon was asking the Supreme Court to hear his case. And what was his case? Gideon said that he was serving a five-year term for the crime of "breaking and entering [the Bay Harbor Poolroom, in Panama City, Florida] with the intent to commit petty larceny," and that his conviction had violated the due-process clause of the Fourteenth Amendment to the Constitution, which reads, "No State shall . . . deprive any person of life, liberty, or property, without due process of law." Violated it in what way? For two of the five pages, it was impossible to tell. Then came this statement: "When at the time of the petitioner's trial he ask the lower court for the aid of counsel, the court refused this aid. Petitioner told the court that this court had made decision to the effect that all citizens tried for a felony crime should have aid of counsel. The lower court ignored this plea."

Gideon had been tried on August 4, 1961, in the Circuit Court of the Fourteenth Judicial Circuit of Florida, in and for Bay County, before Judge

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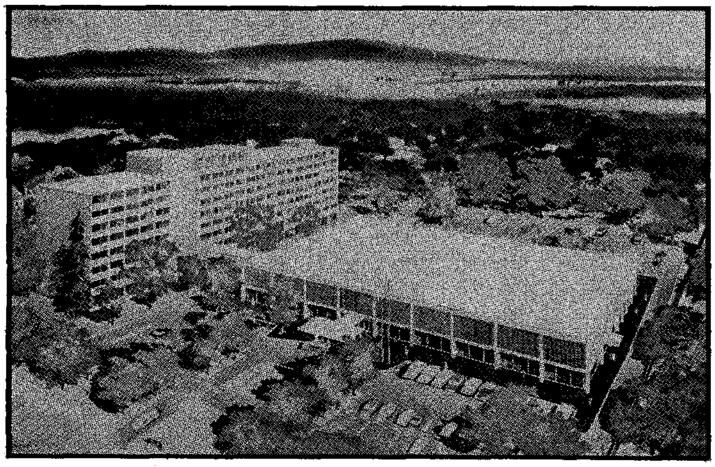

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Robert L. McCrary, Jr. Gideon did not have and therefore could not enclose a transcript of the trial, but a court reporter had taken down the proceedings. The trial began as follows:

> The Court: The next case on the Docket is the case of the State of Florida, Plaintiff, vs. Clarence Earl Gideon, Defendant. What says the State, are you ready to go to trial in this case?
>
> Mr. Harris [William E. Harris, Assistant State Attorney]: The State is ready, Your Honor.
>
> The Court: What says the Defendant? Are you ready to go to trial?
>
> The Defendant: I am not ready, Your Honor.
>
> The Court: Did you plead not guilty to this charge by reason of insanity?
>
> The Defendant: No, sir.
>
> The Court: Why aren't you ready?
>
> The Defendant: I have no Counsel.
>
> The Court: Why do you not have Counsel? Did you not know that your case was set for trial today?
>
> The Defendant: Yes, sir, I knew that it was set for trial today.
>
> The Court: Why, then, did you not secure Counsel and be prepared to go to trial?
>
> The Defendant answered the Court's question, but spoke in such low tones that it was not audible.
>
> The Court: Come closer up, Mr. Gideon, I can't understand you, I don't know what you said, and the reporter didn't understand you either.
>
> At this point, the Defendant arose from his chair, where he was seated at the Counsel Table, and walked up and stood directly in front of the Bench, facing His Honor, Judge McCrary.
>
> The Court: Now, tell us what you said again, so we can understand you, please.
>
> The Defendant: Your Honor, I said: I request this Court to appoint Counsel to represent me in this trial.
>
> The Court: Mr. Gideon, I am sorry, but I cannot appoint Counsel to represent you in this case. Under the laws of the State of Florida, the only time the Court can appoint Counsel to represent a Defendant is when that person is charged with a capital offense. I am sorry, but I will have to deny your request to appoint Counsel to defend you in this case.
>
> The Defendant: The United States Supreme Court says I am entitled to be represented by Counsel.
>
> The Court: *Let the record show that the Defendant has asked the Court to appoint Counsel to represent him in this trial and the Court denied the request, and informed the Defendant that the only time the Court could appoint Counsel to represent a Defendant was in cases where the Defendant was charged with a capital offense. The Defendant stated to the Court that the United States Supreme Court said he was entitled to it.*

There was only one trouble with Gideon's argument, and that was that twenty years before, in the famous case of Betts *v.* Brady, the Supreme Court, by a majority of six to three, had rejected the contention that the due-process clause of the Fourteenth Amendment

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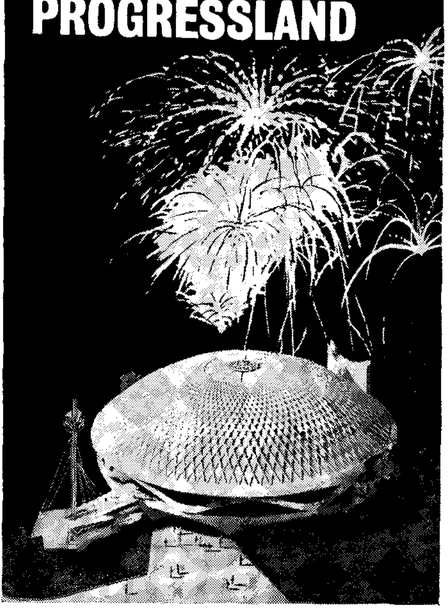

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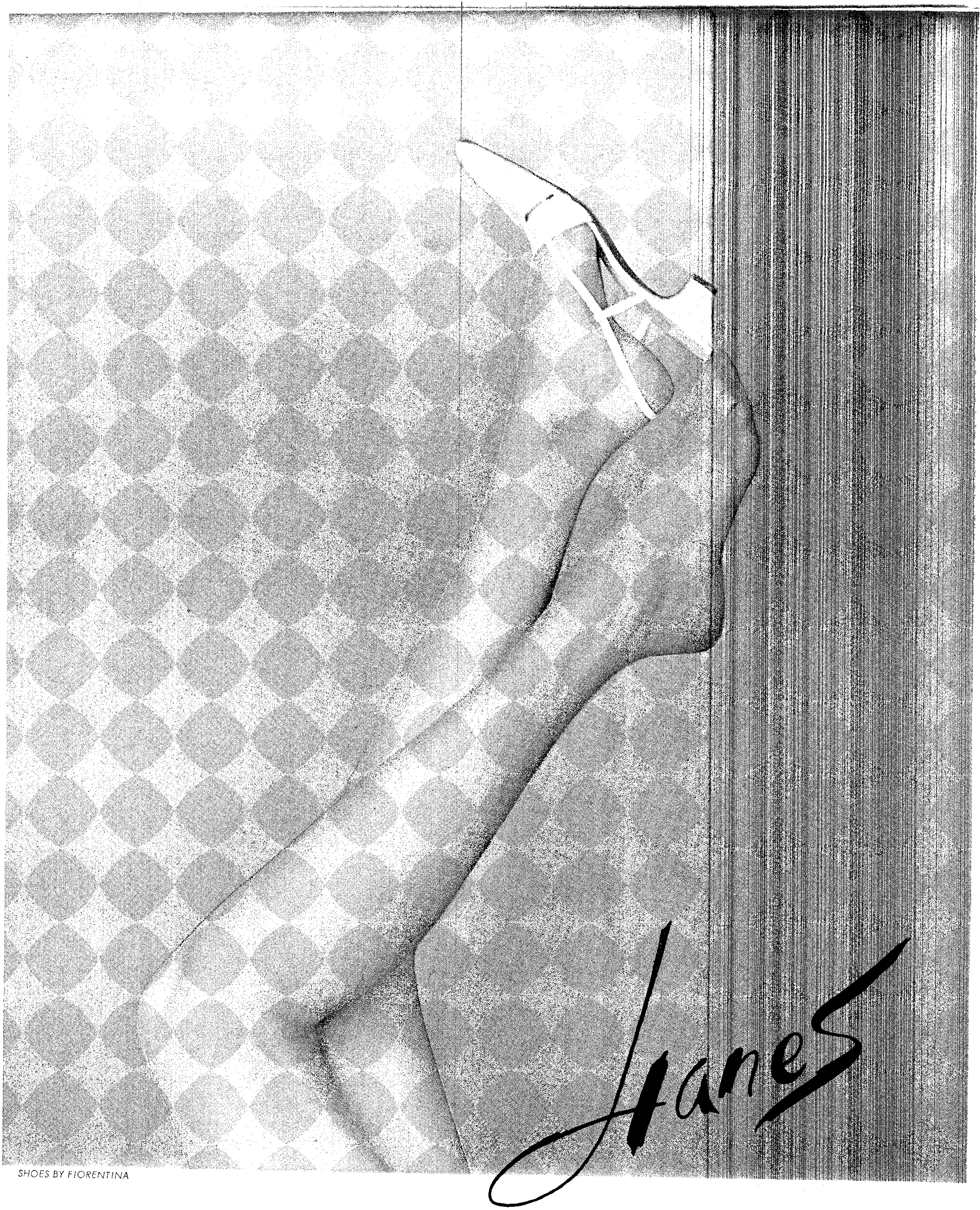

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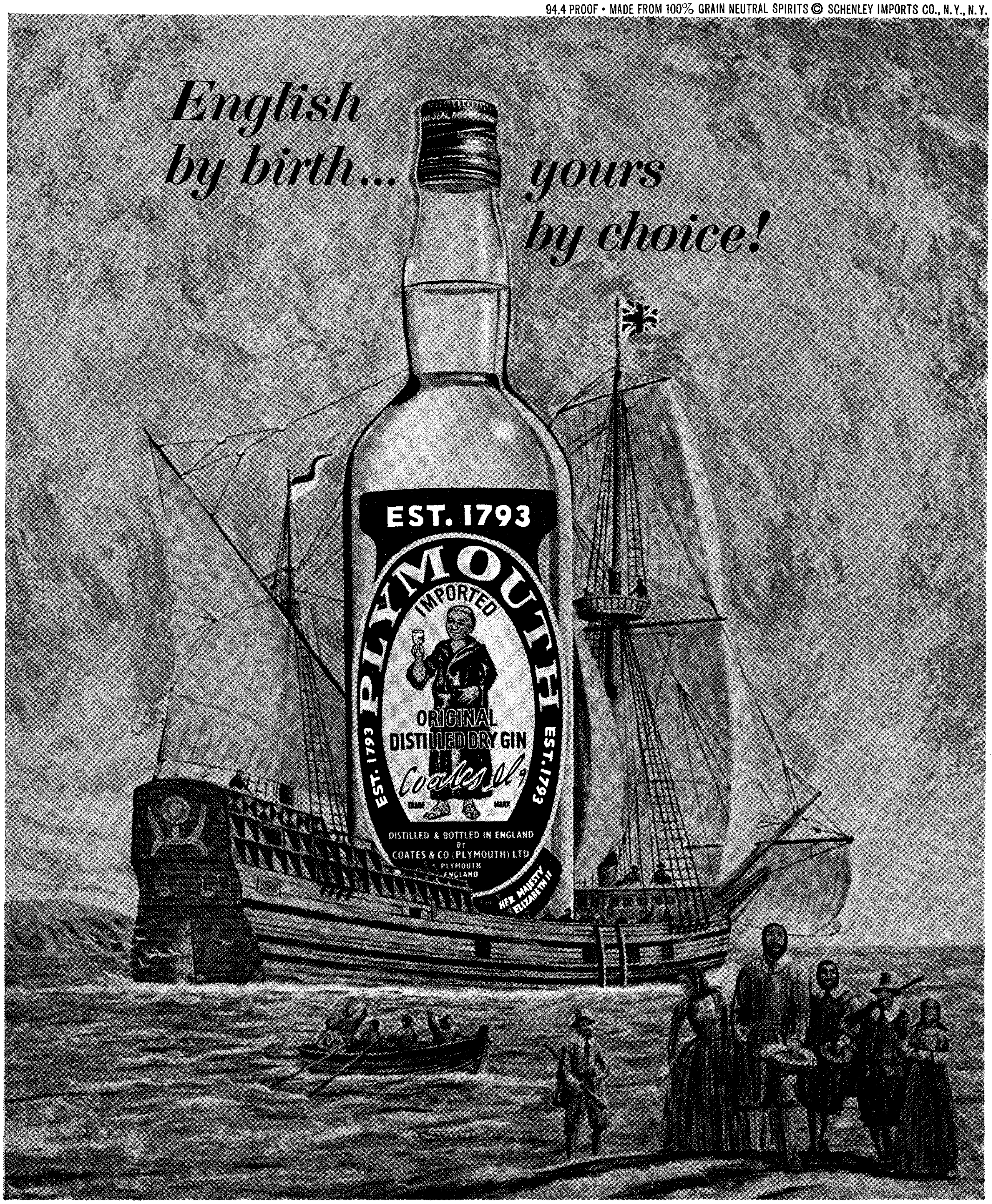
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provided a flat guarantee of counsel in state criminal trials. For the majority, Justice Owen J. Roberts wrote that in a state criminal trial a lawyer was Constitutionally required only if to be tried without one amounted to "a denial of fundamental fairness." The crucial passage in the opinion reads, "Asserted denial [of due process of law] is to be tested by an appraisal of the totality of facts in a given case. That which may, in one setting, constitute a denial of fundamental fairness, shocking to the universal sense of justice, may, in other circumstances, and in the light of other considerations, fall short of such denial. In the application of such a concept, there is always the danger of falling into the habit of formulating the guarantee into a set of hard-and-fast rules, the application of which in a given case may be to ignore the qualifying factors. . . ." Later cases had refined the rule of Betts v. Brady. For a poor man to prove that he was denied "fundamental fairness," he had to show that he was the victim of what the Court called "special circumstances"—among them illiteracy, ignorance, youth, mental illness, the complexity of the charge, and the conduct of the prosecutor or judge. Gideon did not claim any "special circumstances." However, the fact that he was mistaken in his argument did not necessarily make his petition futile, for the Supreme Court never speaks with absolute finality when it is interpreting the Constitution. Over the years, it has overruled its own decisions about a hundred times, though never lightly. Clarence Earl Gideon, whether he knew it or not, was calling for one of those great occasions in legal history.

THE Supreme Court of the United States is different from all other courts, past and present. It decides social and political questions of a type that would never be put to a court in any other country—the boundaries between Church and State, for example, and the relations between the Negro and white races, and the powers of the legislative and executive branches of the government. One could easily forget that it is a court at all. But it is a court, and in significant respects it must behave as courts have always behaved. It is, as Justice Robert H. Jackson said, "a substantially passive instrument, to be moved only by the initiative of litigants." In short, it must sit and wait for issues to be presented to it in lawsuits. And not every issue, or every lawsuit, can come to the Supreme Court of the United States. Its jurisdiction is limited by the Constitution, by federal statutes, and by

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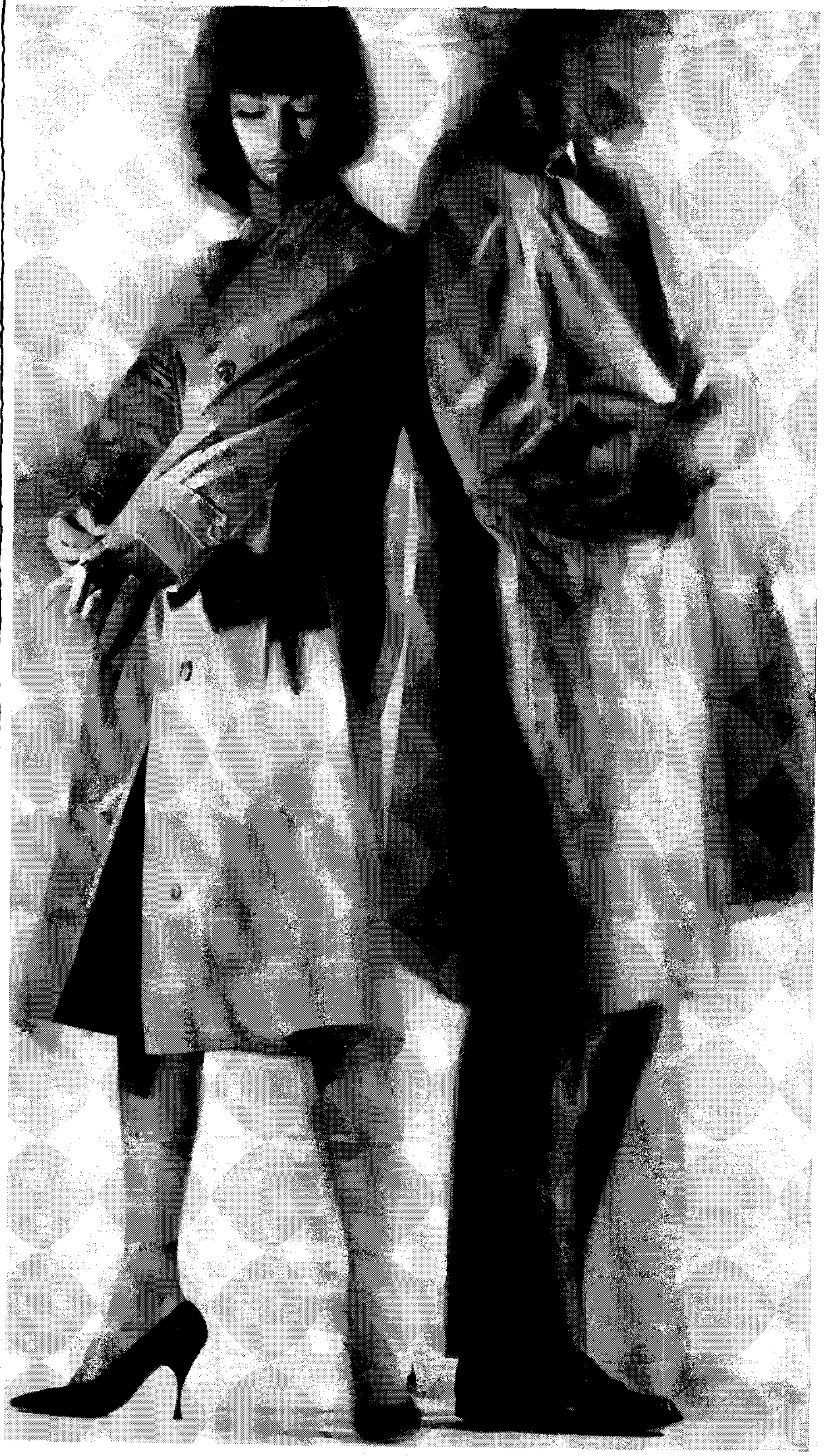

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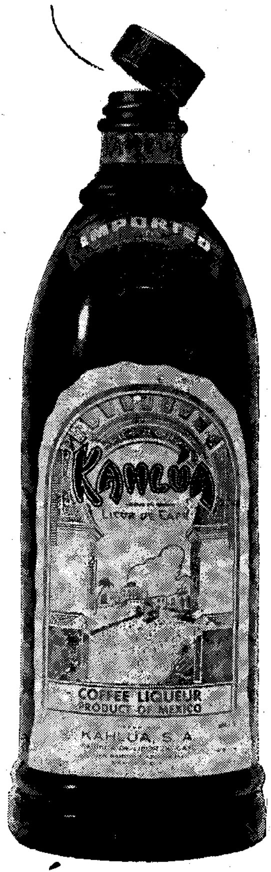

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its own precedents. The first question in the case of Gideon v. Cochran, as in every other case submitted to the Supreme Court, was whether it came within the Court's jurisdiction.

Article III of the Constitution defines and limits "the judicial Power of the United States." To cite only the most significant clauses, that power extends to "all Cases . . . arising under this Constitution, the Laws of the United States, and Treaties . . . to all Cases of admiralty and maritime Jurisdiction; to Controversies to which the United States shall be a Party; to Controversies between two or more States . . . between Citizens of different States." These phrases have themselves provided the substance of litigation in great cases, and volumes have been written on their meaning. When, to take just one example, does something "arise under" the Constitution?

The first step toward appreciating the limits of the jurisdiction of the federal courts is to recognize that most of the law under which an American lives is the law of his state. If he gets into litigation over a contract or an automobile accident, the result will ordinarily be determined by law laid down in state statutes or in the decisions of state courts. Generally speaking, cases of this kind can be tried in federal courts only if the adversaries are citizens of different states, and even then the judges—though they are federal judges—must apply state statutes and state decisions, no matter how wrongheaded they may seem; the Supreme Court so held in 1938, brusquely overruling a century-old precedent that allowed federal courts to ignore state decisions in cases involving "diversity of citizenship jurisdiction," to use the legal term. Actually, the Supreme Court almost never takes up questions of state law that get into the lower federal courts under diversity-of-citizenship jurisdiction. And it has no power at all to review decisions of state courts on matters of state law. When the Massachusetts Supreme Judicial Court or the Virginia Supreme Court of Appeals decides that a certain kind of contract is binding, the case is finished.

The decisions that can be reviewed in the Supreme Court are those in which a lower court, either state or federal, has decided a significant question of *federal* law. This might be a matter of the right under federal statutes of a seaman or a railroad worker to recover damages for injury. It might be the meaning of a congressional statute—whether, for example, the Taft-Hartley Labor Act permits state courts to enjoin certain

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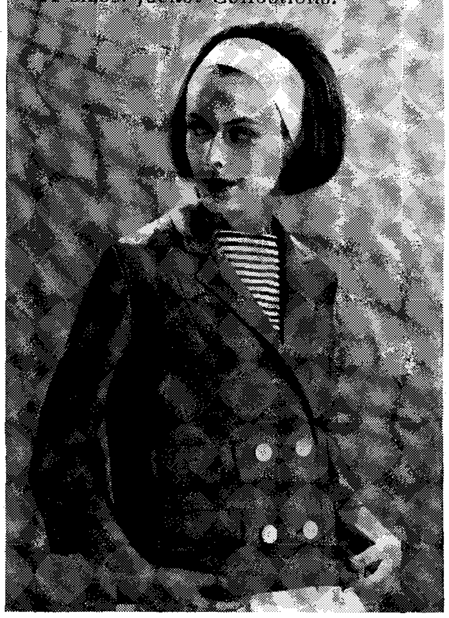

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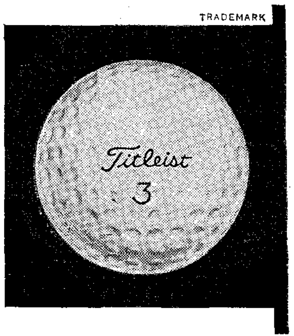
strikes. It might involve a treaty—whether, for example, an agreement with Canada to protect certain migratory birds overrides state game laws. Or it might be a question arising under the Constitution—whether, for example, in convicting a criminal defendant a state used methods that denied him the due process of law guaranteed by the Fourteenth Amendment.

The power of the Supreme Court to review the decisions of state courts, even decisions involving interpretations of the federal Constitution, has not always been taken for granted. At the beginning of our Constitutional history, some states and their courts bitterly resisted that power of review, regarding it as an improper federal intrusion on state sovereignty, despite the fact that the Judiciary Act of 1789 explicitly gave the Court such jurisdiction. The issue came to a head in 1816, in the case of Martin v. Hunter's Lessee. This was basically a dispute about property ownership, but it happened to turn on the question of whether the Jay Treaty of 1794 between the United States and Britain had invalidated an old Virginia statute. The Virginia Court of Appeals ruled that it had not. Somewhat later, the Supreme Court ruled that it had, whereupon the Virginia court simply refused to comply with that ruling. Under the leadership of its presiding judge, Spencer Roane—a friend of Jefferson's and, like Jefferson, an implacable enemy of John Marshall, a fellow-Virginian who was the Chief Justice of the United States—it unanimously resolved "that the appellate power of the Supreme Court of the United States does not extend to this Court." (Marshall had decided not to sit in the case, because he had a claim to some of the land in dispute.) When the case came back up to the Supreme Court, the opinion was written by Justice Joseph Story, the first of a succession of Massachusetts scholars to serve on the Supreme Court. On behalf of a unanimous bench, Justice Story reaffirmed the Supreme Court's appellate jurisdiction over state-court decisions. He reasoned, first, from the language of the Constitution itself. Article III said that the Supreme Court "shall have appellate Jurisdiction" over "all Cases . . . arising under this Constitution, the Laws of the United States, and Treaties . . ." The language dealt with cases, not courts; if a case was of a particular kind, the Constitution gave the Supreme Court power to review it no matter from what court it came. But the opinion did not stop with this colorless parsing of the Constitutional text. It examined the political philosophy



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| PGA SENIORS | 233 | 32 |
| NEW ORLEANS | 53 | 24 |
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underlying a provision in Article VI: "This Constitution, and the Laws of the United States which shall be made in Pursuance thereof; and all Treaties made, or which shall be made, under the Authority of the United States, shall be the supreme Law of the Land; and the Judges in every State shall be bound thereby, any Thing in the Constitution or Laws of any State to the contrary notwithstanding." That passage, Justice Story said, suggests that "a motive . . . perfectly compatible with the most sincere respect for State tribunals, might induce the grant of appellate power over their decisions," and he continued, "That motive is the importance, and even necessity of *uniformity* of decisions throughout the whole United States. . . . Judges of equal learning and integrity, in different States, might differently interpret a statute, or a treaty of the United States, or even the Constitution itself: if there were no revising authority to control these jarring and discordant judgments, and harmonize them into uniformity, the laws, the treaties, and the Constitution of the United States would be different in different States and might, perhaps, never have precisely the same construction, obligation, or efficacy, in any two States. The public mischiefs that would attend such a state of things would be truly deplorable; and it cannot be believed that they could have escaped the enlightened convention which formed the Constitution. What, indeed, might then have been only prophecy, has now become fact; and the appellate jurisdiction must continue to be the only adequate remedy for such evils."

It is no exaggeration to call the decision in Martin v. Hunter's Lessee an essential ingredient in the survival of the United States as a nation. What was still to a large extent prophecy when Justice Story wrote his opinion has since become fact many times: The states and their courts have interpreted the federal Constitution and laws in different ways, jarring and discordant, and the Supreme Court has had to harmonize the decisions into uniformity. Again and again, people and institutions have challenged the Court's power to interpret and apply to every state and every section "the supreme Law of the Land;" for examples one need look no farther than Oxford, Mississippi, and Little Rock, Arkansas. Without the unifying judicial power, it is doubtful whether a great federal union could have been created on this continent and preserved.

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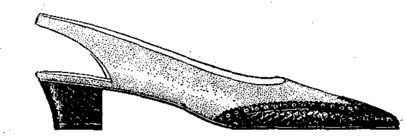

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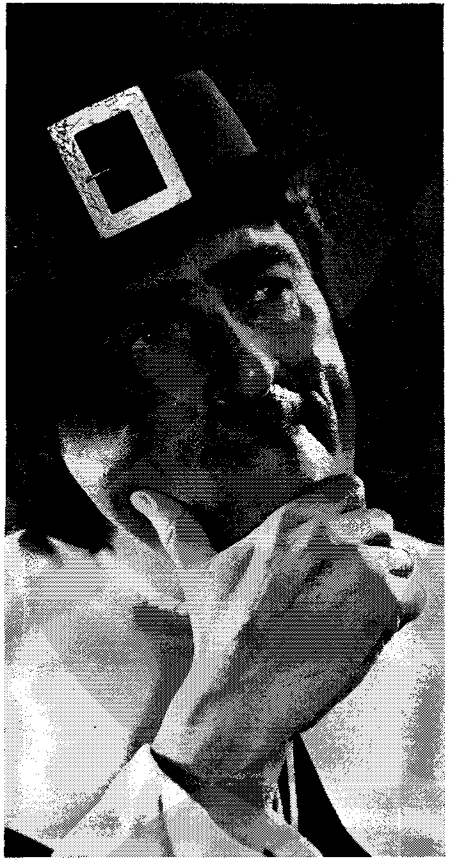
Court's appellate jurisdiction over state-court decisions of federal questions, the Court itself has, over the years, developed a number of rules limiting that jurisdiction, and Congress has developed others, in the interest of minimizing state-federal tensions. One congressional statute provides that the only state-court decisions that may be reviewed are "final judgments or decrees rendered by the highest court of a State in which a decision could be had." Clearly, a proper respect for the judicial system of a state demands that that system be allowed to complete its processing of a case before the Supreme Court steps in. It is worth noting that the highest-court rule does not prevent the Supreme Court from taking a case from the bottom rung of a state judicial ladder if that was the highest level at which "a decision could be had." In 1960, the Court reached all the way down to the Police Court of Louisville, Kentucky, to review two ten-dollar fines that had been imposed on one Sam Thompson for loitering and disorderly conduct. Under Kentucky law, there could be no appeal to any state court in cases involving fines of less than twenty dollars, so Thompson appealed directly to the Supreme Court. It found his convictions unconstitutional—in violation of the guarantee of due process—because there was no evidence to support them.

There are two other jurisdictional rules that are designed to pay the state courts proper deference. One is that a party to a suit in any state court who thinks he has a federal claim on which the Supreme Court should pass must raise that claim at the earliest possible moment in the state proceedings. In other words, someone who has fought a case through the courts of his state without ever once invoking a federal law or claiming a Constitutional right and who is ultimately defeated on the basis of state law is not allowed to raise a federal claim as an afterthought. (There is just one exception to this rule, and it is consistent with the attitude of respect toward the state process: If a state appellate court agrees to hear and actually decides a federal claim raised late, the Supreme Court can review its decision.) The second rule is that a litigant who wants to contest a state-court decision before the Supreme Court must follow the procedure generally applicable in the judicial system of his state; that is, if the state's rules of procedure require appeals to be filed within a certain time or in a certain form, the litigant cannot ignore those rules just because he has a federal claim. (It is a different matter if state-court rules are applied so as to discrim-



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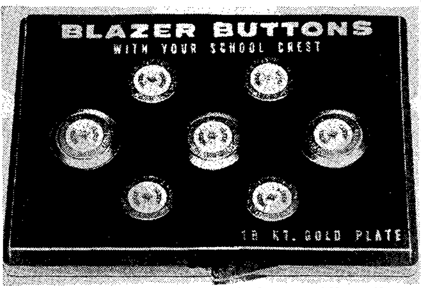

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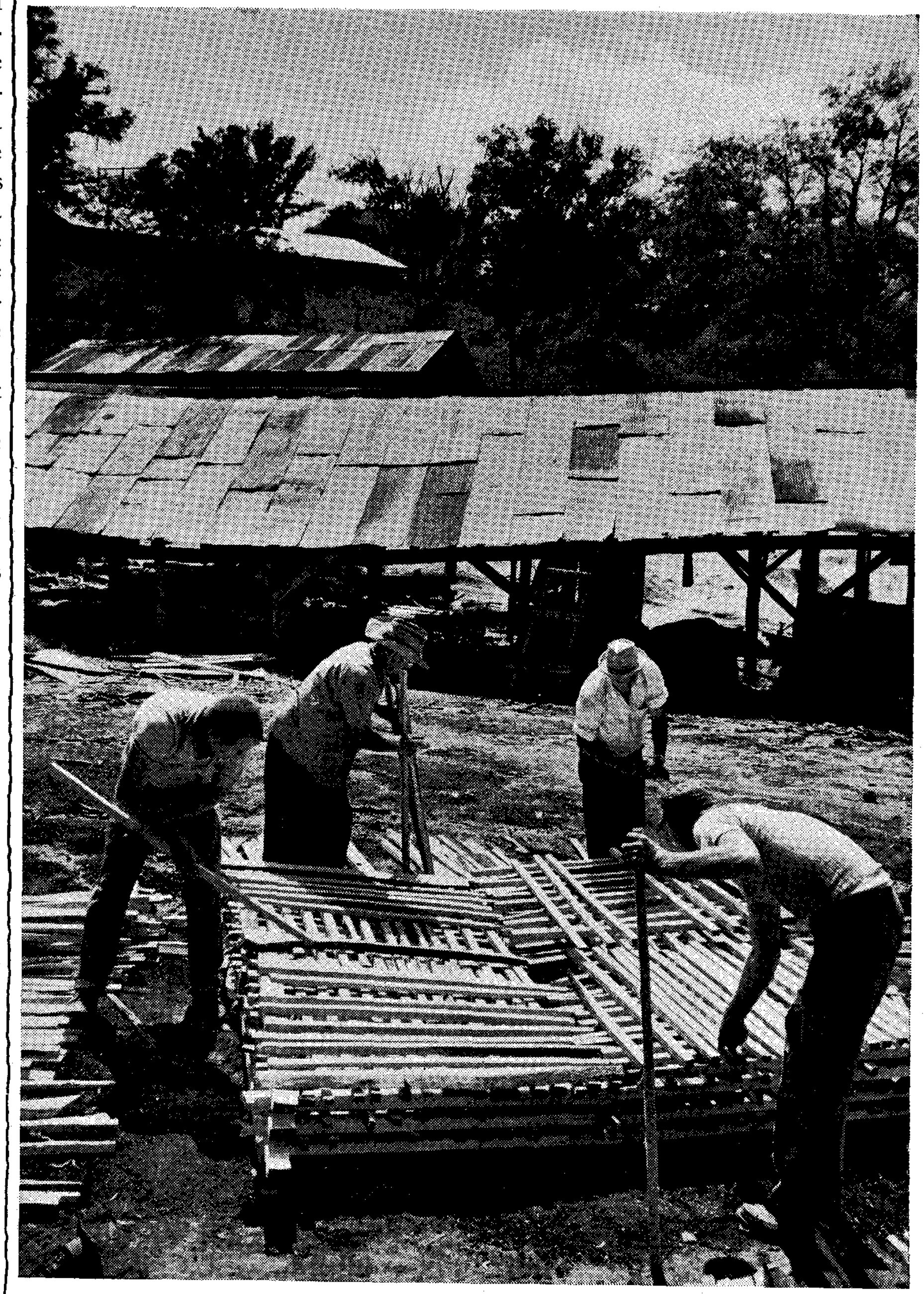
inate against parties claiming federal rights. In June, 1958, the Alabama Supreme Court dismissed an appeal by the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People on the ground that the N.A.A.C.P. had used the wrong form of writ. The United States Supreme Court found that the Alabama judges had evidently devised the rule pertaining to forms of writ just for the N.A.A.C.P., so it put aside the Alabama ruling and took jurisdiction of the case.)

Then, there are certain barriers that are not technically jurisdictional. The Court developed these as a matter of self-control—"for its own governance," as Justice Louis D. Brandeis said in an opinion that he wrote in 1936, adding that under these rules the Court "has avoided passing upon a large part of all the Constitutional questions pressed upon it for decision." One of these rules requires "standing" on the part of the litigant—that is, personally suffering from some legal injury in order to make a complaint. If Tom assaults Dick, Harry cannot go to court to complain. Nor can a well-meaning citizen who has not been charged with any crime ask a court for an order appointing counsel for someone who *is* on trial. A notable Supreme Court ruling on standing, handed down in 1943, was that a Connecticut doctor could not challenge his state's anti-birth-control law on the ground that it deprived his patients of their Constitutional rights; the patients had to sue for themselves. Eventually, the patients did, but then, in 1961, the Supreme Court, which was divided on the issue, invoked another doctrine to dismiss the case. Since there was no sign that Connecticut would actually enforce the archaic law, the Court decided not to tackle so new and delicate a Constitutional question.

If there is any other way to resolve a case, the Court makes it a practice to avoid passing on Constitutional issues. In 1955, at the height of the federal government's loyalty-security program, the dismissal of alleged security risks on the basis of secret charges by unnamed informants was attacked as unconstitutional in the Supreme Court. The lawyers for one such dismissed employee and the government's lawyers both urged the justices to decide the basic Constitutional issue, but a majority of them declined to do so, finding instead that the dismissal was invalid because government officials had violated their own regulations. The Constitutionality of security dismissals on undisclosed charges has still not been settled, and it may never be. The rule is that the Court will not, in Brandeis's words, "anticipate a



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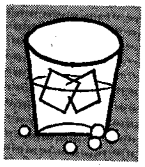

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question of Constitutional law in advance of the necessity of deciding it."

The Court will not give advisory opinions, either—not even to Presidents. (George Washington sought one and was turned down.) Nor will it decide "feigned cases"—cases got up by friends just to obtain an interpretation of the Constitution. The American system of justice is an adversary one, based on the assumption that the truth is best brought out in a genuine lawsuit between genuinely opposing parties. Brandeis said, "The Court will not pass upon the Constitutionality of legislation in a friendly, non-adversary, proceeding, declining because to decide such questions [and here he quoted an earlier decision] 'is legitimate only in the last resort, and as a necessity in the determination of real, earnest and vital controversy between individuals.' "

ON the face of it, Gideon's case met all the requirements. He had certainly raised his federal claim at the earliest possible moment—at the moment his case was called for trial. He had not appealed his conviction, it is true, but although in some states that would have been a fatal procedural error, in Florida a prisoner may, instead of appealing, challenge the Constitutionality of his conviction by petitioning the State Supreme Court to issue a writ of habeas corpus. Gideon had done that, and the Florida Supreme Court had rejected the petition. In Florida, this court's judgment was final. As for the question of standing, that did not arise. If a man has been sent to jail illegally, as Gideon thought he had been, he has certainly been injured, and his case is not feigned, advisory, or premature. In short, the claim that Gideon presented to the Supreme Court was one that the Court *could* hear. Whether the Court *would* hear it was another question entirely.

If the Supreme Court of the United States were required to hear every case that a nation of a hundred and ninety million litigious people could contrive to bring within its jurisdiction, the judicial process would quickly break down. "No single court of last resort, whatever the number of judges, could dispose of all the cases which arise in this vast country and which litigants would seek to bring up if the right of appeal were unrestricted," Chief Justice Charles Evans Hughes wrote in 1937, in a letter to Senator Burton K. Wheeler that was instrumental in defeating Franklin D. Roosevelt's plan to pack the Court. The President wanted the power to appoint an additional justice for every justice over seventy years of age, and there

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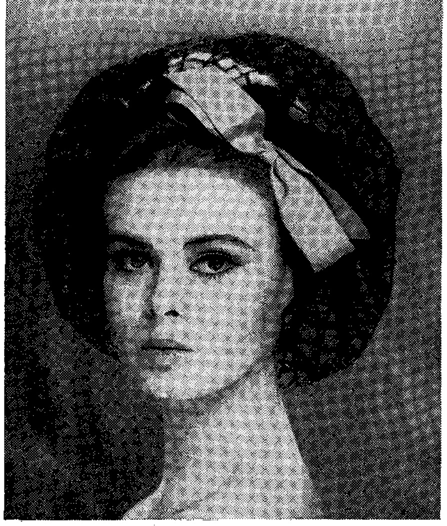

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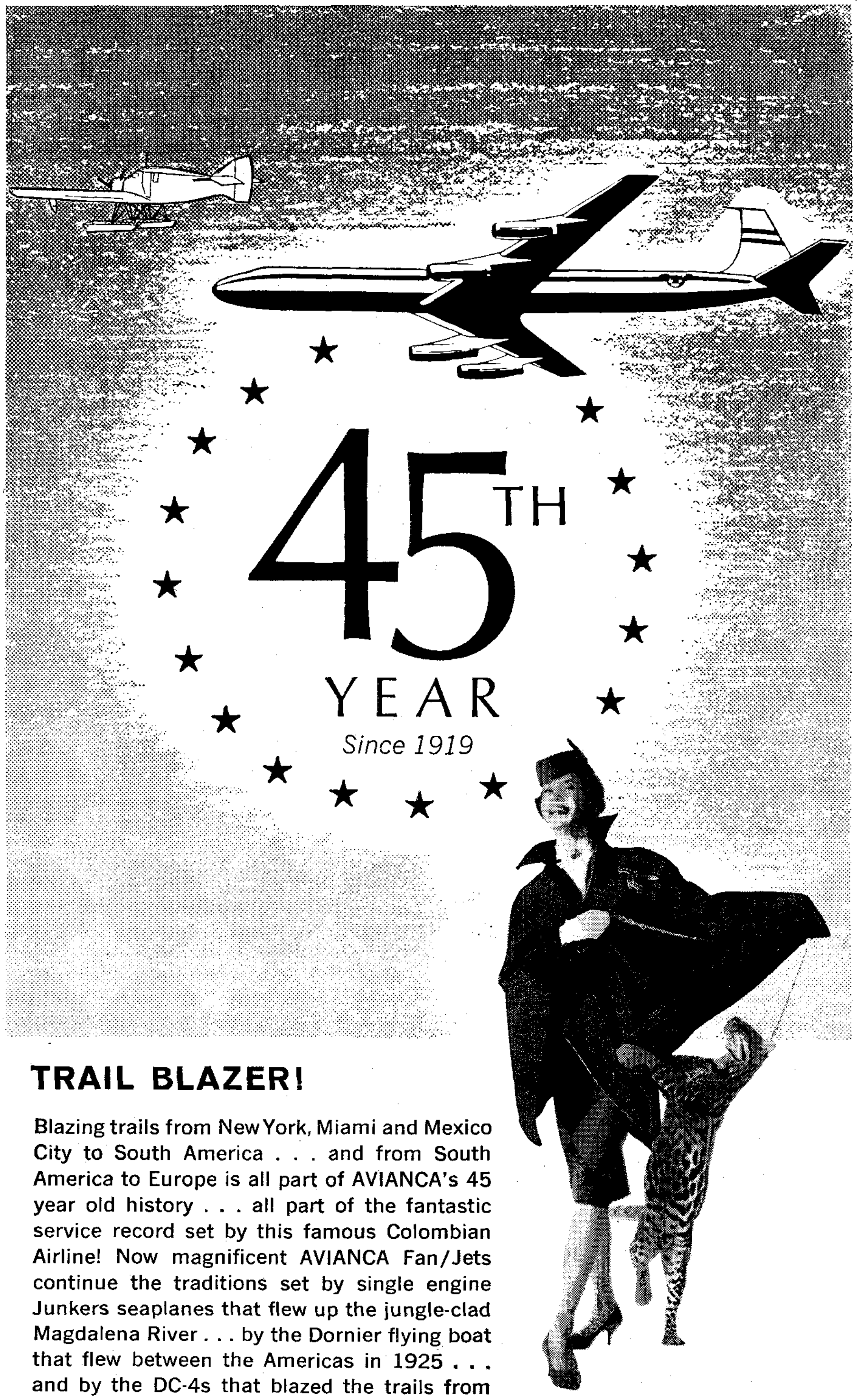
were six justices over seventy at the time. Everyone knew the real reason for this proposal—Roosevelt disapproved of the judicial philosophy of the 1937 Court. The explanation he advanced, however, was that the older judges needed help to turn out their work, and Hughes, in his letter, devastated this argument, noting that "there would be more judges to hear, more judges to confer, more judges to discuss, more judges to be convinced and to decide." An efficiency expert might recommend that the Court sit in panels of three for each case. Dealing with that idea, Hughes remarked that the Constitution speaks of "one Supreme Court" and concluded—some thought he was giving an advisory opinion—that "the Constitution does not appear to authorize two or more Supreme Courts or two or more parts of a Supreme Court functioning in effect as separate courts." In any case, it seemed most unlikely that the country would tolerate having the decisions of so final and powerful a judicial body depend on which three justices happened to be sitting.

Long before Hughes' day, a method had had to be devised to reduce the burden of incoming cases. The problem became acute in the early years of this century, when the Court found itself falling farther and farther behind its docket because the justices were swamped with trivia and it took them years to get around to important cases. In the early twenties, therefore, the Court itself, through a committee of justices, drafted a legislative solution to the problem, which Congress enacted into law as the Judges' Bill of 1925. The solution was simply to give the Court a larger measure of discretion in determining its jurisdiction; that is, the justices became free to choose which of the cases admittedly within their jurisdiction they would hear. For the litigant, a new barrier went up; he had to persuade the Court to hear his case at all.

Since 1925, one of the most important duties of the Supreme Court has been to decide whether it will decide. There is a technical device involved—the petition for a writ of certiorari. The name of this formidable-sounding beast is descended from the Latin "*Certiorari volumus*," meaning "We wish to be certified"—a writ used to bring the certified record of a case up from a lower court for immediate scrutiny by a reviewing bench. Latin pronunciation being as arbitrary as it is, even the justices cannot agree on how to pronounce "certiorari." It begins "sersh-yo," and the accent is on the next syllable—that much is agreed. But some of the justices



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pronounce the last two syllables "rare-eye," some "rah-ree," and others "rar-ry." In any event, in applying to the Supreme Court for a writ, the litigant is asking the Court to hear his case. When the Court grants the writ, no particular formalities follow; both parties to the case are simply notified, by the Court's published orders and by brief letters from its Clerk, that the justices are going to review the decision of the lower court.

The principle underlying the grant of this great discretion to the Supreme Court has been expounded by several Chief Justices. In his letter to Senator Wheeler, Chief Justice Hughes said, "Review by the Supreme Court is in the interest of the law, its appropriate exposition and enforcement, not in the mere interest of the litigants." In 1949, Chief Justice Fred M. Vinson, addressing the American Bar Association, put it this way: "To remain effective, the Supreme Court must continue to decide only those cases which present questions whose resolution will have immediate importance far beyond the particular facts and parties involved. Those of you whose petitions for certiorari are granted by the Supreme Court will know, therefore, that you . . . represent not only your clients, but tremendously important principles, upon which are based the plans, hopes, and aspirations of a great many people throughout the country."

Cases come to the Supreme Court of the United States from a variety of sources—from the state judicial systems; from the eleven United States Courts of Appeals, which are the intermediate federal appellate courts, each sitting in a circuit that covers one section of the country; from specialized federal tribunals, like the Court of Claims and the Court of Customs and Patent Appeals; and, in unusual instances, from the eighty-nine District Courts—federal trial courts.

More than ninety per cent of the cases that reach the Supreme Court do so by means of petitions for writs of certiorari, but in a limited class of matters one still has an absolute right to appeal to the Court; for example, a District Court decision on an anti-trust suit brought by the government is reviewable not in the Court of Appeals, as one might expect, but only in the Supreme Court. In theory, the Supreme Court's jurisdiction over this small class of cases is mandatory; in practice, the Court has developed ways of disposing of most of them summarily, without hearing arguments. Many appeals are dismissed "for want of a substantial federal question," or on grounds showing that the Court

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considers the issue trivial or the lower court's decision correct. In short, the Supreme Court has virtually complete freedom to select the cases to which it will give a full hearing; roughly twenty-five hundred cases are filed each term, and the Court hears about a hundred and fifty.

Ordinarily, the justices give no reasons for granting or denying petitions; if they had to do so, much of the purpose of the discretionary certiorari jurisdiction would be defeated. No. 19 of the Supreme Court's rules does list some examples of persuasive reasons for granting petitions, including "where a state court has decided a federal question of substance . . . in a way probably not in accord with applicable decisions of this court" and "where a [federal] Court of Appeals has rendered a decision in conflict with the decision of another federal Court of Appeals on the same matter." But Rule 19 warns that its examples are not controlling, and notes that "a review on writ of certiorari is not a matter of right, but of sound judicial discretion, and will be granted only where there are special and important reasons therefor."

The reasons for denying a petition for a writ of certiorari may have little or nothing to do with the merits of the legal claim, and various justices have tried to make the public aware of the fact that denial of a petition does not constitute approval of the lower court's decision. (The effort has not had much success; last year, when the Court declined to review an injunction prohibiting Mississippi's Governor Ross Barnett from interfering with desegregation at the state university, many newspaper headlines read, "SUPREME COURT UPHOLDS ORDER AGAINST BARNETT.") All that the denial means is that the Court does not want to hear the case. That can be so even if the justices think the lower court's decision is wrong—when, for example, the record of the case is so confused or inadequate that it does not seem an appropriate vehicle for resolution of the legal issue. Or—what is most significant—when considerations of timing are involved. The law of the Constitution, like all law, develops slowly, and the Court may believe it unwise to tackle a new question before the lower courts have had a chance to consider it and throw light on the problem. Or a claim, however sincerely pressed, may be out of time—out of the current of the law—such as the occasional petitions these days from Southern officials seeking, in effect, to reverse the process of desegregation. Finally, some of the justices may feel

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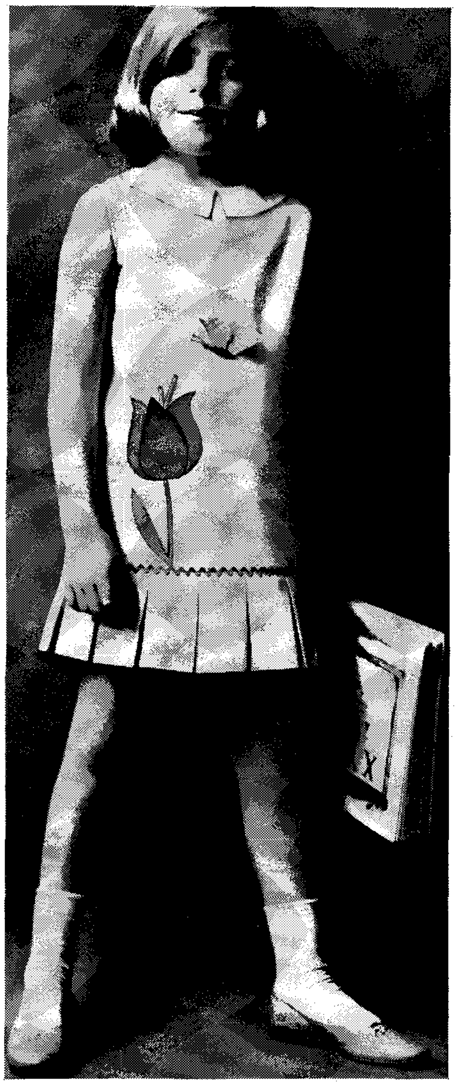
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strongly that a judgment should be reversed but may despair of obtaining a majority; they may then prefer to deny certiorari rather than take the case and have the Supreme Court's imprimatur put on a decision they dislike. If certiorari is denied, there is always the chance that when the issue comes along another time the minds or even the membership of the Court will have changed.

Gideon's petition for certiorari raised extremely delicate questions of timing and strategy. The issue he presented—the right to counsel—was undeniably of the first importance, and all the justices were thoroughly familiar with it. Year after year since 1942, the Court had struggled to apply the rule of Betts v. Brady that only in special circumstances were impoverished criminal defendants entitled to free counsel in state courts; indeed, few legal problems could have been so continuously on the justices' minds and consciences. And Betts v. Brady was not, like the school-desegregation decision, a precedent to which the Court was so firmly committed that a plea for reconsideration was an obvious waste of time. Professional comment on Betts v. Brady in the law reviews had always been critical and was growing more so, and several of the justices had urged that the decision be overruled. On the other hand, a majority might well draw back from so large a step, especially if a new rule, requiring counsel in all criminal cases, were to be applied to men already in prison; in an earlier right-to-counsel case, Justice Felix Frankfurter had warned that "such an abrupt innovation as recognition of the Constitutional claim here . . . would furnish opportunities hitherto uncontemplated for opening wide the prison doors of the land." Was it wise for the Court to change its mind so drastically after two decades? Were a majority of the justices now prepared to do so? Was this the appropriate case? These were some of the questions inherent in No. 890 Miscellaneous, Gideon v. Cochran, as it began its course through the Supreme Court.

JUSTICE BRANDEIS is credited with the comment that "however much one can criticize the Supreme Court of the United States, it endures and deserves its place in our political structure because it does its own work." That is no small claim in Washington, where few high officials write their own speeches, or even their own letters. *Alone among the great institutions in* Washington, the Court seems to have escaped Parkinson's Law, which holds

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that the number of employees in any office increases constantly and that the work expands to occupy the new hands. The work at the Supreme Court is still done by nine men, assisted by eighteen young law clerks, who are not to be confused with the employees in the Supreme Court Clerk's Office. (Chief Justice Earl Warren has three law clerks, Justice William O. Douglas has only one, and the other justices have two apiece.) Nothing is delegated to committees or ghostwriters or task forces, and what the Court turns out is not an institutional product in the sense that the work of the executive departments is. In the Justice Department, for example, a legislative proposal would be drafted by junior lawyers, worked over by more experienced lawyers, scrutinized by section chiefs, approved by one or more Assistant Attorneys General and by the Deputy Attorney General, and finally put before the Attorney General himself. The system is hierarchical, and this is both necessary and appropriate. The Supreme Court has no hierarchy. The Chief Justice has symbolic and administrative preëminence—he presides over the sessions of the Court, for example—but otherwise his influence depends entirely on his power to persuade. Each of the justices has one vote, and it is in the keeping of his own mind and conscience. Each of them works largely on his own, and the result is that there are really nine separate law offices in the Supreme Court Building, differing in work habits as well as in philosophy. "The fact is that the Court functions less as one deliberative body than as nine, each justice working largely in isolation except as he chooses to seek consultation with others," Justice Jackson once said. "These working methods tend to cultivate a highly individualistic rather than a group viewpoint."

Each justice carries his share of responsibility for every case that comes before the Supreme Court. This is a fact that has long escaped public understanding. Even some lawyers seem to believe, for instance, that the petitions for certiorari are divided up among the justices. In 1934, Chief Justice Hughes complained of this misconception: "I find that some think that applications for certiorari are distributed among the justices ratably; that is, one-ninth to each justice. . . . Now the fact is that all matters calling for action by the Court in the disposition of cases are dealt with by all the members of the Court. All the justices pass upon all the applications for certiorari." As a mechanical matter, a petition for certiorari in the ordinary case is handled this way: The party

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seeking review is required to file forty printed copies of its petition, and the other side is allowed thirty days in which to file a brief in opposition; to prevent the justices from forming any views on the case before the arguments of both sides are in, the Clerk's Office holds the petition for the thirty days and then distributes it together with the brief in opposition, if one has been received. Then, in the nine offices, the individual practices set in.

Most justices, but not all, have their law clerks look over each petition (and the opposing response) and prepare a short memorandum summarizing the issues. This practice has led some lawyers to form an inflated view of the law clerk's role. Justice Jackson joked about it, saying he detected a suspicion at the bar that "the law clerks constitute a kind of junior court which decides the fate of certiorari petitions." More recently, Justice Tom C. Clark remarked that he had been "asked by prominent lawyers, who should know better, to please speak to my law clerks about their petitions." Some of today's right-wing critics of the Supreme Court have picked on the law clerks as a convenient target, attributing to them Svengali-like powers. The truth is less interesting. Almost all federal and many state judges now have law clerks. They are bright young men and (infrequently) women a year or two out of law school, where they probably stood near the top of their class and were on the law review. The competition for the honor of a clerkship, especially in the Supreme Court, is intense. Among the country's leading law professors today are many former Supreme Court law clerks. Other law clerks have become prominent in government (former Secretary of State Dean Acheson was clerk to Brandeis), in business (the late Irving S. Olds, of United States Steel, was clerk to Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes), or on the bench (Justice Byron R. White was clerk to Chief Justice Fred M. Vinson).

A law clerk assists in research and may write drafts of material for his justice. The clerks also perform the function of keeping the justices up to date on trends in legal thought, including the opinions (often critical) that law-school faculties hold of the work of the Supreme Court. That function is an important one, for the Court could easily isolate itself in an ivory tower. What the law clerks do not do is judge. They only advise. As a practical matter, a young man spending a year or two in a justice's office is unlikely to have any significant influence on the votes cast on cases by an experienced judge who

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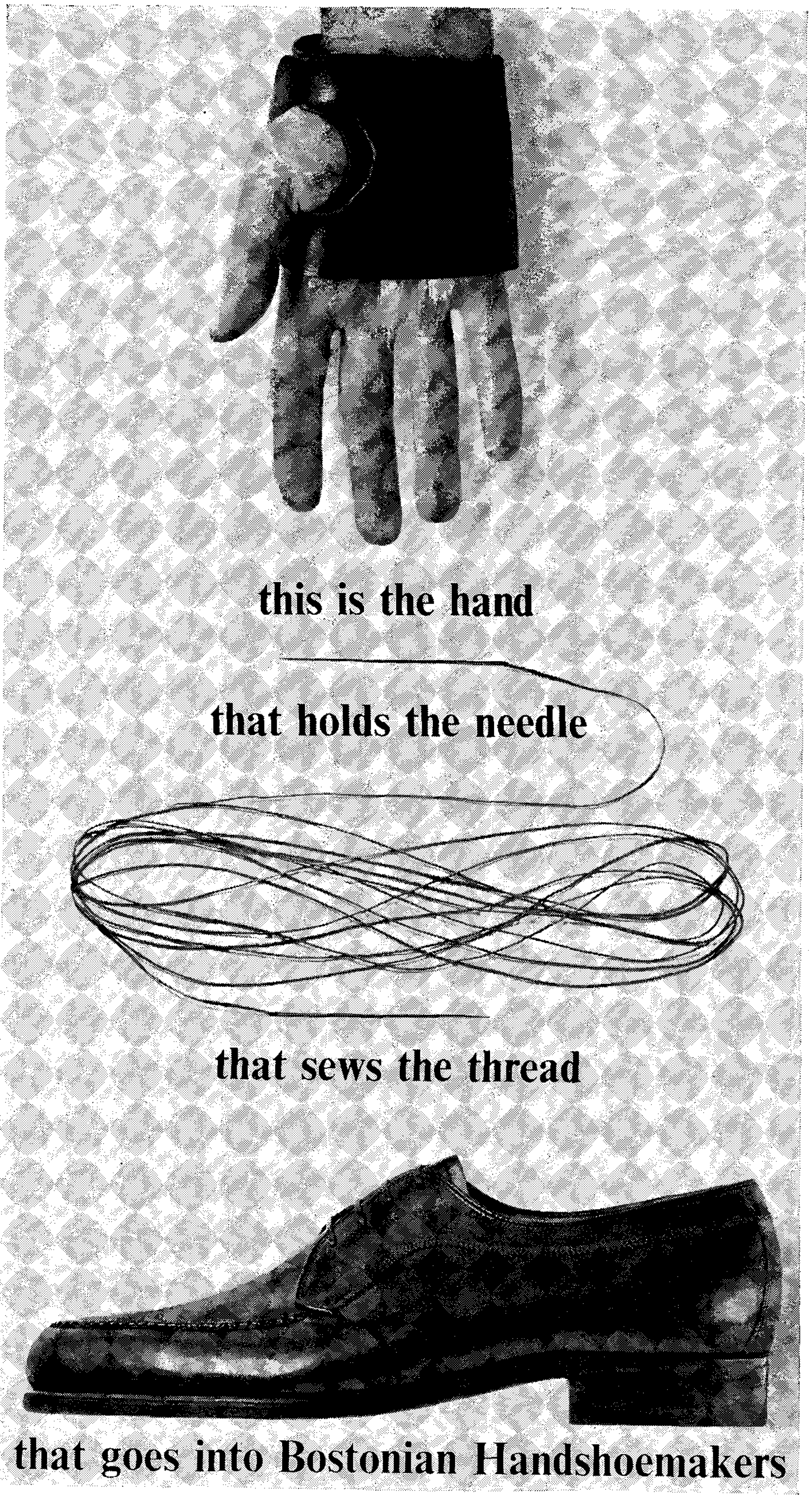
has been considering similar problems for years. Justice William J. Brennan, Jr., has put it bluntly: "Judging is not delegated."

The procedure that was described earlier for handling certiorari petitions is the procedure used for petitions on the regular docket. But Gideon v. Cochran, an *in-forma-pauperis* case, was on the Miscellaneous Docket, and the Court has had to devise special methods for handling such cases. In recent years, the number of *in-forma-pauperis* cases in the Supreme Court has increased rapidly—much more rapidly than any other aspect of the Court's business. In the 1930 term, there were just twenty-two; in the 1939 term the number exceeded a hundred for the first time; in 1946 it exceeded five hundred; and in 1959 there were for the first time more paupers' cases on the docket than regular appellate matters, the count being 1,105 and 1,061. "These [*in-forma-pauperis*] petitions . . . are rarely drawn by lawyers; some are almost unintelligible and certainly do not present a clear statement of issues necessary for our understanding," Justice Frankfurter once said, adding that they lacked "most of the papers necessary to prove what happened in the state proceedings." The burden that all this puts on the Supreme Court can be suggested by contrasting the meagre content of these petitions with what a petitioner for certiorari on the regular docket must supply in the way of information. The Court's rules require a clear presentation of the jurisdictional basis for the petition, including the date of the lower-court decision and the occasion on which the federal question was raised; the petitioner must also print the text of all relevant statutes and of the lower-court opinions in the case, and he must supply at least one typewritten copy of the transcript of the proceedings in the lower court. Prisoners rarely provide any of this material in their *in-forma-pauperis* petitions, and the result is that it is extremely difficult for the Supreme Court even to learn what has happened—what the case is all about. The opinions of the lower courts are often the most informative documents, but in the prisoners' cases the lower courts usually have not bothered to write any. That was Gideon's situation. The Florida Supreme Court had turned him down in a boiler-plate order: "The above-named petitioner has filed a petition for writ of habeas corpus in the above cause, and upon consideration thereof, it is ordered that said petition be and the same is hereby denied."

Few *in-forma-pauperis* petitions turn out to be worth the Supreme Court's



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time. Only about three per cent of them are granted, compared to about thirteen per cent of the petitions for certiorari on the regular docket. The prisoners' claims "are often fantastic, surpassing credulity," Justice Douglas has said, and he added, "They are for the most part frivolous." (One prisoner recently began his petition by stating that he was a descendant of the Spanish Grandee of Southern California and owned it all.) Given the difficulty of processing these applications, the Supreme Court might well be expected not to try very hard to find the occasional needle in the haystack, but, as Justice Walter Schaefer, of the Illinois Supreme Court, has said in a similar context, "It is not a needle we are looking for in these stacks of paper but the rights of a human being." And so the Supreme Court has devised a careful procedure for considering the prisoners' petitions—a procedure that probably results in their being given more attention than regular petitions. This little-known procedure was followed in the case of Gideon v. Cochran. The Clerk's Office held Gideon's handwritten petition for thirty days, to give the Florida authorities an opportunity to reply. (Under the rules, Gideon had mailed a copy of the petition to the named respondent, H. G. Cochran, Jr., the head of the Florida prison system.) State law-enforcement branches rarely answer such prisoners' petitions, however, and no response was received to Gideon's. Consequently, on February 8th his petition was sent in its red folder, or "jacket," to the office of Chief Justice Warren. The Chief Justice's three law clerks have the special duty of scrutinizing *in-forma-pauperis* applications, and within a few weeks one of them scrutinized Gideon's. The practice is for a clerk to prepare a typewritten memorandum on each petition, stating the claim as well as it can be understood but avoiding any conclusion or recommendation. This memorandum is then circulated to the nine justices. If the claim seems to be a serious one, legally speaking—or, serious or not, if the prisoner is under a death sentence—the jacket, with its documents, is circulated along with the clerk's memorandum; if the jacket is not attached, any justice may call for it. When a case raises a question that could well interest the Court but leaves doubts, the law clerk may suggest to the Chief Justice—even before the papers are circulated to the other members of the Court—that the state authorities be asked to file a response to the prisoner's petition. The theory is that this response may clarify the legal issue, bring out any jurisdictional flaws, and

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fill in the factual background of the case.

Such a request was made in connection with Gideon's petition. On March 8, 1962, assistant clerk Rodak sent a letter to the Attorney General of Florida, Richard W. Ervin, that read:

> RE: GIDEON v. COCHRAN
> *No. 890 Misc., October Term, 1961*
>
> DEAR SIR:
>
> On January 8, 1962, Clarence Earl Gideon, an inmate of the Florida State Prison, at Raiford, filed a petition for writ of certiorari in this Court to review the order of the Supreme Court of Florida, dated October 30, 1961, in the above-entitled case. Our records indicate that you have been served with a copy of the petition.
>
> The Court has directed this office to request that you file a response to the petition. One typewritten copy of your response, together with proof of service thereof, should reach this office on or before April 7, 1962.

On April 9th, the Court received a brief in opposition, signed by Attorney General Ervin and one of his assistants, Bruce R. Jacob. It consisted of thirteen typewritten pages, and it sounded one theme: Gideon had not been entitled to trial counsel under the rule of Betts v. Brady. The brief reviewed the relevant cases that had been ruled on by the Supreme Court since Betts v. Brady, and rested on the indisputable fact that Gideon had never claimed to be the victim of any special disabilities.

> Petitioner Gideon [the brief said] has made no affirmative showing of any exceptional circumstances which would entitle him to counsel under the Fourteenth Amendment. . . . There has been presented no evidence of petitioner's maturity or capacity of comprehension. Petitioner merely alleges that he was without funds, that he pleaded not guilty and that he requested court-appointed counsel, while being tried on a non-capital charge. The petition contains no allegations as to petitioner's age, experience, mental capacity, familiarity or unfamiliarity with court procedure, or as to the complexity of the legal issues presented by the charge. [All these were factors that had been held to produce special circumstances under the Betts rule.] Petitioner has made no showing of unfairness or of a lack of fundamental justice in the trial proceedings. In fact, his petition is notable for its lack of material allegations such as would entitle him to counsel under the Fourteenth Amendment.

The response ended with a certification by Assistant Attorney General Jacob that he had mailed a copy "to Mr. Clarence Earl Gideon, In Proper Person, Box 221, Raiford, Fla."

On April 21st, the Court received a reply brief from Gideon. Four pages long, it was again written in pencil, and it began with a modest disclaimer. "Petitioner cannot make any pretense at being able to answer the learned Attorney General of Florida," Gideon wrote,

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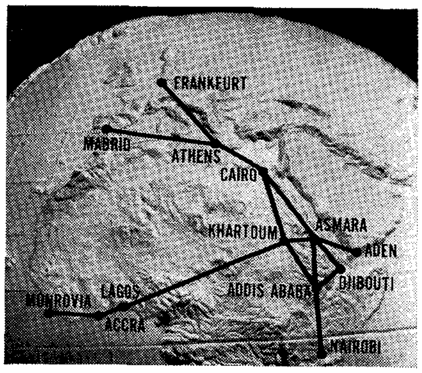

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"because the petitioner is not attorney or versed in law nor does not have the law books to copy down the decisions of this Court. But the petitioner knows there is many of them." The brief stuck resolutely to the simple proposition that Gideon had argued from the beginning: "The respondent claims that a citizen can get a equal and fair trial without legal counsel. . . . Petitioner will attempt to show this Court that a citizen of the state of Florida cannot get a just and fair trial without the aid of counsel. . . . If the petitioner would of had attorney there would not of been allowed such things as hearsay, perjury or Bill of attainer against him. . . . It makes no difference how old I am or what color I am or what church I belong to if any. The question is I did not get a fair trial. The question is very simple. I requested the court to appoint me attorney and the court refused. . . ."

By the time the Florida response and Gideon's reply had come in, it was spring and the Court had entered the busiest period of its term. Every spring, the justices struggle to overcome procrastination, to compromise their differences, and to finish up opinions on all the argued cases, so that they can end the term in June. In the office of the Chief Justice, the *in-forma-pauperis* petitions may not have top priority. The Gideon papers, however, were again examined and summarized by a law clerk, and the memorandum, with jacket attached, was circulated to the eight other justices. The last week in May, the Chief Deputy Clerk of the Court, Edmund P. Cullinan, was informed that the case of Gideon v. Cochran was ready for discussion at the formal conference of the Court. It was then Mr. Cullinan's duty to include the case on the next conference list—a mimeographed document, distributed to the justices as a convenience, that shows the items to be considered at the conference. Mr. Cullinan put Gideon v. Cochran on the list for the conference of Friday, June 1st.

The nine justices meet in a formal conference every Friday during or preceding a week in which cases are argued or opinions are announced—about three Fridays out of four, that is, in the course of the term. The conference room is an oak-panelled chamber adjoining the Chief Justice's office, in the rear of the Court Building. Bookshelves filled with law reports line the walls, and there is a long and massive table in the center of the room. A single painting—a portrait of Chief Justice Marshall—looks down at the justices seated around the table. The conference

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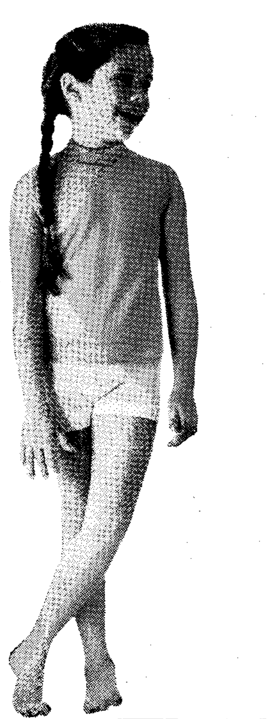

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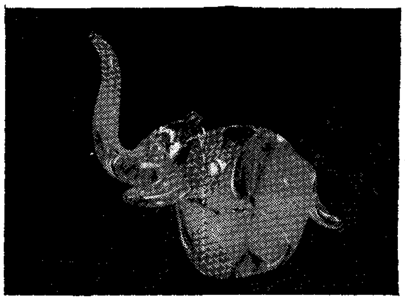

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has a long-run record for secrecy that is probably unrivalled in official Washington. As far as is known, no one except the nine justices has ever been allowed into the conference room during a single one of the sessions—no secretaries, no law clerks, no librarians, no messengers. If a message arrives, the junior justice—the one most recently appointed—goes to the door and gets it. The purpose of this absolute secrecy is twofold. It insures against premature disclosure of the Court's decisions, and it protects the privacy of the justices' discussion. The latter purpose may be the more important. A genuine intellectual exchange among men of strong views is not easy at best, and it would be still more difficult if a justice had to fear public recrimination as a result of some argument he advanced in the heat of debate.

Still, members of the Court have disclosed the general conference procedure. It begins at 10 A.M. and usually runs until late in the afternoon. At the start, each justice shakes hands with each of the others—thirty-six handshakes all told. The custom, dating from generations back, is designed to begin the meeting on a friendly basis. The conference first takes up the applications for review—a few appeals and many petitions for certiorari. The applications on the Appellate Docket are considered first, and then the ones on the Miscellaneous Docket. (If any of the latter are granted, they are transferred to the Appellate Docket or disposed of summarily.) Next, the justices consider, and vote on, all the cases argued during the preceding four days. These are tentative votes, which may be and quite often are changed as the opinion is written and the problem thought through. There may also be further discussion at later conferences before the opinion is finally handed down.

Because, with so many men involved, there is some risk of chaos, the discussion follows a quite formal pattern. The Chief Justice begins the consideration of each case by presenting the issue and stating his views of it. The senior associate (now Justice Black) speaks next, and so on down the line. As presiding officer, the Chief Justice shapes the character of the conference, not only by the way he presents the issues but by such means as deciding how long to let debate continue before calling for a vote. Chief Justice Hughes was regarded by some of his colleagues as the greatest master of the conference, though Justice Harlan F. Stone used to complain that Hughes was too firm; then Stone became Chief Justice, and his colleagues

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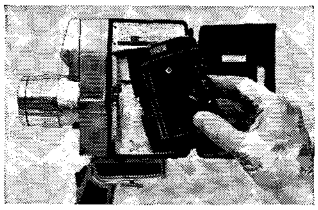

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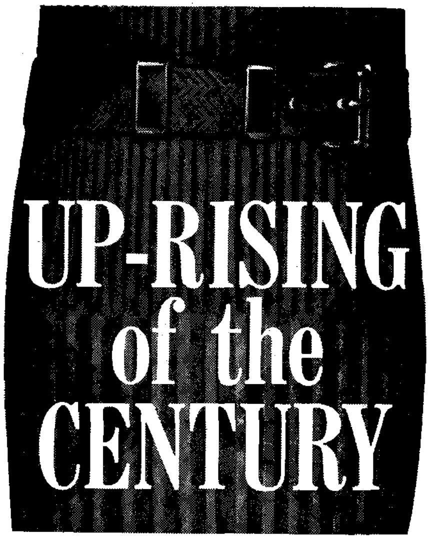

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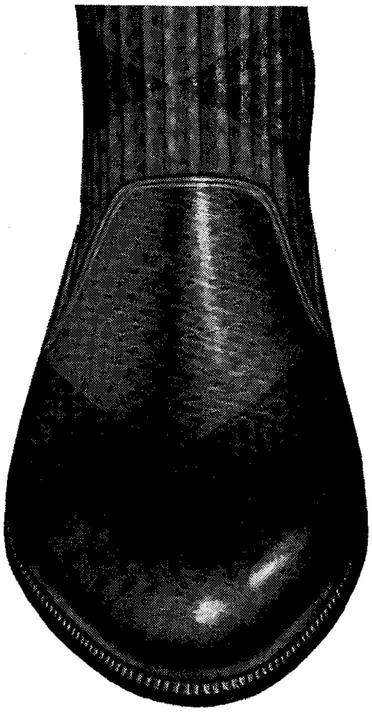

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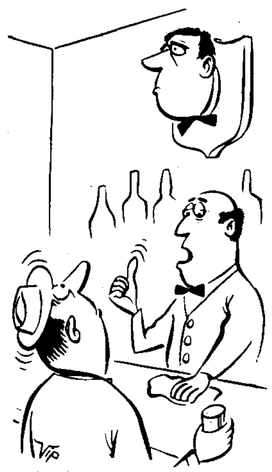
protested that he was not firm enough.

At a typical conference these days, the justices pass on nearly a hundred matters. Nine years ago, when the docket was significantly shorter, Justice Jackson calculated that the average conference list would permit "an average of five minutes of deliberation per item, or about thirty-three seconds of discussion per item by each of the nine justices," and commented, "All that saves the Court from being hopelessly bogged down is that many of these items are so frivolous on mere inspection that no one finds them worthy of discussion and they are disposed of by unanimous consent." The way this works is that each justice, before the weekly conference, sends to the Chief's office a list of those cases he feels are not worthy of discussion; cases that appear on all nine lists are not brought up at the conference. Voting in the conference goes the opposite way from discussion; that is, the junior justice votes first. It takes only four votes to grant certiorari. The theory behind permitting less than a majority to do this is that a case considered important by as many as four justices is at least worthy of the Court's consideration, the majority being always free to work its will later. And sometimes when there are fewer than four justices who want to take on a case, the four votes may be obtained by judicial logrolling. ("You vote for my case and I'll vote for yours.")

At the conference of June 1, 1962, the Court considered two jurisdictional statements asking it to hear appeals, twenty-six petitions for certiorari on the Appellate Docket, ten paupers' applications on the Miscellaneous Docket, and three petitions for rehearings. (Anyone who loses a case in the Supreme Court or whose application for review is denied may petition for rehearing on other grounds, but such petitions are almost never granted.) There were some important cases among these. One was a challenge to the Constitutionality of New York's legislative districts. The justices decided to send this back to a federal court in New York for reconsideration in light of their recent decision, in the Tennessee case, that federal courts could scrutinize state legislative apportionments. Another important case arose from the Freedom Rides. Six Negroes had been convicted of breach of the peace for their effort to desegregate the bus terminal in Shreveport, Louisiana. The Court decided to grant their petition for review and then summarily to reverse their convictions, for lack of any supporting evidence except the Constitutionally irrelevant fact



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that they had violated the custom of segregation. The Kohler Company of Wisconsin was asking the Court to review the finding of the National Labor Relations Board that it had been guilty of unfair labor practices in its bitter dispute with the United Automobile Workers, dating back to 1954. The justices also considered some of the cases that had been argued earlier in the term and were now ready for disposition. They discussed the drafts of some opinions. They decided to put down for reargument in the fall the great dispute between Arizona and California over the water of the Colorado River. And they considered the petition filed by Gideon.

The results of the deliberations at this conference were made known to the world shortly after 10 A.M. the following Monday, June 4th, when a clerk posted on the bulletin board in the Lawyers' Lounge, on the main floor of the Supreme Court Building, the mimeographed list of the Court's orders for that day. One order read:

> 890 MISC. GIDEON v. COCHRAN
>
> The motion for leave to proceed *in forma pauperis* and the petition for writ of certiorari are granted. The case is transferred to the appellate docket. In addition to other questions presented by this case, counsel are requested to discuss the following in their briefs and oral argument:
>
> "Should this Court's holding in *Betts v. Brady*, 316 U.S. 455, be reconsidered?"

—ANTHONY LEWIS

(*This is the first of a series of three articles.*)

•

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# THE CURRENT CINEMA

## *Uneasy Marriage*

ADVERTISEMENTS for the Italian picture "Bandits of Orgosolo" call attention to the large number of awards it has won, including an Opera Prima prize for "best first work," the Premio San Giorgio for "an authentic work of art" (what would an *in*authentic work of art be like, I wonder), the Robert J. Flaherty Award for "exceptional creative values," and the Grand Prize of the Trento Film Festival, the lustre of which is somewhat dimmed for me by the fact that I haven't the foggiest notion of what or where Trento is, unless it's a misprint for Taranto or Trenton. Aside from the silly citation attached to it, the Flaherty Award is an appropriate one, because "Bandits of Orgosolo," written and directed by a young man named Vittorio de Seta and shot in the stony, sun-smitten mountains of Sardinia, strikingly resembles the almost wordless and not merely down-to-earth but earth-hugging documentaries that Flaherty himself spent a lifetime producing. The very word "documentary" was, of course, first used in connection with movies by John Grierson in describing Flaherty's pioneer film, "Nanook of the North," which Flaherty made without suspecting that he was at the same time making history. A joyous man, as comfortably rumpled in mind as he was in dress, Flaherty took care to avoid people who wanted to invent theories about a thing that he had stumbled on as naturally as a child opening a door into a secret garden; he didn't know, and didn't like to be cornered into confessing that he didn't know, the answer to the question of the degree to which an existing reality, utterly separate from camera and cameramen, might be tampered with for the purpose of achieving a complete action—what Flaherty, in his nineteenth-century fashion, called "a good yarn." Simon-pure documentarians have tended to make fun of him because he attempted to be at once a realist and a romantic; though he infinitely preferred real life to Hollywood make-believe, his view of real life was a highly subjective one, and the emotions that he thought he found among the men of Aran, say, or between an old man and a boy in Loui-

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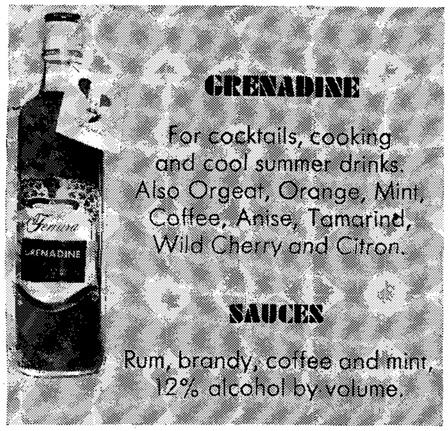

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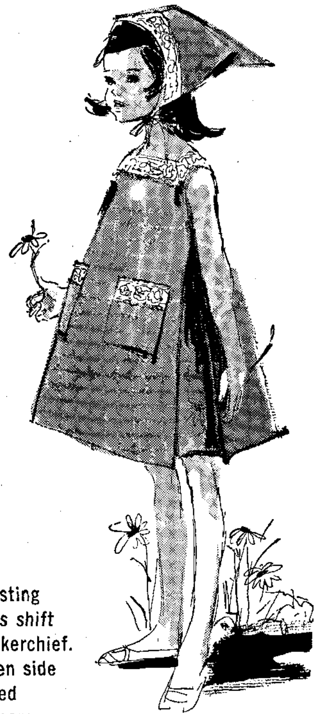

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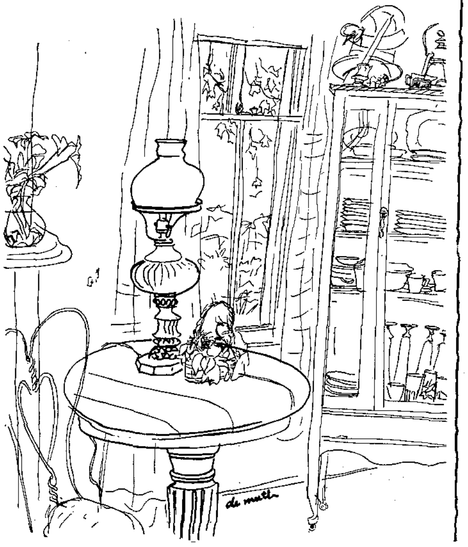
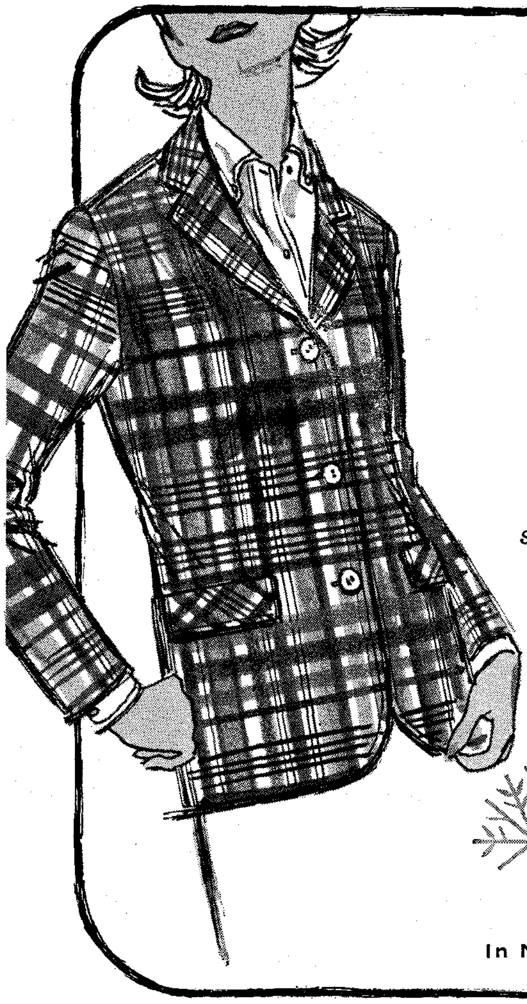
siana were nearly always emotions that he had carried with him and unconsciously bestowed on them. He tinkered with the so-called truth, often to brilliant effect, but our current champions of *cinéma-vérité* and the like would be scornful of accomplishing even brilliant effects by such means. To them, and perhaps to most of us, "documentary" has come to mean not only the use of non-professional actors in a verifiable, uncontrived setting but a record of events scrupulously unaltered by the accident of their being observed.

Young Mr. de Seta is like Flaherty in trying to do two disparate things at once, and like him in succeeding where, by rights, he ought to have failed. He has devised a harsh little story to give shape and a measure of suspense to his picture—through sheer ill luck, a young shepherd is suspected of killing a policeman and, having lost his as yet unpaid-for sheep in an attempt to escape arrest, must turn outlaw—but what proves precious to us lies entirely outside the story: the burnished, demonic skyscape, the expressionless faces of the peasants, the wayward drift of white sheep in a sea of white rocks. The last thing needed to explain why the virtuous shepherds of Orgosolo are driven to become bandits is a scrap of conventional fiction, particularly one whose literary overtones (good outlaw is bound to evoke Robin Hood, as good shepherd evokes the Good Shepherd) diminish the indictment presented by the unblinking camera's eye.

MY objection to the uneasy marriage of fact and fiction in "Bandits of Orgosolo" holds for "The Cool World" as well. The well-known documentary-film-maker Shirley Clarke wrote, with Carl Lee, the screenplay of this grim study of Negro life-in-death, basing it on a novel by Warren Miller

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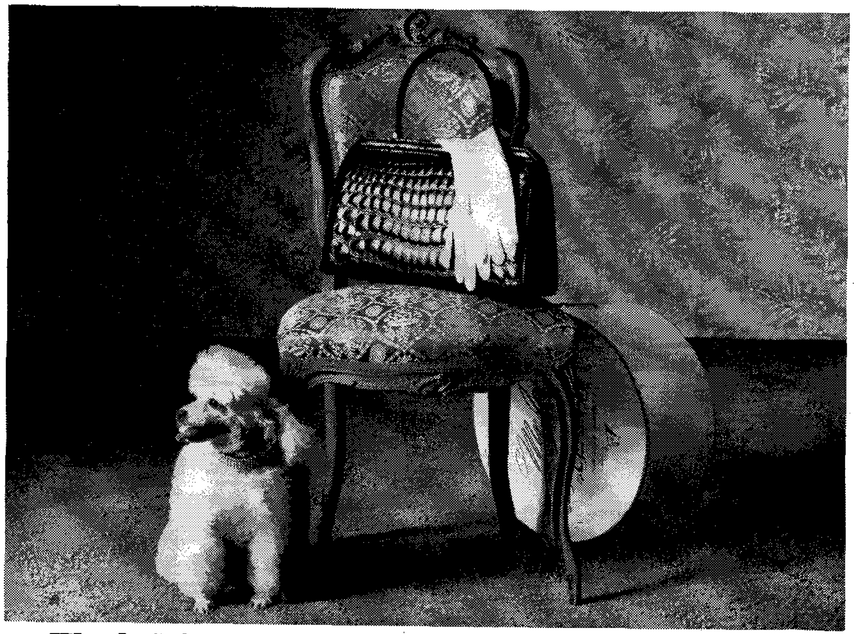
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and a subsequent play by Mr. Miller and Robert Rossen; she then set to work filming the picture on location in Harlem, with a cast composed mostly of local junior-high-school girls and boys. The shots of street life in Harlem are extremely fine, but in a surprisingly short time we begin to feel a certain skepticism about the use to which they're being put. They threaten to become an end in themselves as Miss Clarke indulges the documentary side of her nature with footage irresistibly vivid and compelling but not very relevant, and leaves the plot—one that happens to be unnecessarily complex for a movie and that shows signs of its earlier lives on the stage and between covers—to proceed by awkward fits and starts. And the difficulty Miss Clarke creates for herself is this: the more we recognize the setting as true, the more we perceive that the story is but verisimilitude. *I* don't know what goes on in the heart of a fifteen-year-old Negro boy at the end of his tether, and, on the evidence of this painful picture, neither does Miss Clarke. In a true documentary, the heart is entitled to remain terra incognita; in a fiction, it is sometimes the only known land and always the one land that matters.

—BRENDAN GILL

•

### THE RHAPSODIC LIFE

[*From a program of the Princeton University Concerts*]

DEUX RHAPSODIES *Charles M. Loeffler*
FOR OBOE, VIOLA, PIANO

I. *L'Etang* (*The Pool*): Full of old fish, blind-stricken long ago, the pool, under a near sky rumbling dull thunder, bares between centuries-old rushes the splashing horror of its gloom.

Over yonder, goblins light up more than one marsh that is black, sinister, unbearable; but the pool is revealed in this lonely place only by the croakings of consumptive frogs.

Now the moon, piercing at this very moment, seems to look here at herself fantastically; as though, one might say, to see her spectral face, her flat nose, the strange vacuity of teeth—a death's-head lighted from within, about to peer into a dull mirror.

II. *La Cornemuse* (*The Bagpipe*): His bagpipe groaned in the woods as the wind that belleth; and never has stag at bay, nor willow, nor oar, wept as that voice wept.

Those sounds of flute and hautboy seemed like the death-rattle of a woman. Oh! his bagpipe, near the cross-roads of the crucifix!

He is dead. But under cold skies, as soon as night weaves her mesh, down deep in my soul, there in the nook of old fears, I always hear his bagpipe groaning as of yore.

—Philip Hale, translated from the French of Maurice Rollinat.

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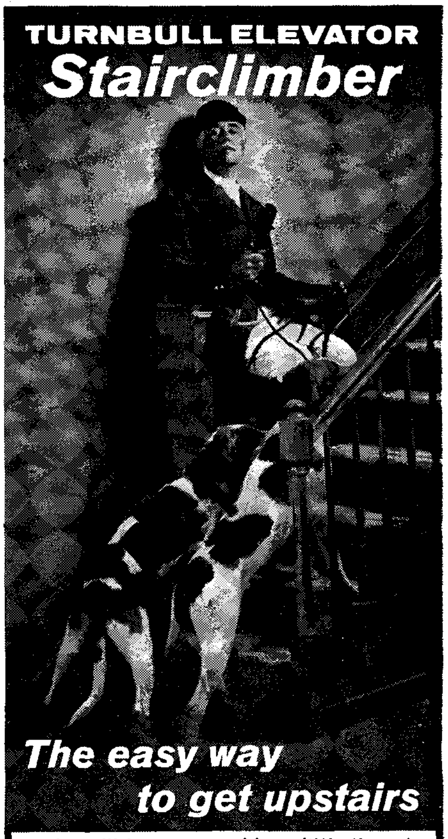

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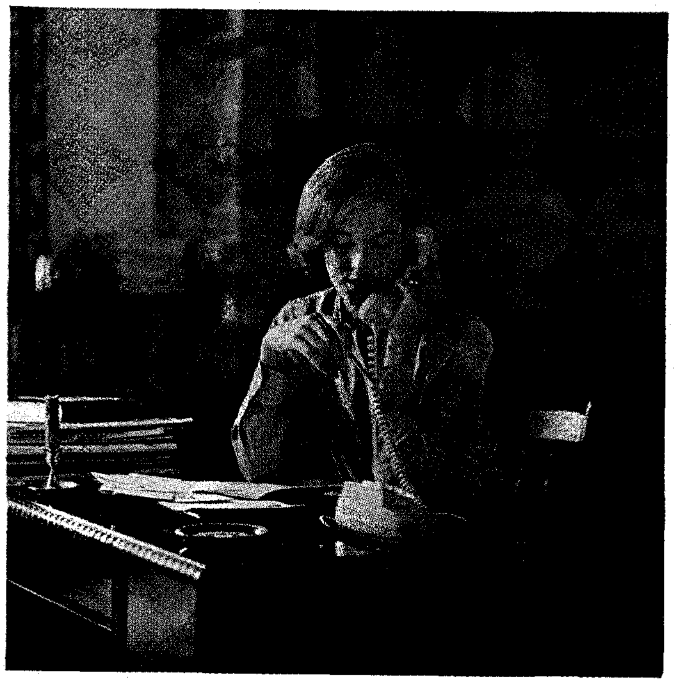

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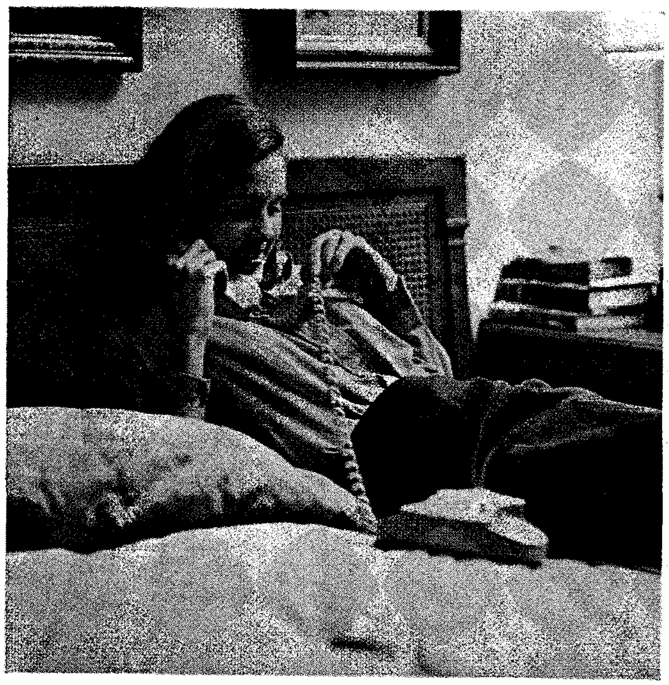

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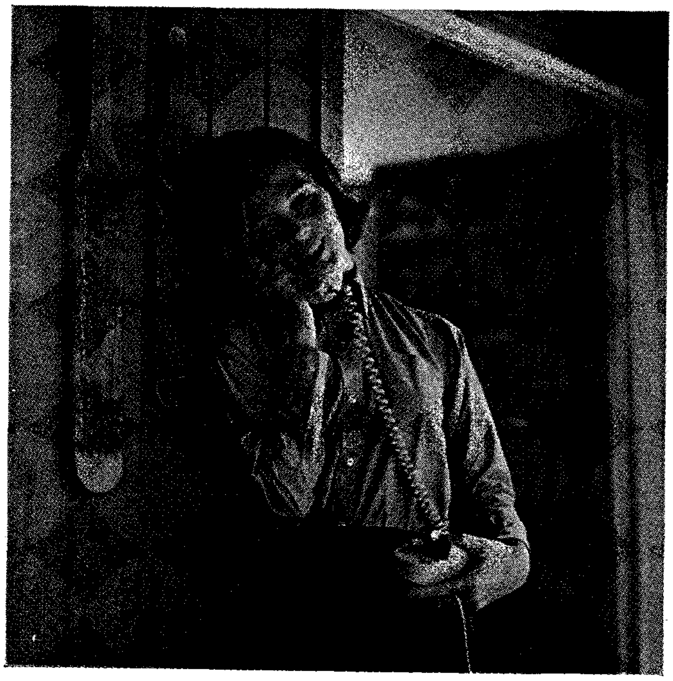

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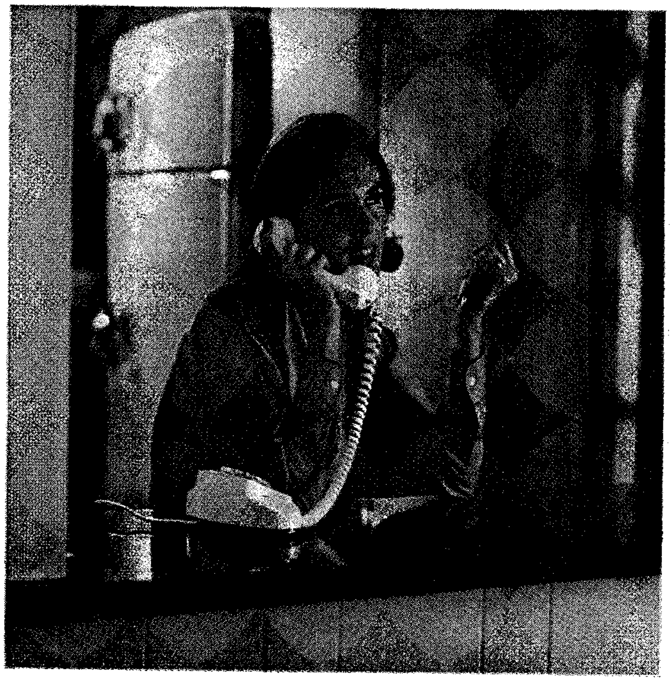

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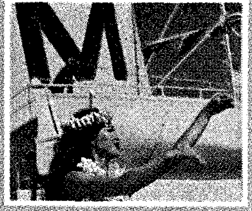

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# ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

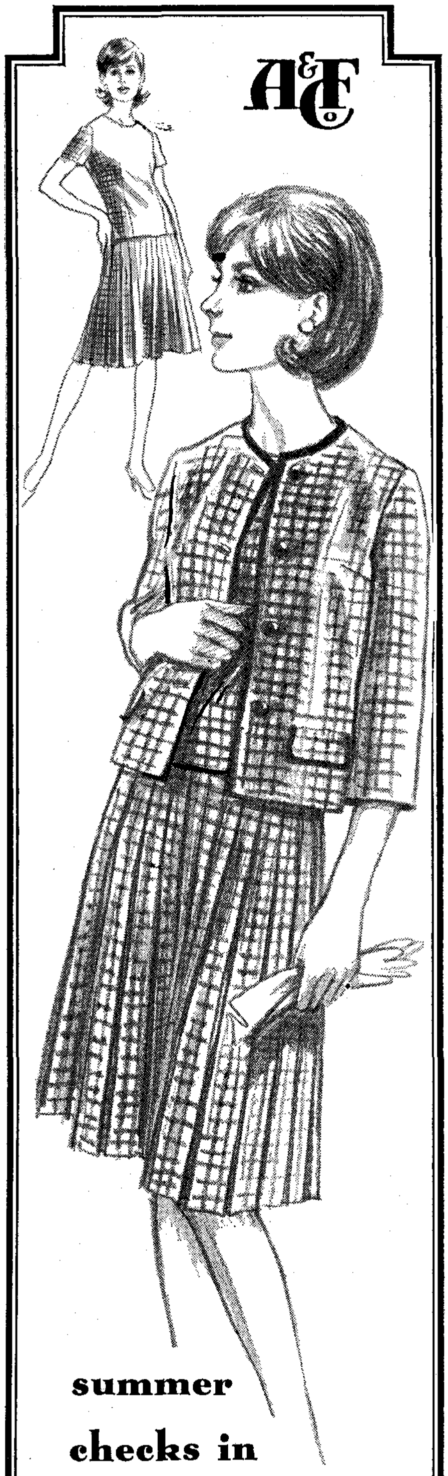
## THIS AND THAT

BECAUSE I was a chronic sufferer at the hands (and words) of Vergil in an earlier incarnation of mine—as a schoolgirl, I seem to recall—I have never been able to take much stock in any of his pronunciamentos, and now something has come along to disprove his old line about fearing the Greeks when they check in bearing gifts. The something I have in mind is Greek Island, a recent arrival at 215 East 49th Street, where it has set up a supply depot in which to distribute clothes from down around the Peloponnesus. Most of the fabrics involved are woven by hand, and friends of mine who have experimented say that they wear like iron (my friends are the best little bunch of phrase-coiners you ever heard) and are not especially susceptible to crushing. What Greek villagers are apt to use as bedsheets—natural cotton with vertical stripes of the same hue—is converted into chemise dresses with shallow round necks and no sleeves. The same sort of dresses, of lilac cotton with mostly horizontal stripes of white, have narrow self fringe on the necks, the patch pockets, and the hems. Any one of these comes to $30. A bit more worldly are the dresses (these are fit for a day or a night in or on the town) of brown cotton with a linen texture; black braid zigzags along the high V necks and the bottom of the narrow skirts. And a lot more frivolous are the dresses of natural or pale-blue raw silk, partly because there is a fringe of coral, pearl, and turquoise beads and sea shells (real ones) at the armholes and the hems of the overblouses. There is yellow, navy, and white braid, very serpentine, on some slim skirts of blue cotton, and black, yellow, and white scroll embroidery on broader skirts of olive-and-black cotton. These run up to $40.

IMPORTATION is also the role of Belgian Shoes, at 60 East 56th Street. Walking shoes are the main concern at the moment. There are moccasins of black, brown, red, or navy lizard, and more delicate shoes of the same skins, these with the thinnest of straps (below the instep) and matching heels, to say nothing of shoes of green, navy, black, or beige suède with heels of brown leather. Pumps of black patent leather are on hand, too, but unconservative stripes, practically fringe, of red or green lizard wend their way across the vamps, and brown lizard does the same for shoes of white buckskin. Brown alligator, which takes us up to $145, is what the spectator pumps with Cuban heels are made of, but you can become shod here for around $55 without any difficulty. If a size and color you want are not in stock, a hiatus of three weeks is essential.

TO the surprise of no one, Saks Fifth Avenue has shoes, up on the fourth floor, but the ones I am talking about were designed by the very Parisian Roger Vivier and constructed in Saks' own foundry. Vital statistics: sizes from 4 to 10, widths from AAAA to C. Vivier toes are mostly tapered squares or ovals, and he sometimes shoves the heels forward a trifle to make his shoes look shorter. Vanity, vanity! And variety, variety: low-heeled pumps of black, navy, or scarlet calf with silver-metal décor on the vamps; taller- and slimmer-heeled two-eyelet pumps of python painted green, blue, or black; closed pumps on the same brand of heel and of dotted silk twill; good and comfortable flamenco slippers of black peau de soie or navy surah (this with red dots on it); strawcloth pumps to be dyed whatever you want while you wait, with a latticework of black patent leather on the vamps; décolleté slingback evening pumps of white, silver, or gold silk brocade with minute medieval horsemen and swordsmen in their patterns.

F. A. O. SCHWARZ, which for years has had a tremendous influence on the pastime habits of Manhattan children, is now in the business of influencing their appearance as well, and to this end it has set up a Prince and Princess Boutique for those whose ages range from six months to six years. Princes and princesses come from foreign parts, and so do the handmade party dresses (Portugal) of white organdie with tucking all the way from the turnover collars to the bouffant hems. The $30 these cost entitles the owners to pink organdie slips that end in embroidered white scallops. And since toys are the prime movers at Schwarz, the management has been at pains to work at least one into a costume. This is a pinafore sun dress of lime-green duck. There's a yellow sunflower with a long black stem on it, but that's not the point; the coup is a bumblebee, made of pipe-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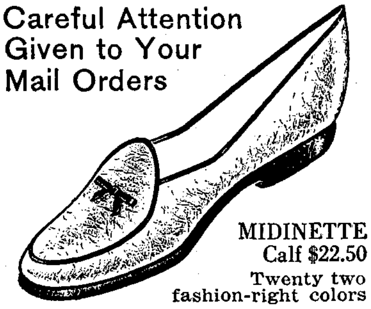

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cleaners, whose eyes really roll as it squats on a sunflower petal. This (the sun dress) comes in sizes 3 to 6X and is a mere $8. Boy-and-girl toddler sun outfits of seersucker striped in lime and white have patch pockets and fat embroidery that is certainly intended to simulate red apples. Solely for young women of the same age group are the more elaborate sun suits of white piqué with turquoise dots. The ruffles of turquoise-and-white striped piqué above their attached bloomers make the outfits look like dresses. Matching sunbonnets are on tap. Nylon stretch in zebra stripes makes girls' bathing suits and boys' bathing trunks, and there are zebras on the terry-cloth beach towels that go with them.

MME. ALEXANDER, who has been paralleling Schwarz by turning out children's amusements for the past forty years, is paralleling Schwarz again by going into the business of turning out clothes for children, too. Bonwit Teller's infants' department is among the principal means of access. There are play shifts of yellow piqué on which white hobbyhorses are mounted; there are others, of pseudo-linen, that are yellow in front and white in back, but they can be worn the other way around; there are coat dresses of white cotton, short enough to show the bloomers beneath them, with brief puffed sleeves and scalloped embroidery; there are rephrasings of redingotes of white pseudo-linen plus an area of pink-and-white checked gingham down the front. For very best dresses, one finds things of white dotted Swiss with embroidered pink forget-me-nots below the prim necks, or of pink pima cotton with short sleeves that are tiers of shirred white Valenciennes-type lace, or high-waisted jobs of pink organdie with a touch of lace at the throat and the sleeves, over which go matching pinafores whose adornment is white fagoting and embroidered white butterflies. The cost of all this varies between $8 and $12. Oh, yes, there still are Mme. Alexander dolls, and dressed to match quite a number of these items. —M. M.

•

The state chorus of about 425 voices will include some 89 of the Greenville area students. All these students have been selected to participate through auditions. They will sing Friday afternoon presenting a selection in Latin, "Gloria in Excelsis" by Mozart, and "There Is a Bomb in Gilead" by Dawson and "The Czech-Slovakian Dance Song."—*Greenville* (*S.C.*) *News*.

Never mind Czechoslovakia, get the bomb squad to Gilead!

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*The one on the right

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# OUT OF DARKNESS

THREE memories are all I have of life with my parents during the early part of the Second World War. Perhaps they are not even memories, as I was less than a year old at the time, in one instance an infant of only a few months, and what I "remember" may be simply what my parents told me later on. Yet I seem to remember the events with photographic clarity.

We were Jews and in the autumn of 1939 were living in an apartment in Warsaw. This was the time of the first memory. I was in my crib in one corner of the living room, which had a large window on the opposite wall. Suddenly the window shattered as if a rock had been thrown at it. A small object had indeed come through the window and landed in the middle of the floor. Almost instantly, it exploded. A German soldier, walking along the street, had nonchalantly thrown a hand grenade at our window. After the explosion, I remember, there was an immense hole in the floor; in fact, only the corners of the floor were left. From the apartment below us I saw a man and a woman looking up at me in amazement.

The second memory dates from right after the time when I began to speak, at about the age of one. I had a nightmare, and screamed so forcefully and with so much fear that my mother woke me up. I told her that I was afraid because outside the window there was a dead woman lying on the sidewalk, bleeding from the stumps of her thighs, where her legs had been cut off. My mother tried to calm me and tell me that it was just a dream. To prove this to me, she brought me over to the window. Outside, near the entrance to the house, lay a dead woman without legs. I do not know whether the scene I remember is dream or reality. But this, in any case, was my baptism in fear.

The third memory is of that occasion when my mother brought me to my father's factory, where he made small metal chains to be used as necklaces. I have a very clear picture of the inside of the building. On either side of a great staircase, there was a door leading to a wing, and in the wing to the right there were machines driven by belts from a large shaft on the ceiling. A girl behind one of the machines smiled at me. When Mother and I left, I noticed a man cross the room in the other wing. For days afterward, I told anyone I saw, "And the wheels were turning, turning, turning."

These three memories—the hand grenade, the dead woman, and the wheels—are particularly significant to me because, as I've said, they are the only things I remember of the first phase of my life. When I was about two, my parents arranged for me to live with a peasant family, the Superas, who had a small farm near the village of Rozdielna, about seventy-five miles from Warsaw, where I would be less vulnerable to the dangers of war and German persecution. The three memories were to be the only things that later, coming back to me, could gradually make me believe that it was my real parents and not the peasant couple that I should rightfully call Mother and Father. These memories were three lonely lights in otherwise total darkness.

FOR two years after the fall of Warsaw, in September, 1939, my parents were allowed to go from the newly set-up ghetto to their factory, then under control of a German commissar. In 1941, one of the factory employees, who was a member of the Polish underground, tipped off my father that the Gestapo were about to arrest him and my mother. It was then that he sent me to the country. He and my mother were able to stay on in Warsaw by obtaining false identification papers that listed them as Catholics. They had to separate, though, and take other jobs. For a time, my father worked for the Polish Red Cross.

Father had to pay the Superas to take me, since, of course, there were risks involved in harboring a Jew. They agreed to look out for me because they needed money to buy a two-horse mill to grind the wheat they raised in the fields near their house. Previously, I suppose, they had had to pay someone to grind it. The Superas, who were Polish Catholics, consisted of the parents; a daughter, Halinka, who was about fourteen; and a son, Jan, who was about ten. My father learned of Mr. Supera through my old nurse.

When I came to the Superas, I com-

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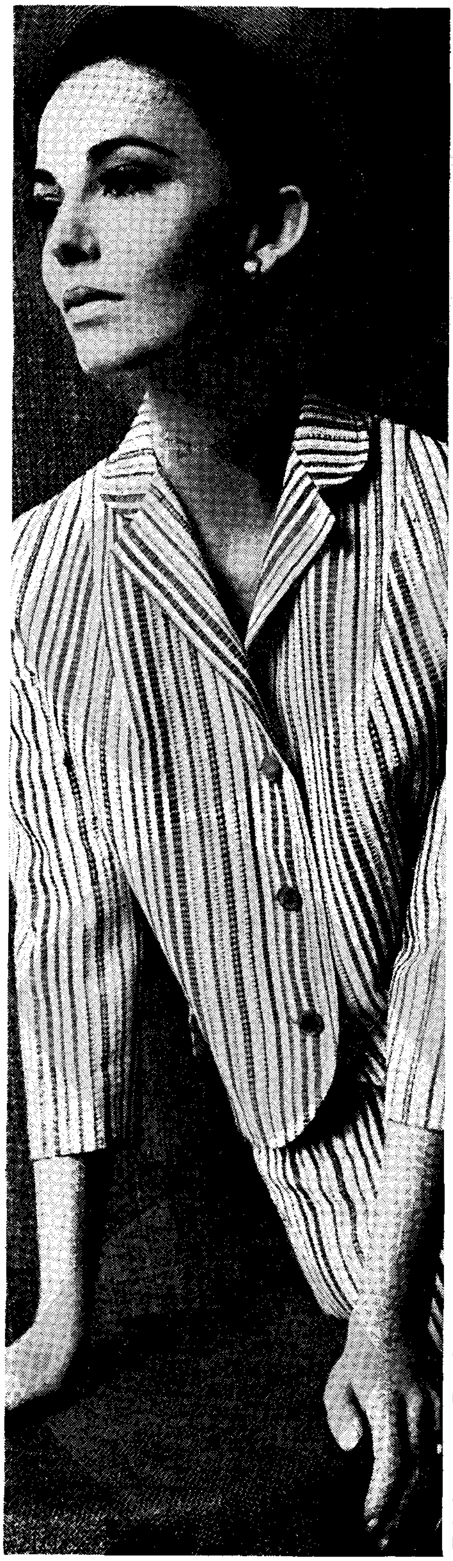

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pletely stopped talking for almost two months, and after that I stuttered for a very long time. Their house, with its yard and barn, became the whole world to me, for as a rule I was not allowed to go out into the fields. I became so familiar with this small world that I can still remember it completely. I watched everything and everybody, and longed to be able to work in the fields like everyone else.

The house had virtually only two rooms—the large kitchen, which was also the dining room, living room, and main bedroom, and a smaller room, in which Halinka and Jan, my "sister" and "brother," and I slept. It was in the kitchen that most of the life went on. We ate and talked and worked there, and while everyone else was in the fields I usually spent my whole day looking out the window, but very carefully, because I had been repeatedly warned always to be quiet and unobtrusive so that no one would know I was there and tell about it, with the result that the Niemcy—the Germans—would come and kill me.

In winter, the children and I ran out into the yard almost every day with buckets and scooped up the freshly fallen snow. We then brought the buckets of snow back, put them on top of the iron stove, and melted the snow into water. When there was no snow and the weather was not freezing, we would bring water from a deep well next to the house. This event filled me with excitement. We always leaned over and shouted into the well and listened for the dead, sonorous echo.

One day, Jan came into the house with a handful of rifle shells that he had found on the road. We opened them up and emptied some of the gunpowder onto the top of the hot stove, where it flared up in a great blaze. We also glued parallel lines of powder on paper. This was a game we called horse races; we ignited the lines at one end and waited to see which one burned to the other end first. Jan once showed me a small cannon shell with something written on it. When I asked what the inscription was, he said, "The Niemcy engrave tanks on their bullets so that when they fly, people will be terrified to see a tank coming at them." I had seen tanks pass by the house, so I imagined how effective it must be to make it seem as if hundreds of tanks were flying through the air. "On some of them they etch airplanes," Jan added authoritatively. I believed him.

That evening, Jan ran in breathlessly and told the rest of us to hurry

Mid-June to Sept.

The Manoir Richelieu

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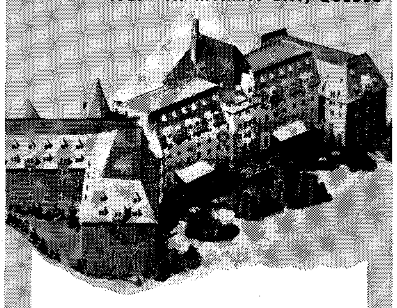

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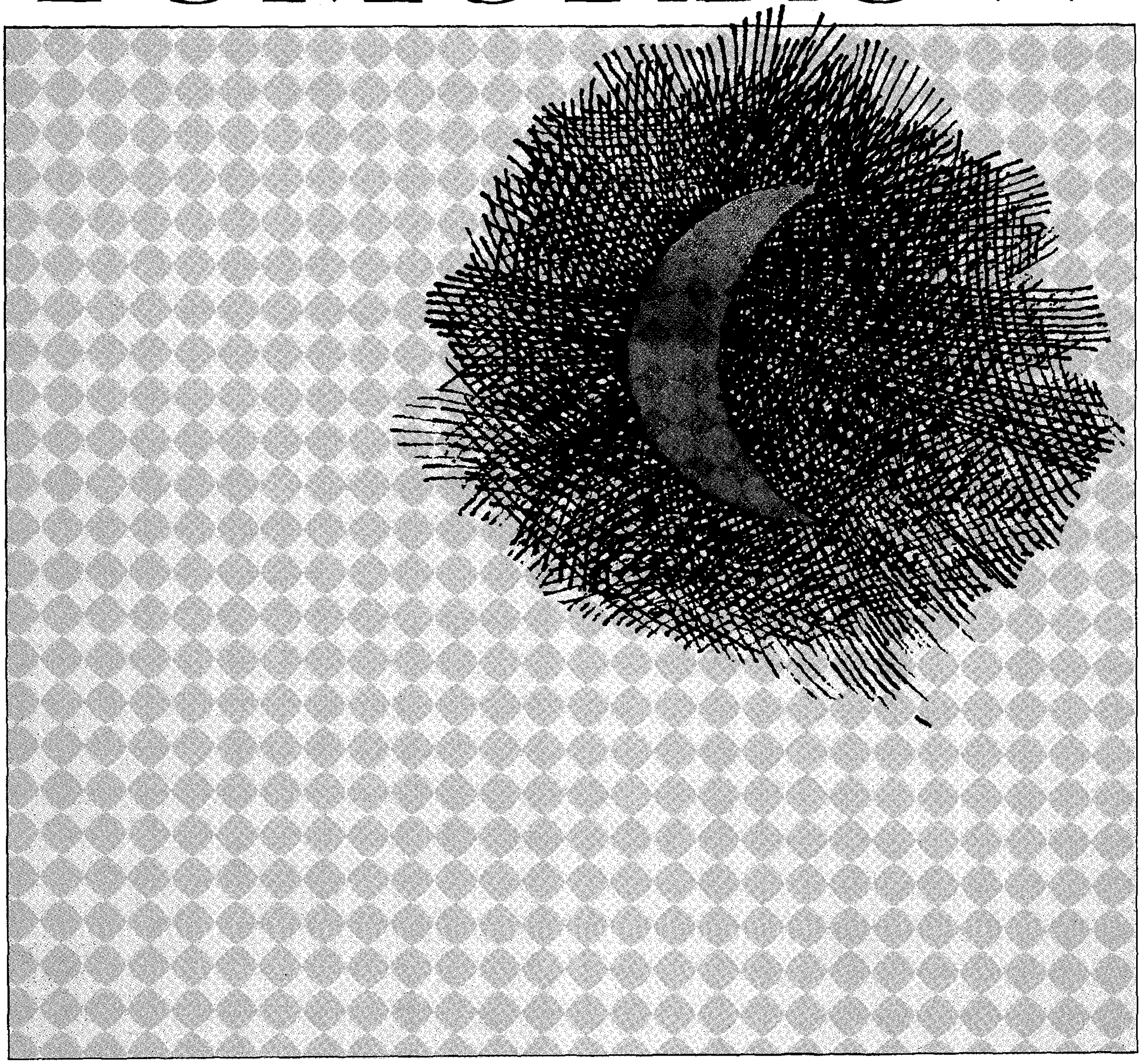

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out into the yard. "They're bombing the city! Come and see!"

We went outside, and far away, in the dark, beyond hearing distance, we saw glowing bombs falling gently, one after another, on the city of Lodz, while large sprays of colored lines were moving upward in great arcs. The motion of these glowing points and lines in the faraway black, deathly quiet sky was beautiful. We watched until the bombing was over; to me it seemed that it lasted for hours.

One day, just before the harvest season, I was allowed to play in the fields. The weather was fine, and I ran through the wheat, which stood as high as my head. Then I lay down and looked up through the heavy tops swaying in the breeze at a perfectly blue sky. There was only the sound of the breeze, the swishing of the wheat, and the deep, still emptiness above. Suddenly this peacefulness was interrupted by voices—voices I could not understand. I looked and saw German soldiers passing no more than six feet away from me. I lay still and closed my eyes until they were gone. That was the first time I had seen the Niemcy, who had so often been described to me. After this incident, I stuttered again, for a number of weeks.

The Superas had a little black dog, a dachshund. One Sunday, we heard it barking ferociously in the yard. Telling me to stay inside, the Superas went out, closing the door, made of rough boards, behind them. I immediately put my face to the door to try to peek through the cracks. My right hand was against the boards as I pressed my face closer and closer. Suddenly I felt my thumb go right through a plank. I saw that I had accidentally pushed out a knot. Now I could view everything. I saw a group of German soldiers in black uniforms gesticulating to my family. One of them started toward the door. Gelid with fear, I watched him approach. In a few seconds, I was able to overcome my paralysis and act. There was a cot next to the door. I lifted its hay mattress, clawed open the cloth from beneath, crawled in, and, arranging myself as flat as possible, lay absolutely still. I eventually fell asleep and was plagued by a nightmare. I cannot remember about what, but can only feel it was full of violence and noise. When I woke up, I crawled out of the mattress.

"Oh, there you are!" cried Mr. Supera. "We've been looking for you for hours all over the house, and

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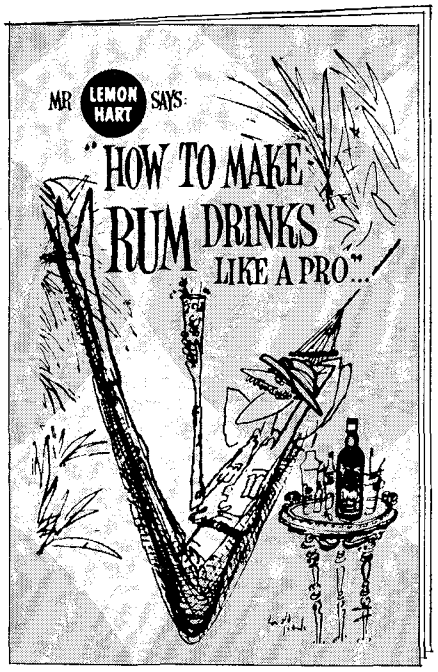
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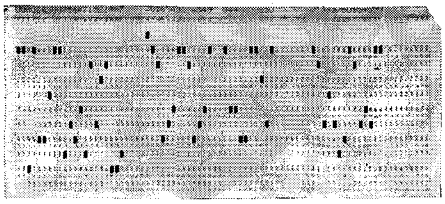

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couldn't find you! Why did you go into the bed?"

"The Niemcy were coming to the house."

"Oh, that one? He never went in. He was going to the barn. They took one of the horses and two pigs."

Soon afterward, our dog, who had been my friend, died suddenly. I was terribly sorry. Mr. Supera said he would get a new one soon, because he needed a watchdog. Anxiously awaiting a new friend, I asked every day, "When will the new dog come?" It came with a muzzle on its snout. He—it was a he—was a great big German shepherd. He was mean, and would bite everyone except the person who fed him, Mr. Supera. There was no question of playing with this dog. During the day, he was kept chained and muzzled in a small woodbin at the far end of the yard, and at night he was fastened to a long line that extended from a post in the center of the yard.

Maricia, Mr. Supera's sister, who lived in Warsaw, arrived one evening. She came into the yard without knowing of the new watchdog. Inside the house, we heard the barking. Mr. Supera ran out to find the dog biting at her thigh.

My mother—my real mother—came from Warsaw one day to visit me. By that time, I had completely forgotten her. It was a Sunday, and she had met the Superas as they were returning from church. At first I paid no attention to her, but took off Mrs. Supera's boots when she sat down, and brought a washbasin and started to wash her feet, as I had been taught to do on Sundays. I noticed that my mother was watching me very intently. With great anger, I arose and said, "Who is this strange woman? I don't like her. Take her into the woods and leave her for the wolves!" I was silenced. Not until much later did I learn who the woman really was.

To the Superas, I think, I seemed like a very bright child, and they were eager to show off my knowledge. They especially admired my supposed knack for storytelling, since, compared to a peasant boy, I spoke quite a bit. After being placed standing on top of a stool, I was told to tell a "story." I was told to tell the same thing every time they wanted me to perform. While the "strange woman" looked on, I started talking with a seriousness that, combined with my peasant dialect, could, I now realize, only seem idiotic to someone from the city: "A German soldier came. He wanted the horses. Pa gave

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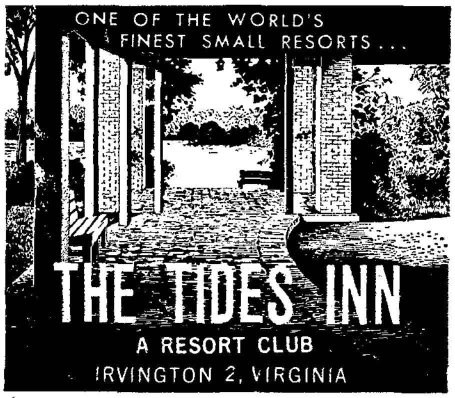

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him bacon and vodka. He left." This was the end of the story, and I laughed loudly to underline my "father's" cleverness. I saw that my mother was crying.

That Sunday evening was one in midsummer, and we had left the door open. We all sat down at the table in the kitchen and began eating. Simultaneously, everyone looked toward the door and sat perfectly still, straining every nerve not to move. Somehow the great watchdog had got loose from his chain and now was coming into the house. Even Mr. Supera was terrified. I was sitting at the table on the side near the door. For some reason, I had no fear at that particular time, so I jumped up, walked over to the dog, and patted him on the back, while behind me I heard a murmur of scared voices. At last, Mr. Supera mustered up his courage and took the dog outside and chained him. My mother left the next morning, and still no one had revealed who this "strange woman" was.

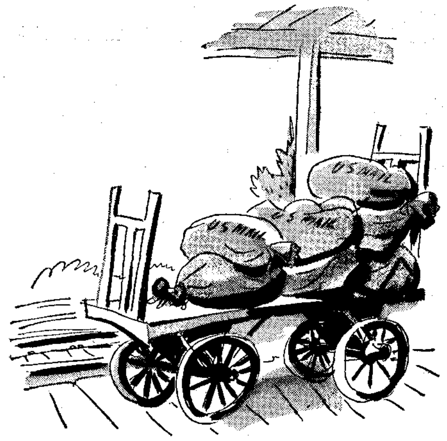
Those summer days that I spent playing in the kitchen seemed interminably long, for I really did not play but just waited for everyone to come back from the fields. At dusk, I would look out of the window and watch the fields until I could recognize a speck as the Superas. When they came back, I would always ask, "When can I go to the fields?"

"You have to stay here and be quiet or the Niemcy will find you and take you away and kill you," Mr. Supera would say.

"But I want to go in the fields and work with you."

"When you grow up, you can come with me," he said. "You're still too small."

It was winter that I liked, because then everybody would sit home all day chatting around the stove. On some days, Mrs. Supera would knead pum-



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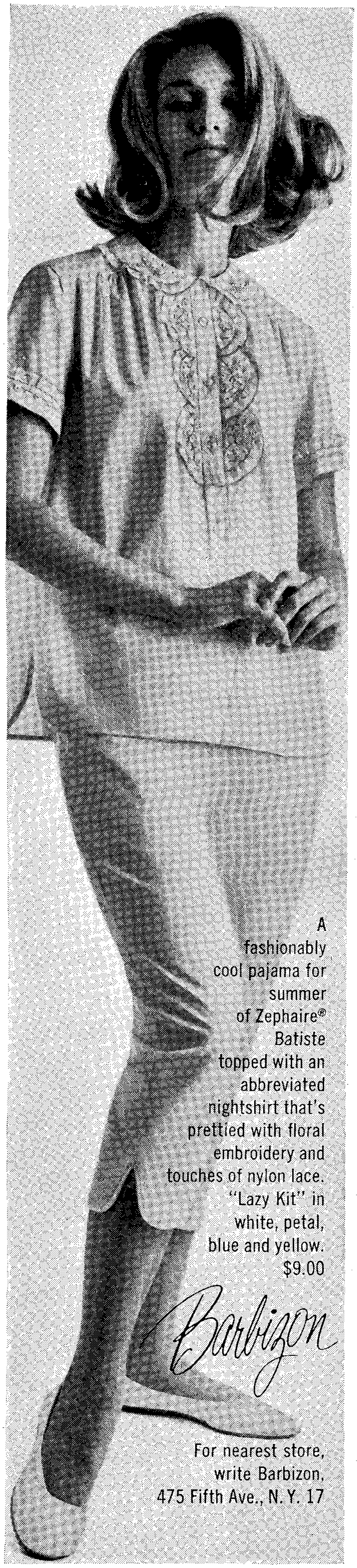
pernickel dough in a great wooden basin. Then she and her husband would lift the basin and place it in their bed and cover it with their quilt, so that the warmth of their bodies from the previous night would help the dough to rise. Later we would go outside, behind the house, where there was a brick oven, and with a long paddle we would put in the loaves. Afterward, the smell of fresh pumpernickel permeated the house. When the bread cooled down, we each got a piece to eat.

I remember Mrs. Supera as a great big woman, much given to shouting, while I see Mr. Supera as a small, rather thin, quiet, and kind man. They both tried to make me feel I was their son, but the children, Halinka and Jan, were not always friendly. One day while the parents were away, they stole from the larder some bacon, a delicacy, and refused to let me have some. When the Superas came back, I told them what my "brother" and "sister" had done. Mrs. Supera took down a heavy, three-inch-wide belt that hung near the door for disciplinary purposes, and lashed Halinka and Jan with it. Then she turned to me and said, "Just so you won't be jealous, I'll beat you, too. Anyway, I'll give you a hiding for telling on your brother and sister!" She did.

This, however, was not enough revenge for Jan and Halinka. The following week, the Superas left again, and while I was playing inside an earth mound in the yard in which the potatoes were stored, the children let the huge dog loose and ran inside the house. I had just come up from the mound when I saw the dog start after me. As fast as I could, I ran across the yard and into the woodbin, slamming its door right in front of the dog's nose. I was filled with as much fear as when I heard something about the Germans. The paws of the dog were scratching on the door. Finally, I lay down and fell asleep, and that night Mr. Supera rescued me.

A GREAT change was to come soon, and it started when Mr. Supera's mother, who lived nearby, on a little farm of her own, found out that he was keeping a Jew. She threatened to report her own son to the Germans if he did not get rid of me. One day, he took me by the hand and led me outside. "The Niemcy are coming after you," he said. "You must be absolutely quiet and do everything I say." He placed me in the middle of the hay on his wagon and drove me to the house of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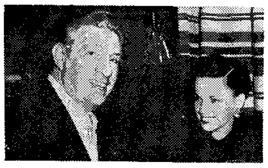
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a friend of his, twenty kilometres away. It was night when we arrived. "You must now listen to everything this man says," Mr. Supera told me, "and soon, in a week or so, I'll be back to pick you up. Goodbye."

The man put me in the cellar of his house. He gave me some bread and milk. "Don't be afraid. I'll be back tomorrow and bring you some food again," he said, and when he closed the door behind him the cellar was pitch black except for a somewhat lighter area near a small window, which was on ground level.

From then on, for two months, I stayed in this cellar while the man brought me milk and bread every day. I remember only the darkness. Mr. Supera returned after the two months and brought me home secretly, so that his mother would not know I was back in his house. For the next two years, I was never permitted outside the house—at least during the day. Whenever any of the villagers or Mr. Supera's mother came, I was hidden inside the hay mattress on the cot next to the door, where I would usually fall asleep. On rare occasions, I was allowed out at night. The only night I remember was when one of the cows calved. I was taken to the barn and shown the new calf. The barn felt as warm and friendly as the kitchen when everyone was home.

After the experience of the cellar, I became even more quiet and withdrawn than I had been at times before. The Superas just about had to force me to eat, and it was very seldom that I was cheerful. Mr. Supera was very kind and seemed always to feel sorry for me—it hurt him to see me left alone in the house. To make up for this, he would sometimes, on Sunday, after he had come back from church, take me into the small bedroom and put me on his lap while he rolled two cigarettes. We would have a smoke and a chat together. He then would pour two shots of home-brewed vodka, and together we would propose a toast and pour the firewater down our throats. He would tell me stories about the village and about the fields and about how one day, when I was older, I would come with him to the fields and go to church and to the village. These Sundays were the only times when I was happy; the rest of the time I spent sullenly moping around the house.

Of Mrs. Supera I do not remember such kindness but, rather, strict authority. When I had an ear infection, I remember, she placed the peasants'

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cure-all, the "glasses," on my back. She took ten small glasses—about the size of shot glasses and specially made for medicinal purposes—placed cotton dipped in alcohol inside them, ignited the cotton, and then put the glasses on my back to suck the blood up. She then brought out a special contraption with a blade, which she used to cut open the welts that were there when the glasses were removed. Despite the extreme pain, I never cried. Fear was so familiar to me that I had forgotten how to cry.

Toward the end of the war, I grew thinner and thinner and found it more and more difficult to eat. By that time, Mr. Supera, instead of complaining that the Germans seized the horses and the pigs, complained that the Russians did.

THE war ended, and a man I later found out was my father came to take me—I was then almost six years old—back with him to Warsaw. His face impressed me. I looked with admiration at his high forehead, clear blue eyes, and straight, neat, darkening blond hair. His features, which were regular, differed greatly from those of the peasants.

"Do you want to come with me?" he said.

"Where to?"

"To the city—to Warsaw. You'll be free. You'll be able to go out and play every day."

"I want to go out and work in the fields."

"Well, you know, I have a little son, just like you, in Warsaw. He would be your friend and—and you know what? He has a little farm where everything is small. There are little cows there and little horses and little pigs. He might let you take care of them."

"Do you think he will?" I asked, unaware that my father was pretending all this in hope of bribing me to accompany him.

"He may, and he also has a little airplane in which he flies everywhere."

"Do you think he'll trade his farm and his airplane with me for my toys?" I then brought out my "toys," which consisted of an old tin can and an empty thread spool.

My father picked up the two objects, examined them slowly and carefully, and said, "I think he might trade with you. Why don't you come along and see?"

"But I don't want to go with you!" I shouted, suddenly remembering he was a stranger.

"But think—he may give you the airplane. Come along with me."

"Well, all right. But if he doesn't, I'm coming back here."

My few belongings—a shirt, a nightshirt, and my toys—were wrapped up and placed in the horse-drawn wooden cart that my father and I were to take to the railway station. Then, determined to go, I sat quietly as we rode along, until one of the wheels of the cart got stuck in a ditch. When my father jumped down to free it, I tried to run away, back to the Superas. My father ran after me and caught me. When he put me back in the cart, I scratched his face terribly. I remember the great sores that were there for days afterward. It was not until almost a year later, when we had moved to Sweden, that I came to recognize him as my father and not as someone who had kidnapped me from my peasant home.

—MITCHELL ALLAND

• •

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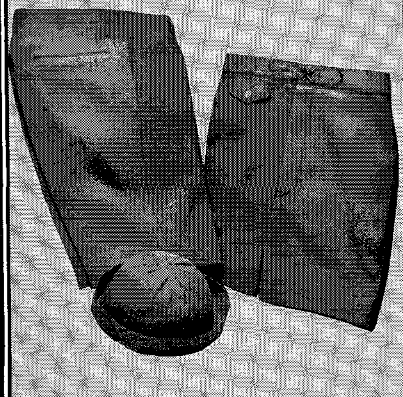

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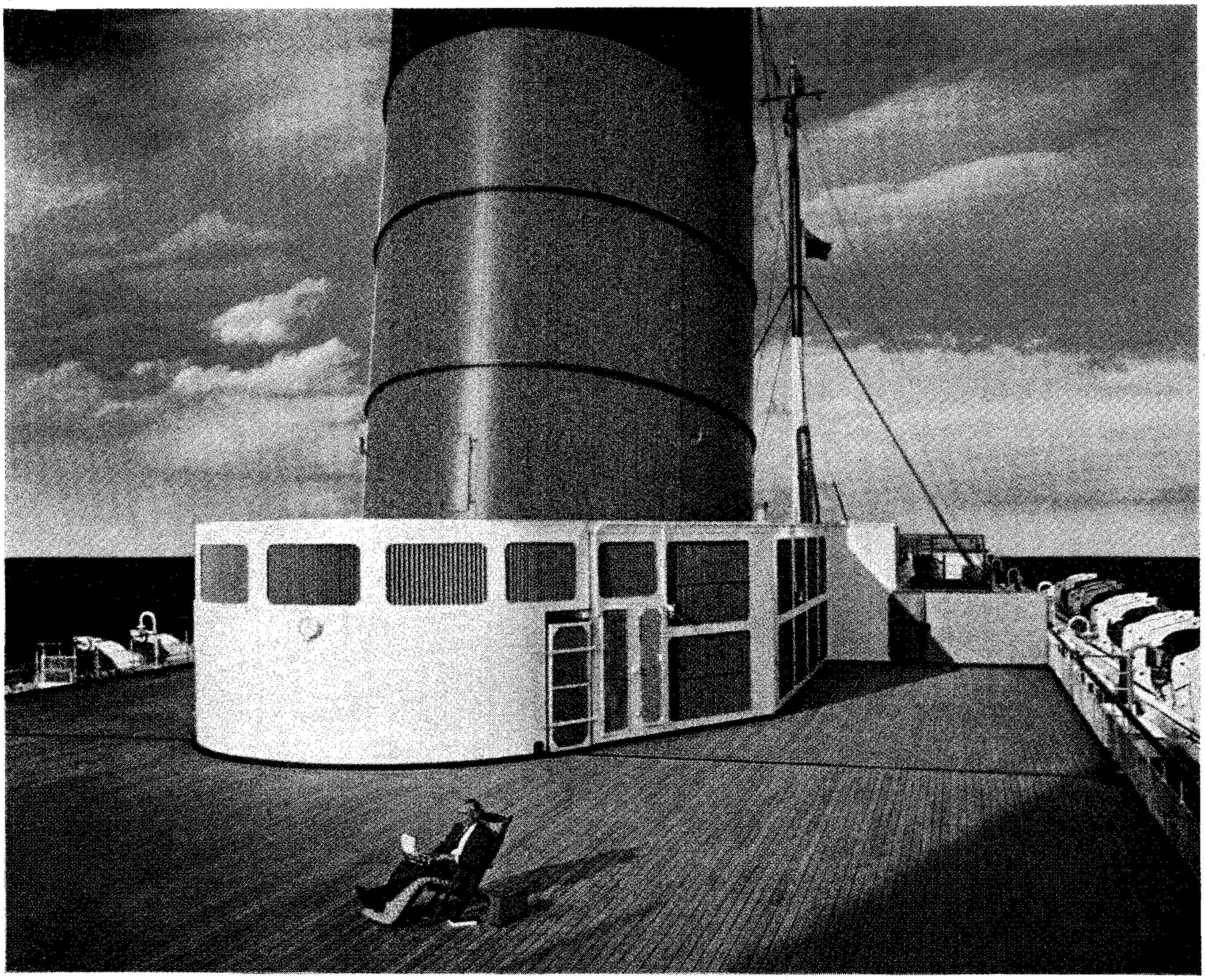

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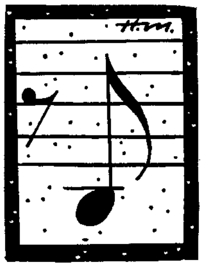
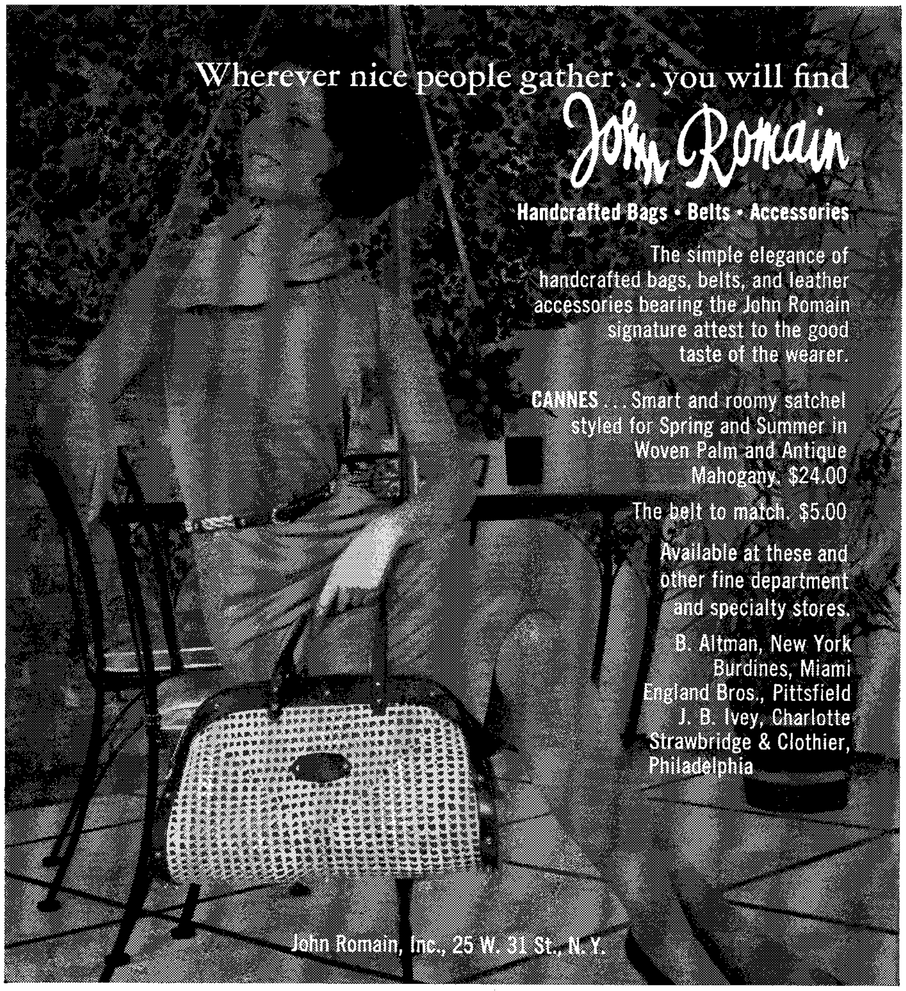
# MUSICAL EVENTS

## *Visitors' Days*



THE Chicago Symphony Orchestra paid one of its rare visits to New York last week, and played two concerts in Carnegie Hall under the direction of its new conductor, Jean Martinon. The concerts, which took place on Thursday and Friday evenings, involved quite a wide spectrum of musical styles and caused a good many connoisseurs of symphony orchestras to sit up and take very special notice. Since this orchestra plays here so seldom (its last visit was in 1958, and I don't remember *any* before that), we tend to forget about it; we know, of course, that Chicago *has* a symphony orchestra, just as every big American city has, but we have never associated it with such organizations as the Boston, Philadelphia, and Cleveland orchestras, simply because, unlike those magnificent ensembles, it has mostly stayed at home. Last week's concerts were therefore something of a revelation. The Chicago Symphony is a superb outfit, equal in every way to the finest on the Eastern seaboard—and even superior, I fear, in some ways, to our own guest-conductor-ridden Philharmonic. Like all great orchestras, it has its own distinctive personality. It includes ten double basses instead of the usual nine—a circumstance that gives it special weight and richness of tone in the lower register. Its woodwinds and brasses are brilliant, clear, and capable of noble feats of sonority. Its strings, though they do not possess the special sheen of those of the Philadelphia and Boston orchestras, have their own admirable qualities, among which are sturdiness, sensitivity, and clear articulation. The over-all ensemble is often breathtakingly accurate, and the average sound produced is of a mellow, relaxed, and well-integrated sort that we often associate with European ensembles.

As for Mr. Martinon, he appears to be one of those Frenchmen who, like Charles Munch, are as adept at the towering Austro-German classics as they are at the music of their own country. A white-haired, sharp-nosed, middle-sized man who is usually either bending over his musicians in an attitude of intense earnestness or bending over back-



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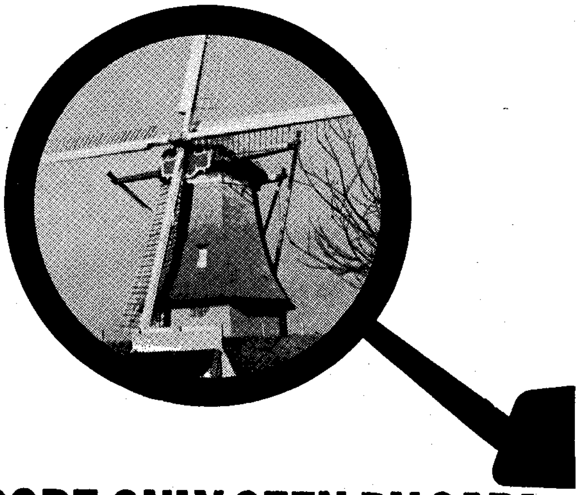

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ward in a stance designed to convey the nobility and grandeur of the score, Mr. Martinon is a bit of a showman. But he is also a master technician, in absolute control of every detail of the orchestral fabric. Furthermore, he has immaculate taste and a typically French feeling for elegance, though he is also capable of rousing his orchestra to Teutonic floods of big sound. If he has a flaw, it is a lack of aggressiveness in music of the boisterous, incisive type, such as he encountered in Prokofieff's Fifth Symphony on Thursday night. Nevertheless, his Prokofieff Fifth was, in its own refined way, a masterly interpretation, and the orchestra's exquisitely accurate ensemble, especially in the pianissimos, was something to marvel at. On Friday, Mr. Martinon presented Honegger's Symphony No. 4, which I consider *rather uninteresting, and Roussel's Suite* No. 2 from "Bacchus and Ariadne," which I consider downright trashy, but they were both done with estimable clarity, and in the performance of Beethoven's Seventh Symphony, with which he closed the program, Mr. Martinon showed the same feeling for clarity, plus a regard for phrasing and for the timing of pauses and entrances, that is found only among instinctive musicians of a high calibre.

ON Tuesday evening, I attended the Carnegie Hall concert of the National Orchestral Association, mainly to hear a revised version of a Symphony in Two Movements by the American composer Lester Trimble. The ancestors of this unassuming and altogether pleasing composition are obviously certain works of Stravinsky, Prokofieff, and Ravel, which is nothing against it. As a matter of fact, it seems to me that the ability to choose proper ancestors is, and always has been, one of a composer's most important assets. Moreover, Mr. Trimble is no imitator. He has fused his Franco-Russian tradition into a dialect of his own, and his symphony, though it is written with admirable conciseness, is not merely a demonstration of technical ability but expresses a mood—predominantly one of gaiety, followed by an elegiac ending.

JUST how meaningless all the superficial trappings of the art of conducting are—the noble profile, the soldierly back, the Jove-hurling-thunderbolts gestures, and the other aspects of what the Italians call "*la bella figura*"—was made dramatically evident to me on Thursday night, when, having left the Chicago Symphony concert early, I

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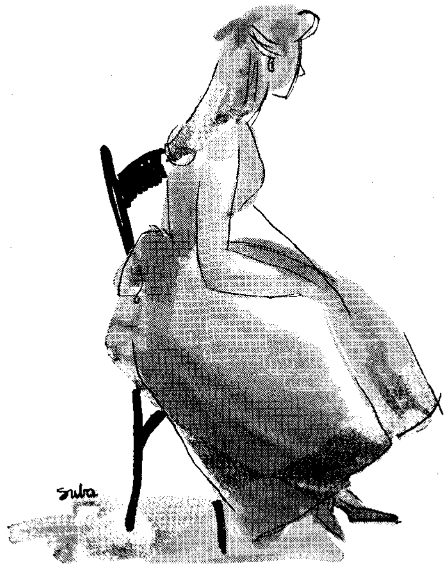
made my way far uptown to the Manhattan School of Music. The occasion was a performance of Bruckner's Ninth Symphony by the school's student orchestra, under the direction of a man I have long admired, the Rumanian conductor Jonel Perlea. This sort of thing is ordinarily way off my beat, but I was attracted both by Mr. Perlea's presence and by what I consider one of the supreme masterpieces of nineteenth-century music. The student orchestra (and it really *is* a student orchestra; there are no faculty members or hired professionals in it) is an extraordinarily good one, quite capable of dealing with the massive and complex instrumentation of Bruckner's scoring. The absorbing thing about this performance, though, was Mr. Perlea's deep understanding of the work, coupled with his ability to project its profundities through an orchestra that was, after all, composed of nonprofessionals. Mr. Perlea has for some years been handicapped as the result of a stroke that deprived him of the use of his right arm. On Thursday night, he walked to the podium with the aid of a cane, and leaned against one side of the surrounding rail while conducting—seemingly without any special fuss—with his good left hand. What resulted taught me that, provided a formidable musical intelligence is at work, the physical means of conveying its ideas to an orchestra are almost irrelevant. The school's concert hall is a small one, holding about four hundred people, and the stage seemed scarcely large enough to accommodate an orchestra of Brucknerian proportions, but it did accommodate one, and one with all the requisite extra brasses and woodwinds. Mr. Perlea's reading of the score was an extremely moving thing. I have heard a number of very celebrated conductors



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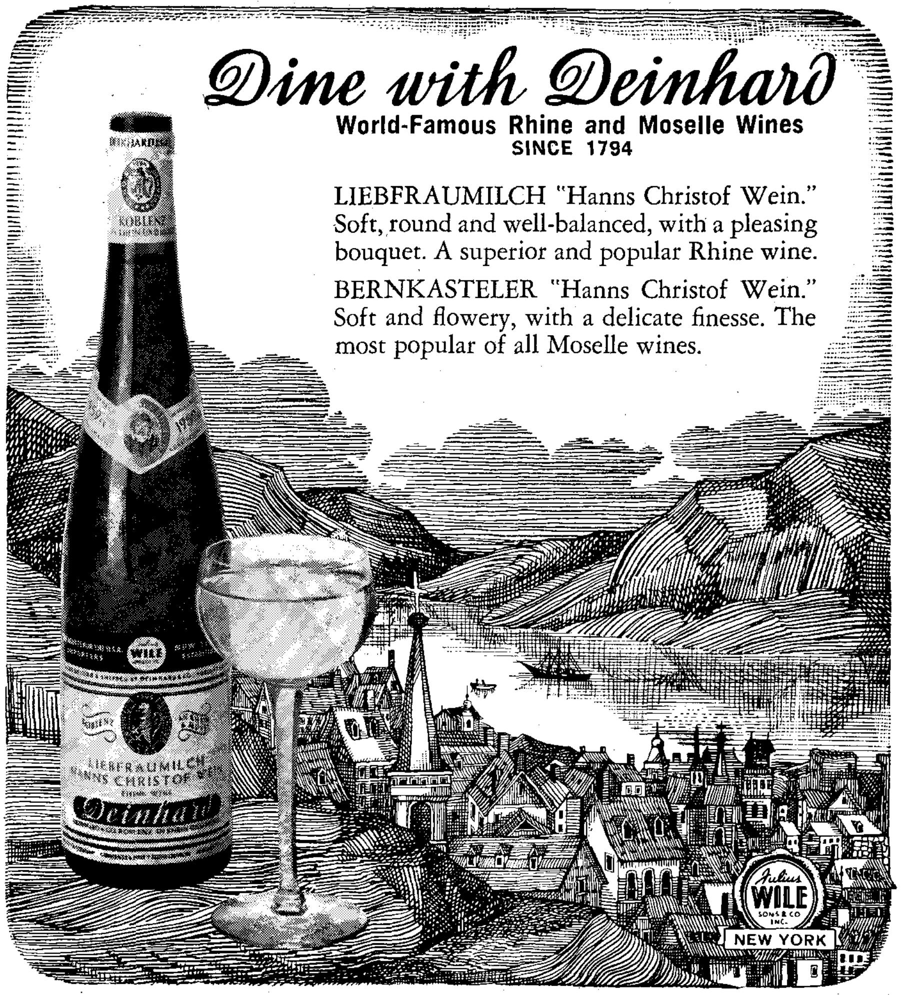

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perform this work recently, with very expensive symphony orchestras, but I have heard none since the time of Bruno Walter who equalled Mr. Perlea. If the Philharmonic is still looking for fine Bruckner conductors for its Bruckner cycle next year, it should not overlook him. To me, Mr. Perlea ranks with the greatest artists in the field.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

## JAZZ RECORDS

### *Interregnum*

TWO recent records—"Miles Davis: Seven Steps to Heaven" (Columbia CL 2051) and "Interaction: The Art Farmer Quartet" (Atlantic 1412)—demonstrate that the kingly succession of trumpeters that has dominated jazz instrumentalists for forty years has at last broken down. This dynasty began with King Oliver and, at roughly ten-year intervals, was carried forward by Louis Armstrong and Bix Beiderbecke, then Red Allen, Roy Eldridge, and Dizzy Gillespie. (Coleman Hawkins, Lester Young, and Charlie Parker are the only non-trumpeters of equal eminence.) When Gillespie's time was up (fashion generally dictates any change), he relinquished the sceptre to Miles Davis, and for a time Davis had a good grasp on it. Then it became evident that Davis was suffering from certain inadequacies; despite occasional marvellous bursts, his style was too monochromatic and too oblique, and his technique faltered. In the meantime, Art Farmer, a trumpeter who is two years younger than Davis, was quietly coming along. His tone and attack, out of Gillespie by way of Kenny Dorham and Clifford Brown, resembled Davis's, but he had more technique. He also had less confidence and more perseverance. Now, through sheer accumulating excellence, Farmer is neck and neck with Davis, and we have, in place of the traditional champion trumpeter, a pair of co-ruling first-rate second-rate trumpeters. And they form a comely pair, for they complement one another perfectly.

Davis's style is autocratic, and it has become so highly stylized that it often appears to have little connection with what he plays. Medium-tempo tunes are handled with one set of mannerisms and slow tunes with another. (He rarely visits up tempos.) As a result, the fascination of his work lies not in what he does with a specific number but in what a specific number does, if anything, to him. Davis's tone, which slips steadily in and out of focus, is largest at slow

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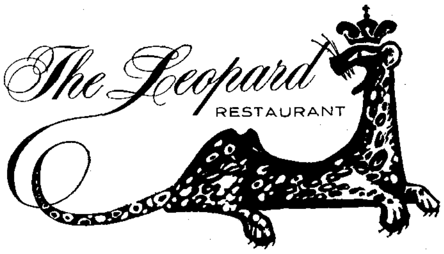

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tempos—or at least it was before it disappeared behind the mute he now perpetually affects at such speeds. This mute lends his playing a bemused, suspended air, and it helps mask the fluffs that continually dog him. But it also soft-pedals his sometimes extremely adroit rhythmic manipulations. He is frequently called a "melodic" soloist, possibly because he chooses his notes carefully and sparingly, possibly because he spatters occasional phrases with dabs of melody. However, he is more concerned with the time value of these notes than with what notes they are. In a slow solo, he delights in tricking his listeners by issuing two or three connected, on-the-beat notes, abruptly and unexpectedly pausing for a beat or so, and then landing on a single note, which he will quickly smear, restate briefly, and smear again. Or he will slide into a peculiar double time, in which he plays ahead of the original beat but behind actual double time, or he will plant a row of vibratoless notes, each held for a different length of time—on the beat, in front of it, or in that area between the offbeat and the beat that was first discovered by Gillespie and Parker. (No matter how many times one hears the celebrated recording of "Ko-Ko" by Parker and Gillespie, it is impossible to predict the exact instant when the two horns come in at the end of Max Roach's solo; they split a split second.) Davis's slow playing is a calculated lisping, an attack of hesitancy and discreet forward rushes; at its best it is striking, at its worst it is messy. Davis is more bullish in middle tempos, which he usually plays open-horn. Stridency creeps into his tone, clams proliferate, and one senses that he has difficulty translating into sound what he hears in his head. Again the rhythmic placements are most important, and arresting melodic ideas appear incidental. The excitements in Davis's work are small and intense and enduring. One no longer looks for perfect solos but for spots and passages that stand as miniature perfections.

Farmer's aplomb and subtlety and precision have often led listeners into dismissing him as slick and shallow. But Farmer is a rare musician; instead of using technique to project emotion, he uses emotion to project technique. He cares a great deal about tone and timbre and the notes he uses and how they are arranged. And the urgency of this pursuit, which has lyricism and melodic content of a high order, is its own reward. However, one must *listen*, for Farmer's style is totally self-sufficient; it never leans on the listener. His tone has

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become increasingly gentle and generous since his recent switch from the trumpet to the flugelhorn, which, when properly played, sounds like a trumpet with a felt hat over its bell. He has no vibrato, and he eases out of his notes exactly as he eases into them. For a time, Farmer was under the sway of the late, mellifluous Clifford Brown, but his attack has since become more and more spare. (His taste and poise have carried him safely through long stints with Horace Silver, Gerry Mulligan, and Benny Golson; however, he functions best under his own command.) Within this spareness, Farmer is rather daring. He employs many of the patterns invented by the bebop trumpeters—fast runs, off-notes, sudden tempo shifts—but he omits half the notes. Instead of riding up the scale from the middle range on the backs of a dozen notes, he will sound the middle note and then the top one, and sometimes he will leave out the middle note and make a perfect big-interval leap. Tempo does not affect his playing. He brings an equal assurance and balance to slow ballads and middle-speed blues. Farmer is a one-volume player (this explains, more than anything else, the seeming sameness of his playing), and he stays in the middle register. A conservative who exercises his gifts fully, he is often more affecting than those revolutionaries who pedal empty air.

"Interaction" is an altogether successful recording. Farmer's quartet, formed a year ago, includes Jim Hall on guitar, Steve Swallow on bass, and Walter Perkins on drums. There are four standards, a Charlie Parker tune, and a Brazilian *bossa-nova* number. Farmer is especially admirable in "Days of Wine and Roses" and "By Myself," in both of which he offers the sort of polite melodic improvisation patented years ago by Bobby Hackett, and in the searching and graceful "Embraceable You," which he treats with firmness and a welcome lack of languor. The quiet tension he sustains throughout this number is remarkable. Hall echoes Farmer or indulges in little unison or contrapuntal passages, and always solos well. Swallow is one of the new school of bassists who are attempting to transpose the rhythmic freedom and quavering tonal qualities of the Indian ragas and Django Reinhardt to the bass. In fact, he is so strong tonally (possibly he is overrecorded; many bassists now are) and uses such a variety of rhythms and queer, sliding tones that he sometimes upsets the delicate balance of the group. Perkins, though, attempts to forestall

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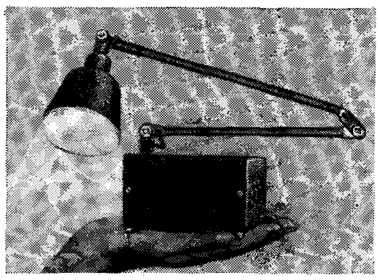

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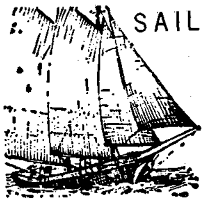

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this, and in "My Little Suède Shoes" he takes an excellent solo, using tomtom rim shots and a long series of irregular strokes sounded on a cymbal held tightly in one hand.

The Davis recording is erratic. The six numbers are played by two groups. Davis is joined in one by George Coleman (tenor saxophone), Herbie Hancock (piano), Ron Carter (bass), and Tony Williams (drums), and in the other by Vic Feldman (piano), Carter, and Frank Butler (drums). The first group offers standard Davis quintet fare, with loosely arranged ensembles based on broken rhythms and breaks and framing long solos. However, two of the quartet performances are notable. These are astonishingly oblique reworkings of "Basin Street Blues" and "Baby, Won't You Please Come Home." Davis uses a mute in both (the first is very slow and the second a little faster), and generally follows this routine: remote obeisance to the melody, done with flat off-notes, well spaced, and little, drifting smears; a slight improvisational bearing down and a gradual shift into that odd Davis semi-double time; full double time; and a sudden return to the original tempo and more bows to the melody. The results are wholly fresh structures, with typical unaligned jambs and warped shingles, and they suggest that the old Dixieland repertory contains many tunes far more challenging than those fashionable among modern musicians. Davis's only striking accompanist is the eighteen-year-old Williams; he should be watched. —WHITNEY BALLIETT

•

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•

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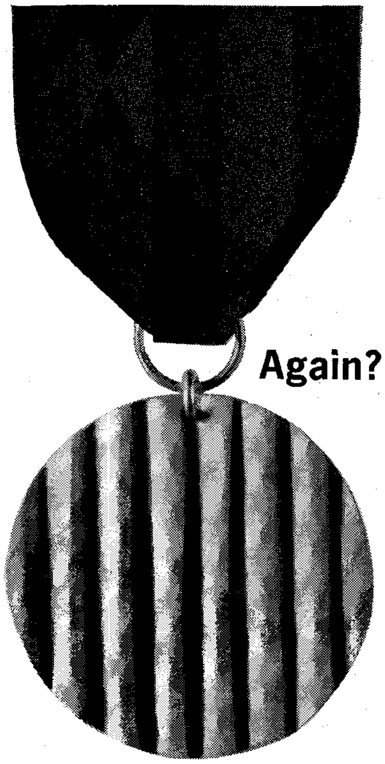

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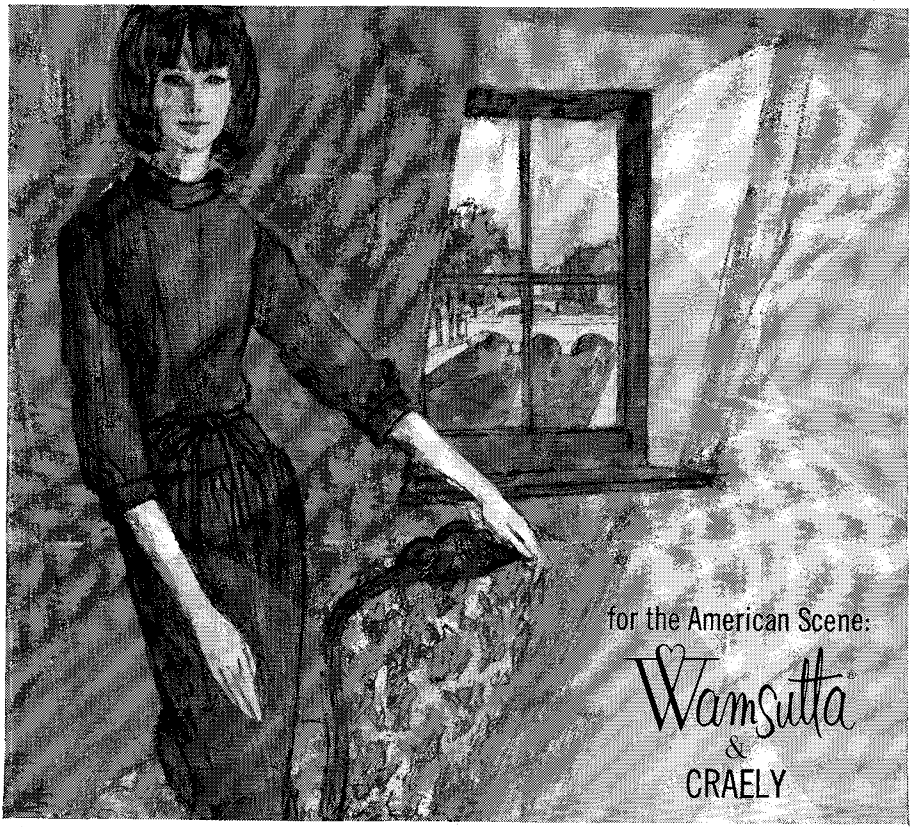

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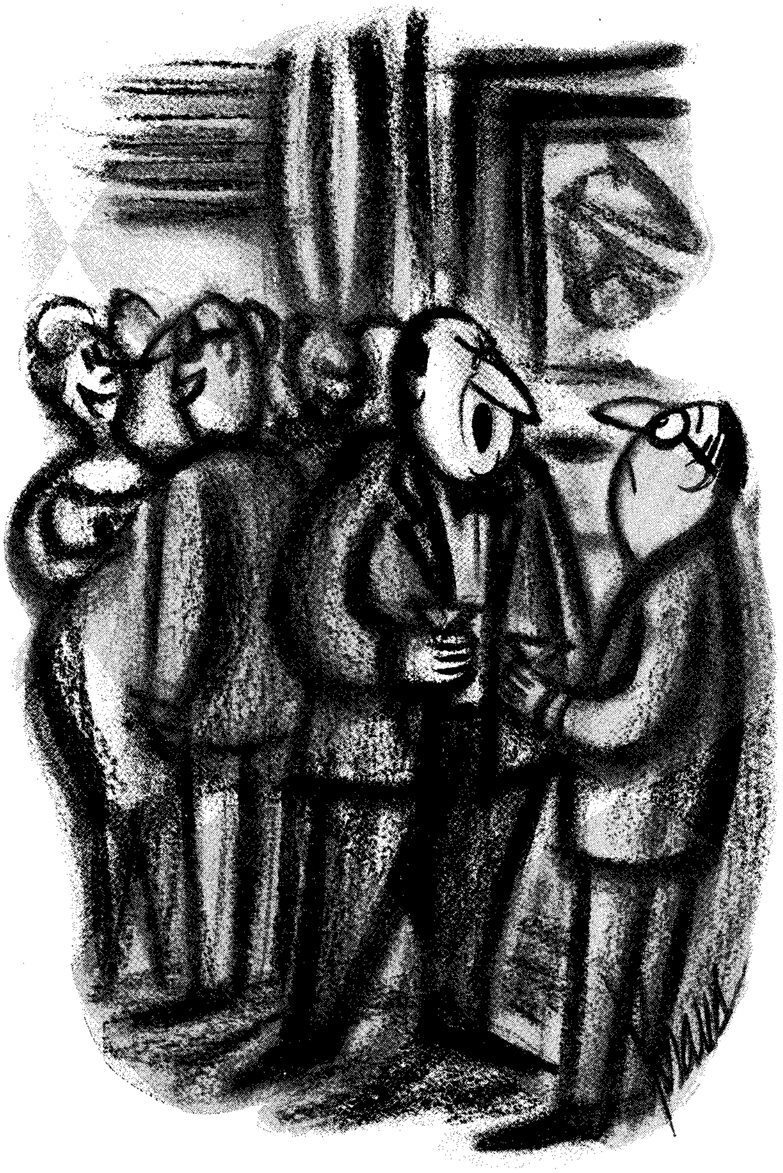
# BOOKS

## A Retrospect

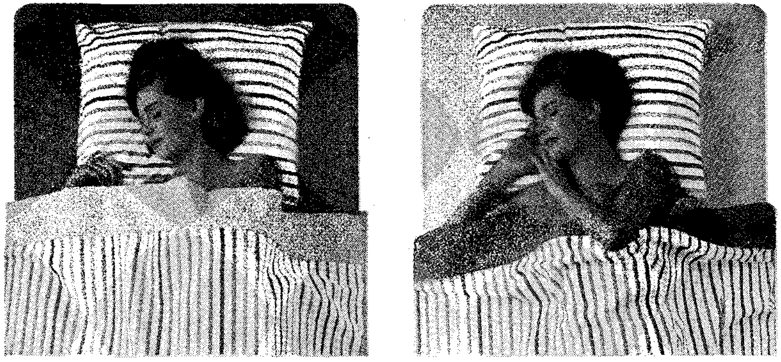
ADMIRERS of Vladimir Nabokov are likely to find a reading of "The Gift" (Putnam) at once rewarding and disconcerting. Although it is the most recent of his novels to be published in English, the book actually was written in the middle nineteen-thirties, and in Russian. The translation, we are told in the foreword, has been "carefully revised" by the author, and while a monolingual reader cannot determine the extent of the verbal adjustments, he may be tempted to guess that they have been considerable. The ear repeatedly detects the accomplished, the assured, the very individual English voice of the contemporary Mr. Nabokov; at the same time, one's literary sense is perpetually reminded that the substance of "The Gift" belongs to an earlier period in the author's career. To the susceptible reader, this subtle discrepancy between matter and tone produces an odd feeling of dislocation in time. It is almost as if Mr. Nabokov were conducting us upon a retrospective tour of his literary progress, hustling us pastward at several hundred words a minute, and pointing out the sources of later achievements, the germs of subsequent themes. We come upon passages that contain, all unknowing, whole futures in Nabokovian art. On one page we discover an episode that is destined to expand into a component of "Speak, Memory," on another we greet an infant revolver that will commit major execution in "Lolita," and on another we discern a suggestion of the scheme for "Pale Fire."

"The Gift" itself might be described as a prolonged meditation upon the psychology of art. Its hero, whose consciousness is our window on literature and the world, is a young poet named Fyodor Godunov-Cherdyntsev. He is an aristocratic exile from post-Revolutionary Russia who lives in Berlin, and moves only in émigré circles, and he sustains an existence that is far from rich in drama. The purchase of a new pair of shoes, a literary evening with his fellow-exiles, the transfer from one rooming house to another—these are the inconclusive and modest happenings that make up the bulk of his story. Many of these little occurrences scarcely impinge upon his consciousness at all, for he moves among them like a sleepwalker and is a great forgetter of latchkeys, a veteran traveller past tram stops. His practical lapses arise, however, less from a lack than from a superabundance of attention to the world. He does not so much observe his surroundings as ransack them for visions that can be translated into words. His insatiable eye devours whole landscapes and nibbles on asphalt and wallpaper. His most casual stroll is sure to educe a cascade of perceptions, of which the following may be taken as a representative, though conveniently truncated, specimen:

> Opposite the church across the street, beneath the radiance of a lawn-sprinkler that waltzed on one spot with the ghost of a rainbow in its dewy arms, was a green oblong lawn of the public garden, with young trees along either side (a silver fir among them) and a pi-shaped walk, in whose shadiest corner there was a sandpit for children; but *we* touch this kind of rich sand only when we are burying someone we know. Behind the garden there was an abandoned soccer field, along which Fyodor walked toward the Kurfürstendamm. The green of the lindens, the black of the asphalt, the truck tires leaning against the railings by the shop for motorcar accessories, the beaming young bride on a poster displaying a packet of margarine, the blue of a tavern sign, the gray of house fronts getting older as they got closer to the avenue—all this flickered by for the hundredth time. As always, when a few steps from the Kurfürstendamm, he saw his bus sweep across the vista in front of him: the stop was immediately around the corner, but Fyodor did not get there in time and was forced to wait for the next one. Over the entrance to a cinema, a black giant cut out of cardboard had been erected, with turned-out feet, the blotch of a mustache on his white face beneath a bowler hat, and a bent cane in his hand. In wicker armchairs on the terrace of a neighboring café businessmen sprawled in identical poses with their hands identically gabled in front of them, all very similar to one another as regards snouts and ties but probably varied in the extent of their sol-



*"It's none of your damn business what I make, but believe me, Buster, it's plenty!"*



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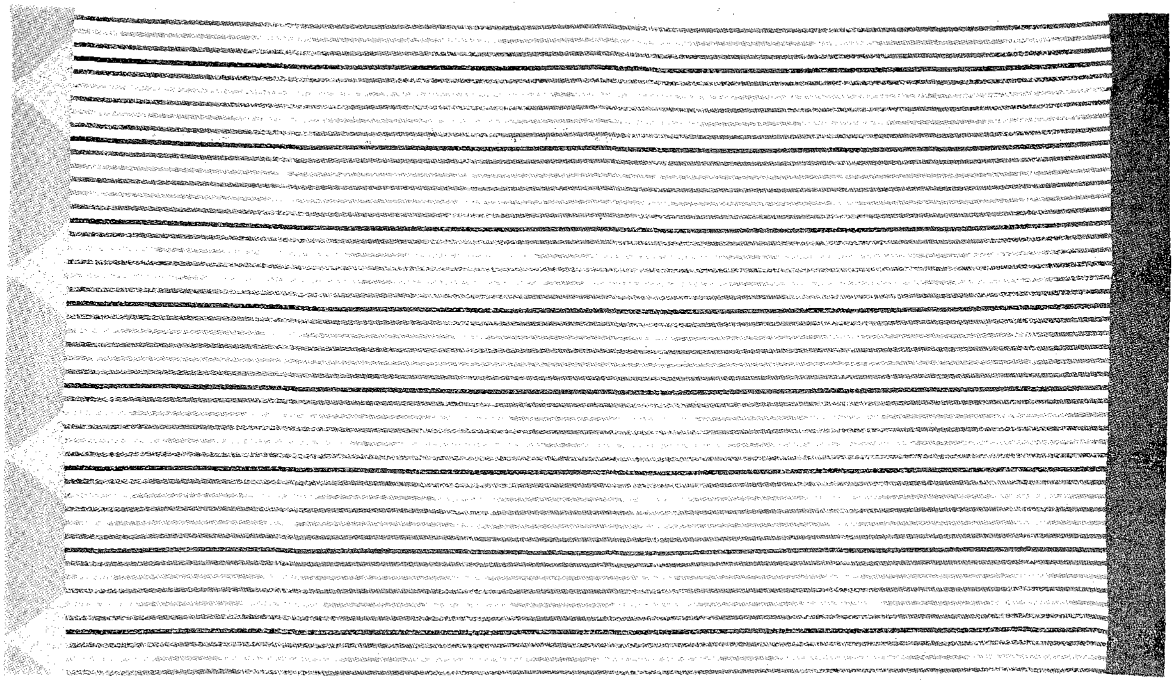

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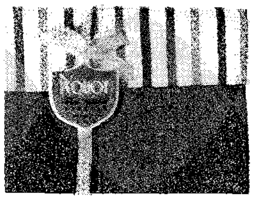

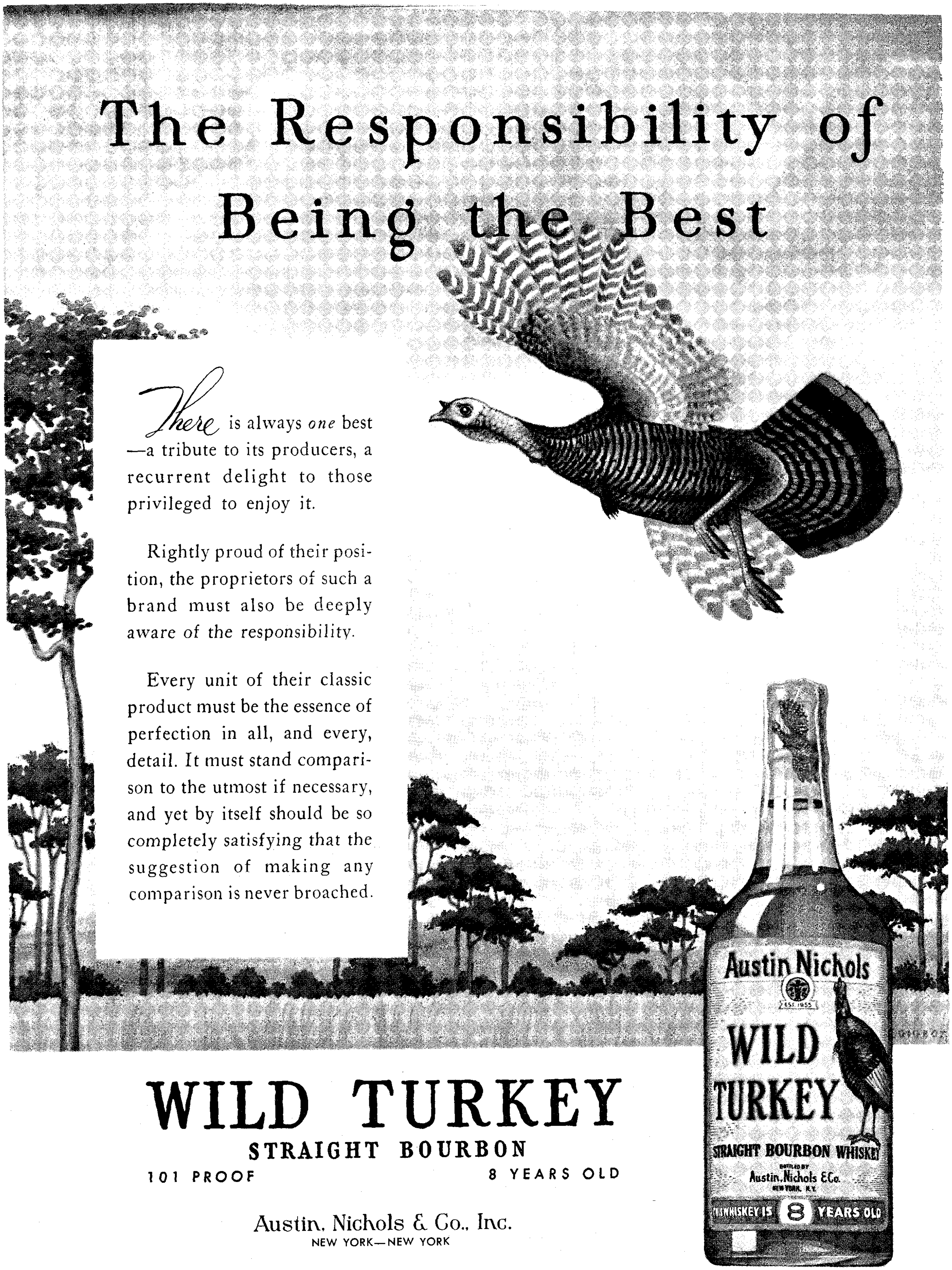
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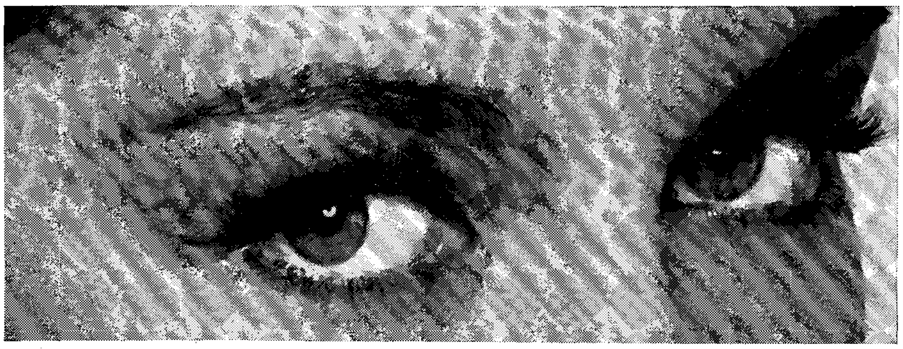
NEW YORK—NEW YORK

vency; and by the curb stood a small car with a heavily damaged wing, broken windows and a bloody handkerchief on the running board; a half-a-dozen people still loafed around, gaping at it. Everything was sun-mottled; a puny old man with a dyed little beard and wearing cloth spats sat sunning himself on a green bench, with his back to the traffic, while opposite him across the sidewalk, an elderly, rosy-faced beggar woman with legs cut off at the pelvis was set down like a bust at the foot of a wall and was selling paradoxical shoelaces. Between the houses could be seen a vacant lot and on it something was modestly and mysteriously blooming; beyond it the continuous slaty-black backs of houses that seemed to have turned to leave, carried strange, attractive and seemingly completely autonomous whitish designs, reminding one not quite of the canals on Mars and not quite of something very distant and half-forgotten, like an accidental expression from a once-heard fairy tale or old scenery for some unknown play.

The narrative element in this passage borders on the minute: Fyodor missed a bus. That is entirely typical of the work. The hero's actions seldom are particularly consequential, and, taken in the sum, do not constitute a neatly wrought story, nor are they meant to. Even when Fyodor falls in love, toward the end of the novel, he is not moved by the spirit of romance to involve his creator in much close plotting. Mr. Nabokov imperturbably maintains a constant tenuity of connection between impulse and action, circumstance and consequence, that is more common to the diffusions of actuality than to the rigors of art. He renounces even the tidy final curtain, the concluding words of the novel falling into these enigmatical iambs:

> And yet the ear cannot right now part with the music and allow the tale to fade; the chords of fate itself continue to vibrate; and no obstruction for the sage exists where I have put The End; the shadows of my world extend beyond the skyline of the page, blue as tomorrow's morning haze—nor does this terminate the phrase.

For the most part, then, occurrences in the novel do not so much create a narrative as generate a neutral background against which to view the swift gestures of the poet's sensibility. It is, in fact, the growth and cultivation of this sensibility that make up the real subject of the novel. There is a certain fascination in watching the subtle metamorphosis of the hero's ambulatory thoughts and glimpses as they find their necessary places in the workings of his disciplined art. For the novel does contain a number of finished narratives that occur not as accounts of the poet's life but as the products of his mind. One entire chapter, indeed, is a specimen of



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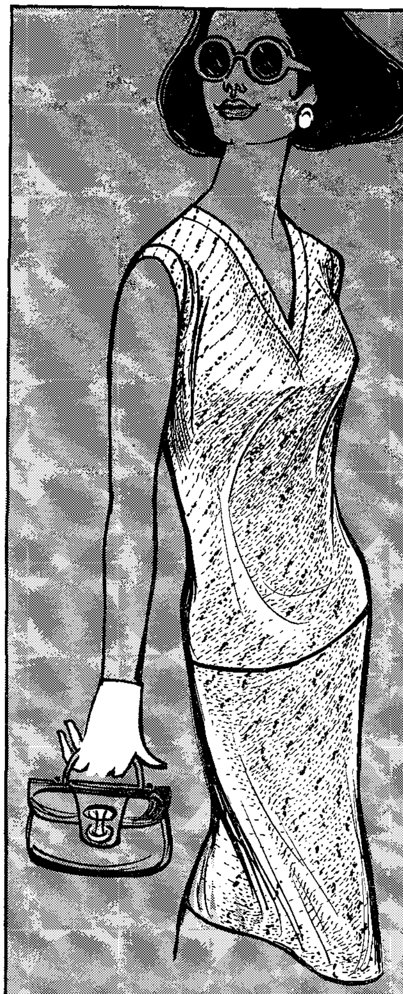
the young writer's published work, this being a decidedly irreverent biography of Nikolay Gavrilovich Chernyshevski, the nineteenth-century Russian liberal who wrote "What Is to Be Done?" while imprisoned in Peter and Paul Fortress. This biography is sandwiched between the first six and the final eight lines of a sonnet, and is followed by a variety of critical excoriations quoted from émigré publications, the whole putting one strongly in mind of a first approximation to the subsequent elegant complexities of "Pale Fire." Other rounded narratives occur only within the closed circuit of the poet's mind, as mental rehearsals that are not brought to performance on the page. One of these stories—and the best one, I think—is an account of a classmate's suicide, which appeared in *The New Yorker* under the title "Triangle Within Circle." In the novel, it is a tale that Godunov-Cherdyntsev, upon reflection, determines not to commit to paper. Yet another story—which also appeared in this magazine, where it was called "The Lyre"—occurs in the novel as a meditation of the poet at a time when he is trying, without success, to write a biography of his late father, who was a celebrated Russian lepidopterist. In a reverie, Fyodor figures himself among the members of one of his father's expeditions to Central Asia, and this imaginary exploration of a region he has never seen is quite as meticulously described as his actual wanderings in Berlin. The passage is vividly detailed, magnificently evocative of color, contour, life, and sound, and is also, regrettably, a little boring.

The same mingled judgment must ultimately be brought against the entirety of "The Gift." It inflicts, at last, the boredom of surfeit. In so doing, it obliges one to recognize the fact that a strong and highly personal literary gift is apt to present itself not as a glib talent to be exploited but as a difficult literary problem to be solved. In the instance of Fyodor Godunov-Cherdyntsev (and of Vladimir Nabokov), the afflictive gift is an almost preternatural acuity of the senses—chiefly of vision—coupled with the power to render each sensation dazzlingly manifest in words. "A crow will settle on a boulder, settle and straighten a wing that has folded wrong." Mr. Nabokov brings down his crow with a single shot and fixes him forever. But when each neighboring sentence similarly preserves in its amber a row of telegraph poles, the slant of a steering wheel, dust, stillness, a skylark, and a hay wagon, and when each succeed-



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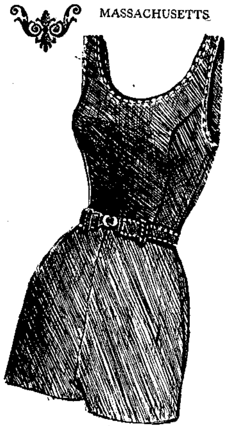

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ing paragraph further compounds the profusion of separate visions, then the reader is likely to run out of mental accommodations for them all. The problem, essentially, is one of proportion and scale. “The Gift” resembles nothing so much as a mosaic whose every tile is itself a perfect cameo. There simply is no proper distance from which to view it. If one relishes each fragment, the larger patterns are lost. If one attempts to grasp the picture in its entirety, then one finds its manifold glimmering components a great hindrance to the larger vision.

With only “The Gift” to judge by, a friendly reviewer might be tempted to urge Mr. Nabokov toward a style of broader strokes and coarser texture, as being more suited to the amplitudes of the novel. Such advice, however, would merely go to demonstrate that writers seldom can derive much benefit from their critics and ought never to attend to them. By obstinately pursuing his gift to the top of his bent, Mr. Nabokov has perfected a variety of means for turning a troublesome strength to effective account. “Lolita,” for example, easily surpasses “The Gift” in its wealth of preserved glimpses, and yet “Lolita” is a triumph of coherent art. In great measure, this happy difference is owing to the singular power of this novel’s crucial relationship, which—involving, as it does, the grotesque passion of a grown man for a child—fairly impels every fragment into alignment. For Humbert and Lolita exert an influence on their fictional surroundings that borders on the magnetic. At their mere approach, motels and playgrounds, New England towns and Western expanses all seem to pivot slightly and expose an unexpected surface to our scrutiny. Just as every glimpse of normal American life serves to emphasize the outrageousness of their affinity, so does that bizarre affinity impose a new perspective on what passes, among us, for normality. There is a strength of connection in these reciprocities of meaning which serves to bond the smallest observation firmly to the body of the work. Such themes as that of “Lolita” are not to be found every day, however, and in “Pale Fire” Mr. Nabokov strikes off a more formal solution to the problem of fitting a multitude of vivid miniatures into a single composition. Here he frankly offers the reader an intricate puzzle for solution and thereby induces him to sift and sort, to juggle and fit each vivid fragment into its proper place, in order to view the final portrait whole. The brief, bright visions of “Pale Fire,” which are em-

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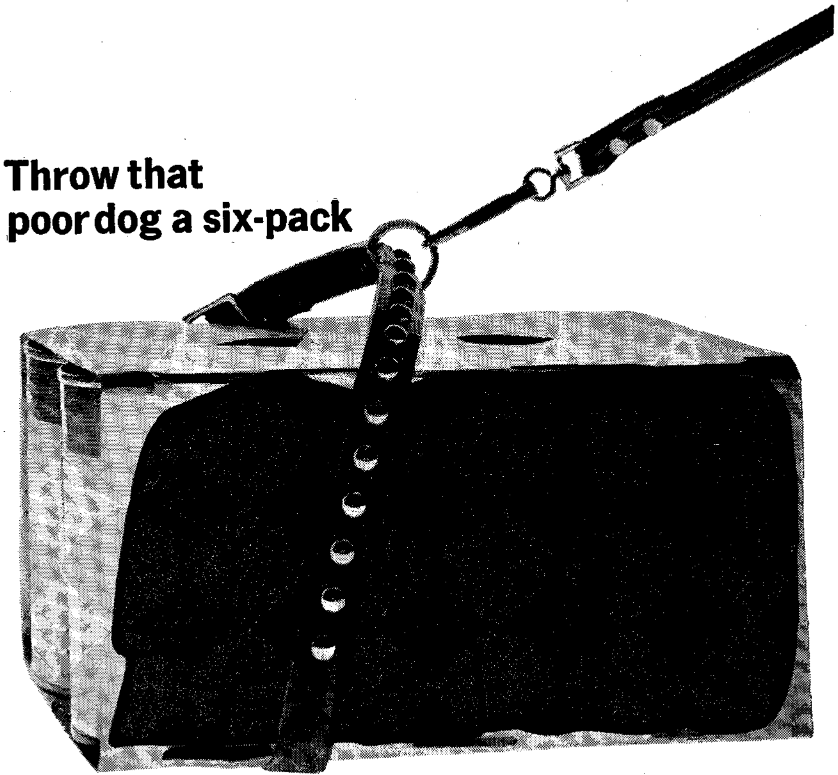

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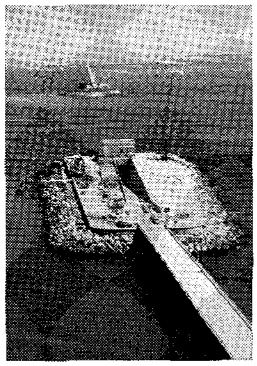

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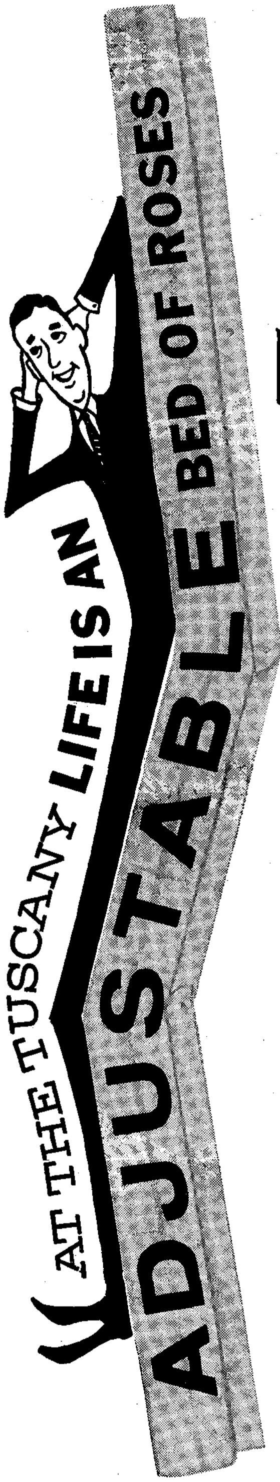

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bedded in the scholarly and totally insane notes of the narrator, serve the purpose that is more coarsely served in the ordinary detective story by hidden clues and extravagant deceptions. Once the reader's interest is engaged by them, he is willing to riffle pages forward and back, pursue connections, and generally expend the intellectual effort necessary to solve the mystery and to bind the disparate elements into literary unity. For those readers who decline to make the mental effort, it remains—if one may judge by reviews of the novel—a mere aggravating jumble of components.

It is worth observing that the protagonists of both these later works are monsters, one being a nympholept and the other a melancholy, mad old pederast. The value of narrator-monsters to a writer of Mr. Nabokov's special gift is evident. They provide a rationale for the longest stroke of a sportive pen, and in this they enjoy a paradoxical advantage over the poet-narrator of "The Gift." When Godunov-Cherdyntsev puts his sensibility to the stretch and enlivens his narrative with dialogues that eventually prove to be entirely imaginary, he is more than somewhat irritating. One can appreciate his determination to give words dominion over experience, and yet, at the pinch, one must resent the liberties he thereby takes with his reader. He has, one feels, only a sort of *professional* interest in promoting such excursions. No such resentment attaches to the verbal extravagances and acrobatics of Nabokov's madmen, for these reflect an inner, a psychological necessity that is their justification and strength.

Although Fyodor Godunov-Cherdyntsev does not achieve anything like the success of his more antic descendants, he does provide their joint creator with one sharp vision that might very well stand as Mr. Nabokov's rejoinder to Stendhal's view of the novel as an ambulatory and impartial mirror that "now reflects the blue of the skies, now the mud puddles underfoot." It will be seen that Mr. Nabokov's mirror, like his novels, does not merely reproduce the roadside but dazzles the gaze with new possibilities for wonder:

> As he crossed toward the pharmacy at the corner he involuntarily turned his head because of a burst of light that had ricocheted from his temple, and saw, with that quick smile with which we greet a rainbow or a rose, a blindingly white parallelogram of sky being unloaded from the van—a dresser with mirror across which, as across a cinema screen, passed a flawlessly clear reflection of boughs, sliding and swaying not arboreally, but with a human vacillation, produced

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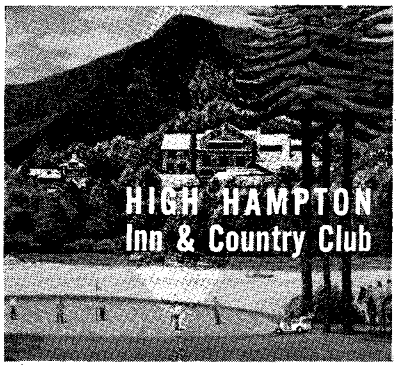

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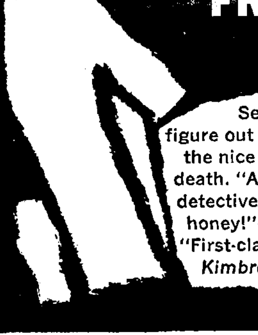

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## BRIEFLY NOTED

### FICTION

CONVENTION, by Fletcher Knebel and Charles W. Bailey II (Harper & Row). A raucous account of a Republican National Convention in Chicago. The authors write very knowingly about the political and personal machinations that surround a Presidential candidate as the critical hour approaches, but the tone of the book is so dull that anyone wanting to find an instant of suspense need look only at the last page, since there is no sense at all of internal pressure or of emotional or idealistic involvement. A Literary Guild selection.

THE OTHER KINGDOM, by Victor Price (Doubleday). Mr. Price should have let his two young people work things out for themselves. The plot he has imposed upon them constricts them—they are spontaneous and it is not. Their names are Colin Warnock and Beth McCann, and they are both handsome, both extremely well-to-do, and both students at Queen's University, in Belfast. They are in love, but Colin, a highly successful and terribly competitive athlete, is forced by Beth to choose between her and his desire to win over other men—she associates his desire to win with what she considers his unnatural veneration for his father's memory. One has only to contrast their first encounter, over coffee with another student, and their fatal encounter on a country walk to see how artificial things start to be when the author decides not to let his characters go their own way. The writing is very good, and the atmosphere, with its undertones of life among the rich Irish, is beguiling.

MAROONED, by Martin Caidin (Dutton). Mr. Caidin, the prolific space and aviation writer, has written a novel about the first manned-rocket disaster. Richard J. Pruett, an American astronaut, becomes hopelessly marooned in space when his retro-rockets fail to go off. Science, science fiction, and old-fashioned fiction are all blended in together, and while the resulting concoction isn't any one of the three, the book will have space buffs hanging on by their fingernails until the last page.

### GENERAL

DOCTOR DARWIN, by Hesketh Pearson (Walker). This is the first American

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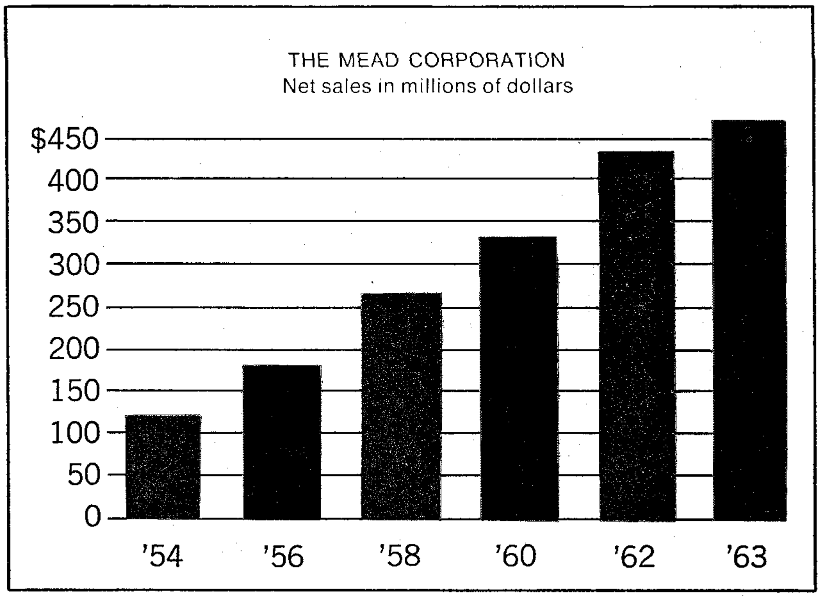

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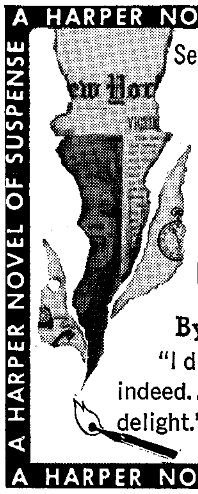

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edition of a biography of Erasmus Darwin (1731-1802), grandfather of Charles Darwin and "easily the greatest doctor of his day," that was originally published in England in 1930. It is also the book with which the author, who died this month, began his long career as a biographer of the wise and witty. It contains a statement of the creed that guided Mr. Pearson's pen ("The majority of reliable biographies are unreadable, and the majority of readable biographies are unreliable. . . . I have done my best to combine authority with interest"), it stands as a full-grown example of his carefully pitched voice ("He learned to play the flute, and as he had no ear for music, this gave him great pleasure"), and since Dr. Darwin and his circle of original minds and lively talkers (Richard Lovell Edgeworth, Thomas Day, James Watt, Josiah Wedgwood, Joseph Priestley, James Keir) are a subject of indestructible interest and entertainment, its appearance here, however delayed, is welcome.

VERANDAH: SOME EPISODES IN THE CROWN COLONIES, 1867-89, by James Pope-Hennessy (Knopf). The author's grandfather, Sir John Pope Hennessy, began as a poor, ambitious Irish youngster who won a seat in Parliament. (He was the model for Phineas Finn, the Irish Member, in Anthony Trollope's Parliamentary novels.) After a while, he lost an election and was rewarded with the first of the several colonial governorships he held during the rest of his life. Starting with Labuan, a miserable island off Borneo, he served as governor of West Africa, the Bahamas, the Windward Islands, Hong Kong, and Mauritius. With Governor Hennessy on the job, every place, no matter how tranquil it had been before, became a trouble spot. His grandson is concerned not so much with vindicating him as with showing the how-it-was of Empire. Sir John, who, as a Home Ruler and a Roman Catholic, was a member of a subject race, may have been an inept choice to govern subject races for a Protestant colonial power. He was always on their side against the colonial English. His espousal of the downtrodden hurt trade, and his highhanded manner created turmoil, yet, judged by Victorian ideals, as the Colonial Office always did judge him, he was fighting the good fight. The author is quite right to see historic

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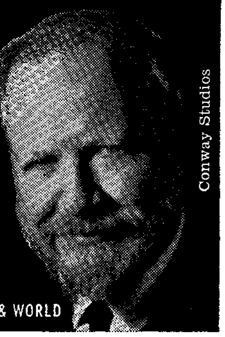

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significance in Sir John's tempestuous career.

THE DESTRUCTION OF DRESDEN, by David Irving (Holt, Rinehart & Winston). Dresden—not Hiroshima, Nagasaki, or Tokyo—received the deadliest bombing during the Second World War. Two attacks by the R.A.F. Bomber Command and one by the United States Air Force on the thirteenth and fourteenth of February, 1945, killed a hundred and thirty-five thousand people. Mr. Irving, an English journalist and a specialist in modern German history, describes the attack in great detail, making a valuable contribution to the history of air war—not to mention the continuing story of man's inhumanity to man. His research is first-rate and his literary style is effective, but his prevailing mood of nebulous moral superiority to war and warriors is irritating.

JAMES, SEUMAS AND JACQUES, by James Stephens, edited by Lloyd Frankenberg (Macmillan). This collection of short pieces is taken for the most part from the scripts that Stephens wrote for his B.B.C. broadcasts in the nineteen-thirties and forties. The style is easy and hospitable, and the contents—stories, anecdotes, opinions, commentaries, and reminiscences—reflect Stephens' generous and kindly mind and his tender heart. He knew everybody in the Dublin of Joyce, Yeats, and Synge, but his best affection and highest admiration were reserved for George Russell (Æ), whom he characterizes as the most enthralling conversationalist of them all. Mr. Frankenberg has provided a good introduction and should have provided an index.

THE JOURNEY'S ECHO: SELECTIONS FROM FREYA STARK, with a foreword by Lawrence Durrell (Harcourt, Brace & World). Choice tidbits from the work of a celebrated writing traveller. Miss Stark's self-assigned beat, as most readers know, is Arabia and the Levant; her achievement has been to give us their reality without destroying their romance—or, better, to give us a more muted and elegant romance to replace the highly colored Mysterious East of our uneducated imaginations. Very little literary work can survive being carved into pieces, like a delicatessen turkey, for reassembly on a new skeleton; Miss Stark's can. In fact, this surgery sets off her gift of conciseness—her ability to evoke a person or to state a thought

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in an unhurried paragraph of great brevity.

### VERSE

THE MODERN POETS: AN AMERICAN-BRITISH ANTHOLOGY, edited by John Malcolm Brinnin and Bill Read, with photographs by Rollie McKenna (McGraw-Hill). People have enjoyed looking at photographs of poets and writers ever since Louis Daguerre "perfected" photography, a little too late to fix the features of Keats and Shelley but just in time to make it possible to catch, indelibly, George Sand in her old age, a terrifying Baudelaire, and a whole galaxy of milder Victorian bards, to say nothing of our own Walt Whitman gazing at an artificial butterfly. Because the eighty-two more recent poets here represented—by likeness and by examples of their work over a span of sometimes many years (and the selection of authors is, on the whole, sound and interesting)—have been caught by the lens of one camera in highly skilled hands, the result resembles a gallery of portraits by a single artist more than a haphazard assemblage of snapshots. Mrs. McKenna's liking for stern backgrounds—stone walls (some with graffiti) and old window frames—is not truly obsessive, and the poets appear mostly relaxed and unaffected, and often amused. Several portraits are absolute triumphs (W. H. Auden and T. S. Eliot seem about to move and breathe), and others, notably a monumental rendering of the late Wallace Stevens, show the sharpest kind of interpretive insight. The editors have furnished short notes to many of the poems and an over-all bibliography. A paperback as well as a hard-cover edition is available.

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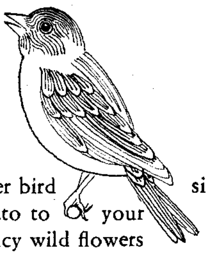

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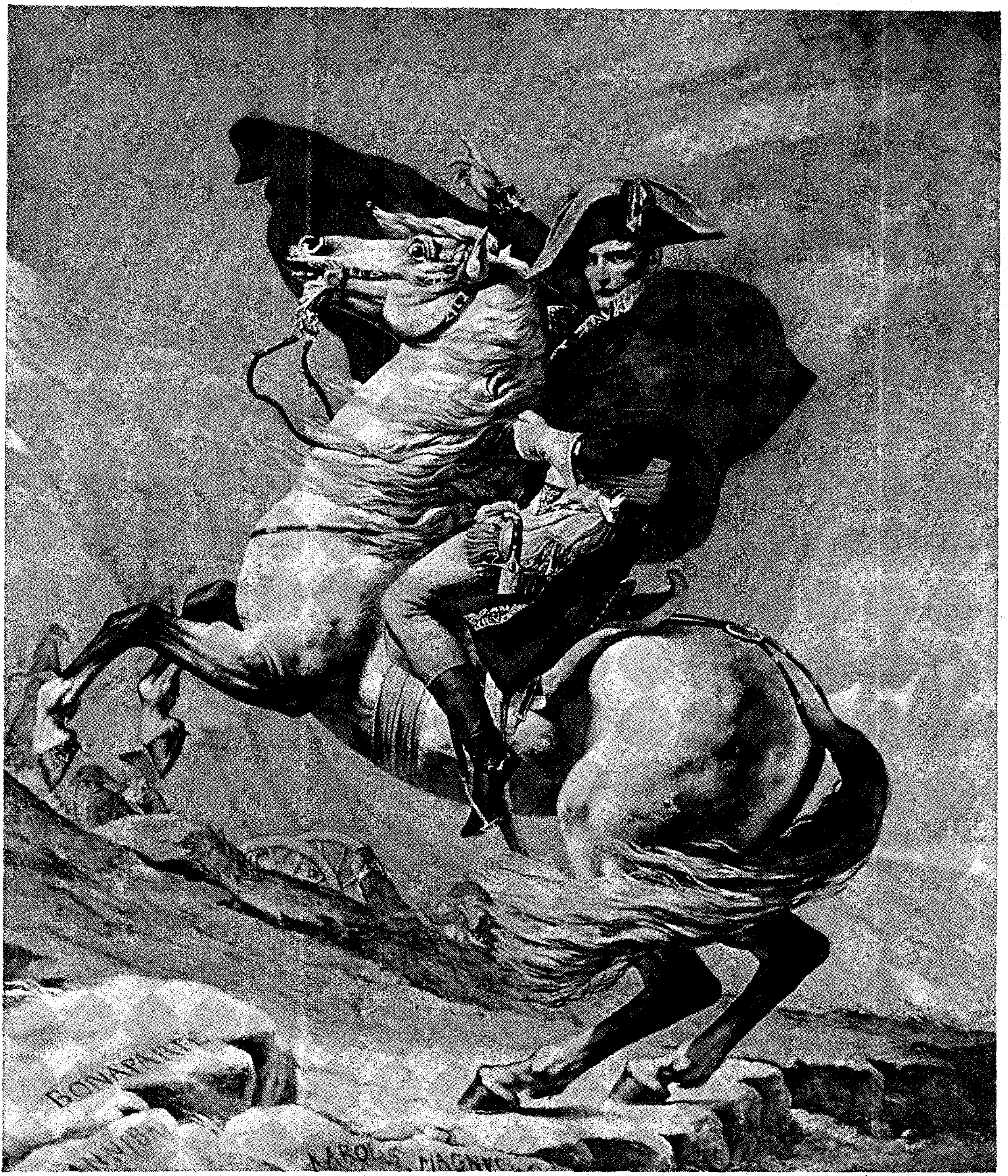

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